

SAINT GEORGE



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SAINT GEORGE

A NATIONAL REVIEW DEALING WITH LITERATURE,
ART, EDUCATION, AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS IN A
BROAD AND PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT.

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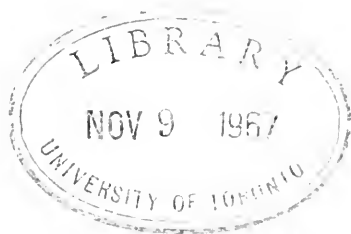
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January, 1908.

THE SANITY OF WILLIAM BLAKE.*

By GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D.

THOUGH most criticism is based upon some standard of convention, the instincts of humanity in general—instincts, I mean, as opposed to education—acclaim the incompetence of convention to fulfil all requirements; for men secretly honour all who outdare custom, even though they fear and often ridicule them. And we are able to judge by convention only so long as the person judged claims subservience to our conventions. If he do not, there remains no sane judgment wherewith to judge him. What can one know of ethics in Mars when he is ignorant of its indigenous habits? How shall one judge of manners in Mile End, if he do not share its discontent with the cultured world? How can one weigh merit even in Mayfair homes, when he can but envy, not emulate, their comfortable morality? We may publicly pity, and even pretend to despise, all who are not of the fold; yet in our hearts we rather admire the out-

* A lecture delivered to the Ruskin Union, November 14, 1907.

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siders, and some of us prefer not to judge them. While we instinctively know our conventions to be but formal dummies, we bow down before them. And yet, though the recusants defy our gods, we accord them a right to live, so long as they do not question our own respectability or marry our daughters. Are they not picturesque, these outlaws, and do they not add to the gaiety of life? Be they inspired poet or filthy fakir, sour-hearted Diogenes or pearly-toothed nautch girl, we gaze at them from afar and marvel—even if we profit nothing by their example. In brief, those who are caged have mighty respect for those who fly; if only, alas! until some one shall bring the birds to earth with broken wing. The genius, the prophet, the poet, is necessarily in his work and mode of life outside the law that binds the masses into correct behaviour. Therefore he is beyond understanding, though the ignorant people may follow him from afar. He is beyond understanding, because few have virtue enough to gauge the unconventional virtues. The schools judge only by their standards of examination, and cast out a poet as unfit. The professions measure by the sleekest of their tailored members; and, it being a law of nature that the eccentric shall not survive, they starve him. The academies of Art can judge of nothing that is not so firmly and viciously correct that all fear of its stimulating the imagination vanishes. Yet the schools might remember they were founded by men who would pity their present professors; the learned societies, that they are stagnating for lack of great thinkers; and the teachers of art, that while prating of genius they are perpetrating bathos. Even the churches scatter their bread upon the waters because they dare not eat it; they have still faith enough to know they will not starve so long as that bread persists, as it ever will do, in returning after many days. Unfortunately for ourselves, if not for the prophets, it is only after we have killed them that their greatness dawns upon our close-hedged understanding. Truly

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no man can faithfully criticize art only by the rules of that art. No man can measure the starry heights who believes that trigonometry is always sufficing. No man can have any faith whatsoever who builds upon evidences. No one—to come to the point before us—can judge of another man's sanity who dares not risk, when the truth claims him, the world's scorn of his own sanity.

And if we are to judge William Blake's sanity by the limited intellect of mind specialists, we shall infallibly find him lacking; though we may wish the world were less sane if the loss of its wits would bring it nearer to the Kingdom in which Blake lived.

But more than this. He was mad if we are to judge him by those many wise whose only idea of living in perfect sanity is to take in one another's washing, and yet not wash it in public. He was mad if no man may see further than his neighbours without the sanction of the Lunacy Commission; if no man has right to prophecy; if none may use terrific metaphor without being accused of coarse realism; if none may call the devil black without being stigmatized as small-minded; if none may light a candle without the sane world disputing his right to find road through the darkness.

Moreover, Blake was undoubtedly mad if we are to believe all that his apologists wrote to prove the contrary. Yet his critics have dealt most lovingly with him, and praised his cryptic flights of poetic fire, his marvellous, ineffable pictures. They have told us of his simple, true, and pious life, never wavering or over-sad, always staunch and hopeful; of his terrific condemnation of enemies, his over-kindly criticism of friends. They have let us see his child-like yet huge-minded nature; they have made us worship the singer for his prophecy, the painter for his music. Nevertheless, and please note this most extraordinary of facts, they have dared defend this man against himself and his own work.

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We are driven by his apologists, but not by his disciples, to this uncomfortable conclusion : that if the dear William Blake was indeed sane, he was guilty in manner never before laid to the charge of the most hypocritical ; for while your average sinner may preach piety and live shamefully, William Blake, for the first time in the history of man, while living so absolutely virtuous a life that none but a drunken soldier ever accused him, and that falsely, yet wrote and preached impiety of many kinds and divers colours. If we study Mr. Swinburne we shall be asked to believe that our prophet wrote like a libertine, while living like a saint ; that, preaching infidelity, he was yet faithful beyond the manner of men. On the other hand, some of his most devoted interpreters compel us to believe that while he was actually teaching sublime truth, he surpassed even his critics in obscurity. At any rate, Messrs. Ellis and Yeats invite us to substitute an absolutely unintelligible mysticism for some of the grandest symbolic writing the world has ever produced.

If such great authorities as these, to whom we are most deeply indebted for their real devotion to Blake, and yet whose discovery of Blake's system is more ingenious than important, adduce such equivocal evidence of his sanity, we are perhaps justified in questioning it. Yet upon a time, many years ago, it happened that I found a sane man in a lunatic asylum, his certificates of insanity being drawn up and endorsed by authorities legally qualified for the purpose, yet certainly incompetent. And not infrequently in the world's history a judicial verdict, instigated by a passionate multitude, has crucified an innocent man. Similarly, though the critics' verdict on William Blake's sanity is entirely in his favour and on the whole not uncomplimentary, it is couched in such words as to leave in our minds only one alternative to condemning the defendant as mad, namely, to question his advocates' fitness. Stupid criticism and apologetic admiration will always be the stock-in-

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trade of pedagogic devotion, until man rejects once and for all the perennial fascination of paradox. Even the Christian theologies are based upon a system of discovering attributes in the Divine Nature not warranted by scripture, and then making lame apologies for Jesus Christ's inconsistencies. Blake certainly will not mind suffering with his Master, even if his critics resent classification with theologians.

But let us inquire upon what grounds in general we base our estimate of sanity.

For purposes of convenience we may divide the public into two great classes, the sane and the insane. The sane, as will be supposed, are the majority. Their voice, they are for ever assuring one another, is the voice of God. And they append to this creed the corroborative law of Nature : *The Fit alone shall survive and Devil take the hindermost*. Considering which, they behave on the whole rather decently among themselves. But they are certain of only one thing—and a most important—that the particular minority to which they are opposed are so stark mad that the wonder is that they are not stark naked also.

And one remarkable point of distinction between these two classes is this : that the sane majority find the language provided for them by their country's traditions vastly in excess of their needs, while the insane minority are for ever discontent with their native tongue because of its total insufficiency to express what they feel and know, the visions they see and believe in. These, though they have the whole wealth of culture at command, are nevertheless for ever seeking and finding new forms of expression, but often only to discard them because they fail to express the truth. It is these who paint uplifting pictures the wealthy can never possess, whatever they pay for them ; who sing divine songs, as did William Blake, for fashion to laugh at ; who make wooden fiddles wail passionately, as did Joachim, whom even the quite sane applaud.

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The more marked the success of the larger class, the more evident become their limitations. The more surely the smaller discovers the restricted possibilities of language, art, music, the more certain is it that they have understanding of the deeps. Indeed, one may affirm it to be axiomatic in the logic of sublime thought that those alone touch truth who utter it in word, line, or melody, too profound even for their own understanding. Surely some must herein reach the very pinnacle of insanity !

The former class comprises the people of Facts, the latter those of Ideas.

The class of Facts includes the bulk of the busy world. It also holds the men of scientific pursuit ; for these devote their lives to the discovery and classification of facts. To this end they rightly seek to simplify language and eliminate from it all metaphor, idiom, or symbol that might distract the mind from the rigid import of its words. They would make their language as near the mathematical as possible and, wherever it can be done, employ formula and syllogism in place of appeal to instinct, so as to render their conclusions self-evident. But even this inexpansive system, in its endeavour to be truthful, reveals an essential untruthfulness ; for it is constantly compelled to disregard individual claims and ideal characteristics for the sake of giving weight to its factual generalizations. To classify and define is easy ; and it has for some people the supreme advantage of discounting the value of higher thought. To discover the untruthfulness of scientific expression when dealing with matters that forbid definition and measurement, often requires of the scientific teacher a very genius of honesty. When, for instance, the biologist assures us that we must regard the bird as an aberrant form of reptile, and when he sets before us the array of facts upon which he justifies his claim, which facts there is no disputing, we understand him and his classification of the bird and the reptile so clearly that

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we have no difficulty in classifying himself. He belongs mind and soul to Facts. But when that genius arises, who, while giving full value to the evidences of the museum and the dissecting-room, can avoid the contamination of his soul, and sing—yes, sing—of the lark's supremacy to the law of gravity, and in this song uplift man's ever-young soul into the empyrean of the Holy Spirit, the world of learning will begin to undo some of its mischief-making.

But the second of the two classes which we are considering, that of Ideas as distinguished from Facts, instinctively resents the class-room methods of ocular demonstration. No less intent than the man of science upon teaching, and no less striving to be honest in all his dealings, the idealist, just because of such honesty, rejects formula and syllogism; not because these have not their place and need, but because in virtue of their very completeness they seem to claim that no teaching is possible save through their ministrations. The idealist claims that thought explores regions where the words self-evident, tangible, demonstrable, have no meaning; where even the concrete white chalk and blackboard have no use. "In what he leaves unsaid," declared Schiller, "I discover the master of Style." This is very near to Blake's "seeing through, and not with the eye." And if style is indicated by what is left unsaid, imagination is indicated by the perception of what is not seen, and often but pointing to it, rather than telling it. So the idealist Blake discards the algebraical equation, the logical argument; and in place of them his only method of teaching is Appeal.

Appeal to what? To that very consciousness in man of deeps in his existence which science has not fathomed, but which the greatest teachers touch with their poetry, their music, their paintings, and call into conscious life. He appeals to the instinctive knowledge of the child that the lark shares no place with reptile, the authorities notwithstanding. If there be in

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us "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," how greatly truer is it that there be deeps within or around the nature of life too profound for utterance, but which, not the less, are responsible for, directive of, indeed inspiring, our outward and visible show of life. These deeps are felt rather than known. They are of the emotions rather than the intellect. The man of art is more conscious of them than the schoolman because he lives more in their inspiration. And living thus in life of vaster realness than that of the getting and holding of Facts, of bowing to them, of chaining his soul to their glitter, he sees that from these same deeps all men arise and therefore have some consciousness of them, even if they deny it. It is to this consciousness that Blake makes appeal. Because of it he knows he must reject the ways and manners of the schools.

Indeed, the way of the imaginative artist is the way of the child. He rejects his facts as too painfully trivial to be worth attention as such, though he uses them right freely and truthfully in his own fashion. But he strips them of all precision so as to disabuse his public of any supposition that he uses them as argument or evidence. The anatomy of the lark and its biological position are entirely irrelevant facts to the true poet who appeals to the greater life in our hearts. To him facts lose their gravity, words their precision; they rise upon the wings of the bird, and scatter themselves for harvest, as the lark's song reaches ever wider realms of earth as he mounts into heaven. And this is the way with the child. He cannot easily comprehend the ways of men, to whom the only serious things are money and means, success and failure. And his soul, a power growing daily in its supremacy to mere things of matter, because blossoming out of the abyss of eternal potentialities, almost declines to be happy unless using the things of life as mere symbols of its spiritual consciousness, its spiritual desire for mastery.

Each of these points in classification Blake's best critics

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would, I think, freely allow. Nevertheless, because lacking in courage of conviction, they have mostly quailed before his mightiest utterances. Exactly where they have most signally failed in establishing his sanity, they have failed because they could not understand the sublimity of his power. Confronted even by such of his best-known works as *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, or *The Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, they have slunk away from the master to lose their identity among the foolish and angry multitude, and have not had grace enough to hear the crowing of the cock.

So that we have two duties before us, first to let the more doubtful understand how very special and masterly was Blake's insanity, and secondly to let some of us latter-day disciples realize that health of heart is essential if we would scale the snow-clad pinnacles. Blake's purity of soul and simplicity of mind were his claims to greatness, his secret of appeal. And I think it will be among the thoughtful and unlearned, rather than the critical and scholarly, that the great man will at last find sympathy and true understanding.

But to grasp the true wealth of Blake's insanity, we must enquire still further into the sanity of the multitude. And to this end it will prove convenient to subdivide the same class into three, though they overlap and intermingle.

The sanity of the first is measured by their limitation in seeing. We appoint perhaps as their vestal virgin a certain servant-girl of Samuel Palmer, that brilliant painter-etcher and most devoted disciple of Blake. She had declared in the kitchen, and solely on the strength of her own keen-eyed perspicacity, that her master must be mad, because he would recite poetry to himself and had hung on the drawing-room walls, she declared, two framefuls of tailors' patterns. The accusations looked grave indeed. And we quite justify the maid's election to the sacred vestal-virginship, when we learn that these tailors' patterns were some of William Blake's masterpieces, to wit, his only

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attempts at wood-engraving, the celebrated Pastorals! This first subdivision of the class of Facts holds as its maxim that *if things look more like what interests us than what they are, then what they are is of no account whatever*. For, as tailors' patterns, the Pastorals were distinctly failures! If a man looks like money, his moral nature is of no importance. If a picture suggests that it would look well over the new Sheraton side-board, then the furniture dealer alone can estimate its value. If Pan's pipes look as though they are but reeds, then Pan's music is moonshine, and so on.

Then there is the second great subdivision : *those who judge by rule and plumb*. For these, scholarship alone knows what is good, and intellect reigns supreme. Any one is eligible for the post of high-priest to this class, if only he despises Blake because he could not draw. In general he will measure Pan's excellence by the daily number of hours he practises his pipes and the expensiveness of the master who taught him. Blake's Pastorals will be condemned because they are different from all other wood-engraving ; because he was such a master of his engraving-chisel that he dared make it breathe and laugh and sing ; because, instead of quoting authorities, he appeals to the instinctive feeling after beauty that lies potential in even quite sane people's souls ; because he gives us no excuse for exclaiming, "How true is Blake to the masters ! How accurate his drawing ! How wise in him to read our thin sanity through and through, and yet hardly ruffle it !" These Pastorals invite no criticism. They make Appeal. And when that Appeal finds response in our hearts, we know that language must fail us, though we see our friend's eyes shine and we fear our own will overflow. The maxim of this second subdivision of the mighty sane is that *in art no thing can ever do more than the average things have hitherto done* ; and that if the imagination is to be allowed any play whatever, every care must be taken to show that technical excellence everywhere takes precedence,

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so that its heavy hand shall slap the face of any man who would rather seek light than find satisfaction.

Then a third subdivision of the sane comprises those who take it for granted *that the man of experience sees further than the child* whose glory it is to discount the value of facts. Any pedant will do to flatter these from his pulpit. The child values facts chiefly as playthings. A stick and a rag shall become a living baby and make appeal to the deeps of maternal tenderness that lie sleeping in the darling's soul. It is quite certain to her that her arms are made for rocking this baby rather than for useful sewing. Again, the boy's nursery chairs can be wild horses at any moment. Thus employed, they are surely of saner service than when exacting good behaviour ! Child-legs are for dancing, rather than walking ; voice for laughing and crying, rather than the multiplication table ; mind for asserting power in building or destroying, rather than for the rule of three. The child possibly has some instinctive knowledge of the clouds of glory whence he came ; which clouds, if they mean anything, mean that the worth of life is measured rather by the poor child's faculty of inventing a symbol of motherhood than by the millionaire's purchase of human labour and his scientific modes of doing even better without it. The child fights and rebels against the rule of three and the rule of the world, until his imagination, that holy quality without which soul has no life, is broken : and he learns to live by bread alone. The maxim of this third class stands thus : *that the whole purpose of education is to teach the heart to desire no longer the water-brooks*. And it brings us right up to the clue that leads to the understanding of William Blake.

He was a child throughout his life ; but there was built upon this foundation of sublime insanity a mighty superstructure of heroic endurance and manly fidelity to the thing he knew to be true ; of patient fortitude and womanly tenderness towards the weak and suffering. His power of scorn, that

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mighty weapon, and his potent pity, so lavishly given, had not developed the gentle boy into the adorable man, but that he never left his childhood behind him. Hence largely the sane world's dislike of his manners and the common belief that he died in Bedlam.

This fact of Blake's childlike nature makes it easy to understand how it is that many, even of those who are but little tainted with the vulgar sanity, claim that his intellect could not always be trusted. But I can find no evidence anywhere in his painting or his writing that, where clear intellect was needed, he could not supply more of it and fresher than most men of learning. His grasp of facts, his right estimate of their real value, his pity for the human hearts they claw and defile, are nowhere better manifest than in his now classic *Proverbs of Hell*. They are models of consistency untainted by that smug proverbial philosophy which seeks to justify a comfortable if sneaking morality. They need some study, but are worth it for their ennobling help. They let us into the depths of Blake's own piety, his simple faith, his scorn of worldly wisdom. With these his life, his work, his ideals, are all absolutely consistent. I am not sure that consistency is not the finest test of sanity, just as incoherency is the final proof of aberration. "Listen," he says, "to the fool's reproach : it is a kingly title." "The fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees." Though his rage against iniquity is aboriginally simple and childlike, and is certainly not always level-headed, it is never divorced from reason ; and, consistently with his Christianity, he could nobly forgive. Witness his appeal to Stothard for renewal of friendship after Stothard had, at the treacherous Cromek's instigation, stolen his idea of the *Canterbury Pilgrims* picture. Though he believed in the justice of righteous rage, he knew its energy must be bounded by reason, or the demon hate would claim the just man for his own. Witness *The Poison Tree*. These proverbs are epitomes of truth and wisdom. Thus "The cut worm forgives

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the plow" at first looks obscure ; yet it sums up in a simple figure the wisdom of Job. How he had rejoiced in his inspirations, how he had torn himself in his hard labours, only the poet can understand who realizes at once the service and despotism of language ; and Blake put this law of life into the words "Joys impregnate, sorrows bring forth." His faith in the imagination, its towering supremacy over mere intellect, may be hard at first to understand. "One thought fills immensity," and "Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth," and "Truth can never be told so as to be understood and not be believed" ; these give insight into the deeps, and compel us, if nothing else could, to follow and learn. Nor can we fail to admit, before he has done with us, that his seraphic intellect has laid upon our mouth the living coal, and taken away the iniquity of denial.

But I must not yet leave my evidences of Blake's childlike nature, because in it lay his marvellous power of appeal. His faith in impulse, instinct, energy, imagination, as against reason, prudence, and facts, is essentially childlike, yet the very antithesis of childish. The Appeal does not merely find echo in our hearts, but is a king nightingale in the darkening grove, who, shouting aloud his own faith, calls out the voice that was sleeping in multitudes ; or to put the metaphor in Blake's own words :—

Thou hearest the nightingale begin the song of Spring ;
The lark, sitting upon his earthy bed-nest, just as the morn
Appears, listens silent ; then, springing from the waving cornfield, loud
He leads the Choir of Day.—*Milton*, ii. p. 31.

The Songs of Innocence express the holiest impulses of untutored childhood, the eager love of life in all things, the imaginative recognition of an ethical basis in life, the instinctive understanding of things that are true and practical in religion, the belief that "everything that lives is holy." I would quote,

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had I the time, "The Lamb," "The Chimney Sweeper," "The Divine Image," "On Another's Sorrow."

Then upon these convictions that the child is father of the man, Blake builds his lifelong glory of faith, that the man is father of his country and must save it. For this is the secret of his mighty work *Jerusalem*, the spiritual England; this is the inspiration of her maternal weeping over the chaining of her sons. He sees everywhere the triumph of idolatry over worship, the letter of the law over the spirit, money over flesh and blood, reason over imagination. And, like all true prophecy, his words are not for his own age only, but make appeal to the men of every generation. Prophecy indeed is the appeal of the eternal to the people of time.

The whole argument of the *Jerusalem* is summed up in those three memorable aphorisms in the opening of *Heaven and Hell*, words which are childlike in their disregard of philosophic authority and its futile presentation of the absolute; and yet they are profound in essential wisdom.

"(1) Man has no body distinct from his soul. For that called body is a portion of soul discerned by the five senses, the chief inlets of soul in this age.

"(2) Energy is the only life, and is from the body; and reason is the bound or outward circumference of energy.

"(3) Energy is eternal delight."

Now I want to draw your attention especially to these three aphorisms, because the critics, notable among them Mr. Swinburne, have generally held that Blake's was a gospel of licence. And I am the more willing to insist upon their real meaning in connection with the magnificent but most cryptic of his prophetic books, *Jerusalem*, because this, more than any other, exposes him to the charge of incoherencies.

"(1) Man has no body distinct from his soul." All systems of religion have taught that man *possesses* a soul, whereas Blake would have us understand that the reverse is the case:

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Edmund Spenser had long before expressed the same truth thus :—

For of the Soul the Body Form doth take
For Soul is Form and doth the Body make.

Or to quote certain lines of Blake from *Jerusalem*, more cryptic but signifying the same idea :—

In great eternity every particular Form gives forth or Emanates
Its own peculiar Light, and the Form is the Divine Vision
And the Light is his Garment. This is Jerusalem in every Man,
A Tent and Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness.—p. 54.

Then he goes on to remark that the body in its ordinary conception is but that portion or product of soul which we can see and touch. Hence it comes that when we have left our childhood and have reached those years of discretion which so sedulously forbid the sacramental bread, when we have come to trust those five senses for what they are not worth, when we see not through but merely with our eyes, we disbelieve in anything but ocular evidence. Therefore we believe more in the body than the soul, though many for religious purposes still claim that the soul does really exist, if merely as a nebulous appendix which we can for the present most happily dispense with. And then this aphorism ends with a touch of bitter satire on the philosophy of Locke, the most trusted philosopher in that eighteenth century. This philosophy Blake scorns : the soul, in this age, is nothing more forsooth than a by-product of experience contributed by the five senses ! He frequently refers to the soul being imprisoned in the five senses ; they are merely inlets for experiences, not outlets to the Eternal.

The second of these aphorisms is a little hard to understand unless we already know something of what the Master is driving at. We must remember that the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is a conglomeration of bombs, each accurately compounded and craftily timed to hurl at the heads of all intel-

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lectual, religious, and state tyrants. Their dynamite is for the most part scathing satire, and will scarcely have more effect in reforming the respectable criminals who are mighty in their seats than an anarchist's bomb will instil mercy into a grand-duke's heart. But Blake says elsewhere: "When I tell a truth it is not to convince those who do not know it but to protect those who do." And his sort of bomb hurts not the faithful, but invigorates.

"Energy is the only life, and is from the body." This is a slap to the orthodox, one would think, and a paradox to the former condemnation of the senses. He would save those orthodox from condemning any part of our nature. Energy is divine impulse, we elsewhere learn, the work of the imagination, and the desire for it is the light that lighteth every man who comes into the world. It is the only life. It is at once work, conquest, and worship. But its means is the oft-despised body without which nothing is done. The resurrection of the body was an idea essential in Blake's creed. And while he realizes more powerfully than any prophet before him how "the gross flesh hems us in," he honoured his servant, his "body the ass." Thus in *Jerusalem*, p. 55, he says: "Let the human organs be kept in their perfect integrity, at will contracting into worms, or expanding into Gods." A message surely that for all time should be the watchword of the man of science! The worm is the symbol of small, sluggish, often dormant, beginnings of unknown power. One day it expands into butterfly beauty, and the eternal miracle is aflame. And man should know more of his seedlike energies locked away in the cabinet of his body. At will should the poet be able to call down his larks from the sky to find grubs for their nestlings. At will should the microscopist who gropes among unprofitable secrets be capable of flight in the empyrean. At times should the sharp-fingered anatomists who

Stumble all night over bones of the dead

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be capable of rising in supplication to the eternal sun of life.

Now, lest this appeal for the dignity of life's energy should be mistaken, lest indeed people like Mr. Swinburne and others should ever accuse him of endorsing licence, Blake appends to this aphorism these memorable words:—

“And reason is the bound or outward circumference of energy.” In other words—and in the teaching of every other work of Blake—this instinctive energy, this imagining birth-right of man, is worse than useless to us if we do not use it aright. This energy is nothing without noble purpose. Life without object, imagination without reason, energy without order, are mighty powers prostituted and in process of ceasing to be. “He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence.” “Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.” These are two of the Proverbs that are so stupidly misunderstood; and even a great poet has mistaken the metaphor. The divine energy of life must be allowed its wing. “When thou seest an eagle thou seest a portion of genius; lift up thy head!” In other words, do not dare to think you can cage an eagle. It cannot be done; for an eagle caged is but divine energy prostituted to the tyranny of man; it ceases to be a portion of genius and is become a product of constraint, and a lie to the living truth. It is life robbed of purpose. Everywhere Blake is crying the same truth in the wilderness, and no one hears. Life robbed of liberty to fulfil breeds pestilence: this is the key to *The Daughters of Albion*. The glory of all desire, of all inspiration, is its purpose; and if you seek to restrain these tigers of fire by the “horses of instruction,” they become “tigers of wrath.” This is the key to the books of Los and of Urizen. And both must be opened if we would enter the disordered treasure-house of the *Jerusalem*. Blake is absolutely and persistently assertive of the truth of life's purpose. Mr. Swinburne is wholly misleading us; and his puppet *Art for Art's sake*,

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though he would father the puny abortion upon our prophet, is hateful to Blake. Art is for the ennobling of life, for the manifestation to man of the worth of life and the glory of the heavens. Art without purpose is art with a worm in its soul, and a worm that breeds pestilence. "Truth has bounds, error none," Blake declares in the book of Urizen. And we dare not forget this awful doom of forgetting the purpose of our energy. Yet if truth has bounds, if energy must have reason for its outward circumference, we need have no fear of reason's despotism; for our horizon is hedged in only by the limitations of our energies. Reason is minister to the imagination, and must never become its master.

For all are men in eternity, rivers, mountains, cities, villages.
All are human, and when you enter into their bosom, you walk
In Heavens and Earths; as in your bosom you bear your Heaven
And Earth, and all you behold: though it appears without, it is within,
In your imagination, of which this world of Mortality is but a shadow.
Jerusalem, iii. p. 71.

These lines also are from *Jerusalem*. Compare with them the words in *Heaven and Hell*, "All deities reside in the human breast." And this second aphorism is the theme of all the prophetic books, as indeed it is the theme, if not of the songs of Innocence, at least of many of the songs of Experience, some of which, like the prophetic books, are more than a little cryptic. The deities that reside in the empire of our hearts are in these ages at warfare. Our salvation looks almost hopeless, and our beloved country is groaning under the golden hoof and forgetting her inspiration. Her energy that should be her eternal delight is become a bond-slave to wealth and greed. The peasant no more ploughs, nor does the maiden spin; for both are willing to sell their energies into slavery, that the master who fattens and kills them may himself find hell. The eternal delight that is man's birthright is smelted into money that can buy nothing. The maiden has

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choice only to die in a naphtha-hell or to breed the pestilence that comes of forbidding energy its purposeful outcome. The upshot of the warfare in our cosmogony between the spirit and the matter, between purpose and the wilderness which gives it opportunity of conquest, between the fire of the Holy Ghost and the wet blanket of respectability, between imagination and reason, poetry and science, mastery and cringing humility ; the upshot of the warfare looks to us now, who see not the end and yet are still purposed something in our energy, wellnigh hopeless. The eternal delight of energy, even ours who groan, is prostituted into mere wanton pleasures ; and, not content with our own unsought damnation, we damn everything we touch ; even in hell we must have companions. And joy will not be won for our energy until the deities regnant in our hearts understand their respective duties and the needs of the empire they inhabit.

They must renew their brightness, and their disorganized functions
Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human,
Co-operating in the bliss of Man, obeying his will,
Servants to the infinite and eternal of the human form.—*Vala*, ix. l. 369.

Seemingly these subsidiary gods cannot believe that their freedom is won not by tyranny over one another, but by obedience to the eternal purpose of their dominant master, the Will of the Man. Just as the material universe may be said to be compounded of many forces and attributes, so the eternal heart of man is compounded of many laws and is the habitation of many gods. Even as material phenomena may all be consequent upon one embracing energy of many manifestations, so is the everlasting manhood at once responsible for and master of its self-deities. With all his terrible denunciation, denunciation that is expressible only in the most terrible metaphor, Blake, like every true prophet, is optimist ; because he believes in God and therefore in man,

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because he believes that with both all things are possible. And his optimism cannot doubt that his beloved England will yet find her salvation.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.—Preface to *Milton*.

But now, having dared suggest to you something of my beloved Master's spirit, I must, in fairness to those whose opinions we discount, let you see what grounds, besides the misinterpretation of his friends, there may be for suspecting Blake of madness. This very book of *Jerusalem* is indeed a strange medley of passionate poetry and catalogued bathos. We have pages and pages of stuff that were not worth reading, but for the shining gems hidden here and there among the rubbish. Yet, as if to make amends for the waste of fine language, the illustrations to this book are more helpful in elucidating the text than in many of Blake's writings. Often it looks as if, although his drawings in general are every one descriptive of some idea peculiarly his own, they do not correspond with the text of the book in which they are found. Thus the extraordinary, but

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far from beautiful, picture in the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* of the Birth of the Imagination, and the fleeing away of the people in dread of such a prodigy, is only quite intelligible when we read a description of the dire event in the *Daughters of Albion*. But in the *Jerusalem* the cuts belong much more nearly to the text, and many are almost self-explanatory. But in spite of this help, we must admit that Blake's small power of criticizing his own work implies some lack of mental balance. This is the fault, I suppose, of the man of imagination undisciplined in the schools. The tigers of wrath ill brook the horses of intellect and devour them before submitting to their instruction. Yet the sun that illuminates Blake's spirit is not the less lofty or brilliant that it often seems as if in danger of being lost in the lawless jungle of his imagination. But even here, amidst masterful horrors and cringing monsters, the sun rays penetrate with lovely brilliance. And if the apparent purposelessness of our prophet's vast weediness seems often to justify the verdict of madness, we are again and again, while striving to find passage through the jungle, driven to exclaim that Blake's madness is infinitely greater than our own sanity. For at any rate we find his mind never wholly divorced from the sunlight, the great illuminant of nature; while we, with our rushlights of convention, "our decency and custom starving truth," to quote Wordsworth, our groping timidity and uncertain walking in our gloomy streets, think our education and our musty records, our fearful theology and boastful superiority to enthusiasm, must keep us sane and give us power to criticize the jungle we hardly dare enter, despite its gleams of sunshine.

But, when all this is admitted, even when we feel bound to grant that the jungle of Blake's imagination is lawless, we find ourselves greatly at fault in judging therefrom that he lacked sanity. To the agriculturalist the jungle is aboriginal, and as far removed from usefulness as the intellect of a Bedlamite.

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Nevertheless the jungle is as much the outcome of natural law as pleasant pastures ; in their subjection to human purpose lies the difference. So what appears unprofitable in Blake's luxuriant imagination is but unprofitable perhaps from the point of view of our matter-of-fact utilitarian minds ; he is but running wild like a child who feels that nursery restrictions are altogether immoral when judged from the standpoint of his need to live in the full vigour of delight. So far as the *Jerusalem* serves a predicable purpose, we may consider it as unreasoned and having but little bearing upon the practical needs and facts of life. And, indeed, because a child's wild joy in liberty finds no place in an educational code, many will hold it to be inimical to the ideals of education, and therefore ill-purposed and lacking in sanity. Enthusiasm and imagination, unless severely curbed by convention and logic, are considered by the majority as intellectually dangerous. Nevertheless undisciplined joy and boundless enthusiasm for the ideals of life are very real properties of life. Indeed, they come very near to being the simplest expression of life itself. And no wise man will quarrel with the poet's gifts, even if he dare not desire them.

The whole question as to the sanity of the prophetic books lies in the question whether their images are inspired by definite ideals that can be expressed in no fitter way, whether, that is, the imaginative life is disciplined by purpose, by good to be won. Of this there can, I think, be no question whatever.

Blake's imagination was essentially Gothic. Or perhaps, if I had more accurate knowledge, I should say that in comparison with the more disciplined Gothic, his art was Byzantine. His hatred of fine faultless line and shallow harmony, his love of roaring cavern depths, masses of mystic shadow, unanswerable recognition of the interdependence of so-called right and wrong, of freedom and bondage, recalls Ruskin's

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description of the Byzantine ideals in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* :—

The rolling heap of the thunder cloud, divided by rents and multiplied by wreaths, yet gathering them all into its broad, torrid, and towering zone, and its midnight darkness opposite : the scarcely less majestic heave of the mountain side, all torn and traversed by depth of defile and ridge of rock, yet never losing the unity of its illumined swell and shadowy decline ; and the head of every mighty tree, rich with tracery of leaf and bough, yet terminated against the sky by a true line, and rounded by a green horizon, which, multiplied in the distant forest, makes it look bossy from above ; all these mark, for a great and honoured law, that diffusion of light for which the Byzantine ornaments were designed.

But I must take you back again for a moment to Blake's childlike nature. We discover in it certain inevitable faults of his virtue. His exaggerations in praise and blame with his often outrageous and ugly figures are alike explained by his lack of the gift of weighing evidences. Comparisons to him were odious : just as to the child who, when asked which of the two he loves better, insists that he loves both best. Comparison demands intellect and intellect only. To Blake, such task was wellnigh impossible. Yet his instinctive valuation of things was so true that we can ill bear the thought of even *his* own mere intellect judging them. For had he possessed that critical faculty which is only elicited by patient submission to scholastic method, we most assuredly had never known this *Jerusalem*. He hated going over his own work, as is known, because probably the very descent of his spirit to the level of mere intellectuality, as distinguished from creative labour, entirely changed the point of view ; it made the eagle's outlook seem quite inaccessible, and therefore of doubtful value.

And this sort of suffering attends all genius that would reform its own offspring. Though Blake was no critic, he generally knew what was good and bad ; but, like the child again, he would judge their work by his love or dislike of the

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artists. His praise of Fuseli's and Flaxman's work was the inevitable consequence of their flattery, which lasted just so long as they could pick his brains. He even found great merit in Wainwright the poisoner's Academy picture, seemingly because Wainwright admired and bought his books. But for that matter, Lamb too had admitted the gifted criminal to his circle. And Blake could condemn in scathing terms, as he did the Carraccis, Rubens, and even Reynolds; while Correggio he calls "a soft and effeminate and consequently a most cruel demon whose whole delight is to cause endless labour to whoever suffers him to enter his mind." Yet so fine was his appreciation, which does not mean criticism, that Charles Lamb, who, strangely enough, never met him, writes in 1824 :—

His pictures—one in particular, the *Canterbury Pilgrims* (far above Stothard's)—have great merit, but hard, dry, yet with grace. He has written a Catalogue of them with a most spirited criticism on Chaucer, but mystical and full of Vision. His poems have been sold hitherto only in manuscript. I never read them; but a friend of mine at my desire procured the "Sweep Song." There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning,

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
Through the deserts of the night,"

which is glorious, but alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad-house. But I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age.—E. V. Lucas's *Life of Charles Lamb*, Vol. II, p. 125.

One inevitable consequence of his inability to compare critically his own work with accepted standards was the charge of personal vanity; a fault indeed, belonging peculiarly to childhood, and deserving the epithet childish. Thus he speaks of his own work as though it were all he meant it to be; and, seeing that it was in his own day almost wholly unappreciated, he found it necessary to explain its merits to the public. Indeed, he unblushingly compares it with Raphael's. But a man

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like this, "as incapable," Crabb Robinson assures us, "of envy as he was of discontent," was hardly a vessel for vulgar vanity. He was so deeply possessed by the truth of his work's purpose that he could not throw himself outside it to see how others would misunderstand his ardour.

It is as if (to use Goethe's figure), having seen from within the cathedral of his own soul great glories shining through its rich-hued windows, he had then gone without, and found the stupid public staring at the outside of the windows, declaring that, because the sun was brighter outside, they were justified in laughing at the poet's tales of glories within. "You can admire," he might say, "your Carraccis and Correggios because they hit you in the eye with their paint-brushes and make you see lies strutting like dandies. You can even prate about Raphael, though you can no more learn the truth from his work than you can see beauty in mine. Yet we both have learned our art from the same school. And I know my work is true. You are incapable of seeing it, and therefore you call me vain and mad!" Indeed, this child-nature is the clue to all his unintelligibility as well as his apparent vanity. It was never himself that Blake was so sure of; it was the truth of what he would teach.

Somewhat vain he was,
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was intent
On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part; yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the man
That was delightful.—*Preclude*, book ix. line 313.

Thus Wordsworth of his friend General Beaupuy, the revolutionist; and I cannot help feeling that they fit Blake.

But I dare not leave my subject without saying something of our prophet's power of seeing visions, which power more

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than any other point in his character has exposed him to the charge of madness. But there is no real difficulty in understanding this gift, though its precise significance is not easy to define. The imagination, in taking concrete form for the sake of expressing what it feels, always goes through a process of visualizing. When, more especially, the imagination is dealing with purely abstract concepts, it has no other means of definite thinking about these concepts, still less of definitely teaching them, than the means of symbolic representation. Thus, when Blake feels himself suddenly and mightily inspired at thought of the eternal joy that must fill all created things in realizing the will of their Maker, he, for his own better understanding as well as for his better means of expression, instinctively visualizes the words of Job, "And all the sons of God shouted for joy." To him the words are an inspiration ; and the Holy Spirit, the eternal indwelling power of God, makes this inspiration assume concrete form in the painter's eye. The words of Job are graphic enough : they are the poet's words indeed, and for many will suffice. But with Blake, the Seer of Truth in things, the emotion for which Job finds words, finds form in pictorial art. He sees the sons of God, potent in wings, uplifted in thought, ordering their movements in sense of the everlasting harmony, shouting together in their joy of life. Blake has seen his vision. And he must give it to us, as otherwise it would be worthless to him. For in matters of truth, the widow's cruse is the only measure of worth. Like her meal too, it must be given to whomsoever needs, even if the wilderness has to be searched for the hungry.

I believe, if we could analyse the way by which the genius works, we should find that it is simply through seeing visions. For genius is something more than making use of materials we have collected, or experiences that we have won. It is the power of drawing upon our ancestral, our divine inheritance, and realizing how this inheritance is one with the life of all

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things. It is indeed in the rare souls of highest virtue, instinctive knowledge of the power of God Himself, and an instinctive feeling of how this power is at work in bird and butterfly, in the starry lights, in the anguish of broken hopes. The genius, having this power in him as the secret of his own life, knows how this same secret orders all things. So that, for instance, he has knowledge of the joy in all true sons of God, and sees their joy in a vision. He is one with the spirit that uplifts the skylark and makes him scatter his little joy broadcast over the earth; he sees the truth of it and sings himself of it in glorious verse. And even in fiction the real genius surpasses altogether his actual experience of life and men. He knows them, and writes not of how he *believes* they would speak in this or that circumstance, but of what he has unconsciously visualized and therefore knows to be true of life. Indeed, he has visions of the men and women he is creating, though he does not speak of his inspiration in such words. He will tell you, and I speak of one friend of my own, that he *saw* this or that invented incident, and he therefore knows it is true. This visionary power is altogether different from the mere relation of events of which he may have been the spectator. It is the difference between the genius of imagination with its symbolic presentation, and the talent of memory with its mimic reproduction. And so I take it are Blake's visions: not the substance that dreams are made of—not the fanciful fears of the too impressionable child—not the ghosts of the superstitious or the incoherent rhapsodies of the lunatic. Blake himself made sharp distinction between terrifying ghosts, the delusions of a disordered stomach, and the visions of truth. He knew well, I must think, the psychologist's distinction between illusions of the senses and delusions of the mind—a distinction which the legal authorities admit as differentiating mere erratic brain-work from insanity. For as long as a man knows when he may be self-cheated, he is

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sane indeed. So long as he knows his visions are not concrete, or that his imagination must not be trusted to see in the dark, say, when he is driving a motor, not even the most unimaginative mental specialist would dare accuse him, because of his visions and imaginations, of being insane ; and this, although the said specialist loves to speak of a certain gift, which he is too blind to possess, as being akin to madness.

The genius, I say, knows that he must speak or sing or paint because, and only because, he has no other alternative whatsoever. One man may look his hardest and honestest to find truth, so that, having found it, he may give it to others. But the genius, without looking, without being conscious of intent, sees things beyond the vision of men. The honest searcher may look deeply and laboriously into the mind of Blake, and, for all his honesty, may see but a reed shaken in the wind ; but those who have in them, as every one has to greater or less degree, the possibility of singing, will let the voice of the king nightingale awaken their own piping and make them too sing with great or faltering note, to the glory of the heavens. Though the genius may fail for lack of faith, though he may so prostitute his gifts that they breed iniquity, they are yet of the Holy Spirit ; and no study of man and nature by observation, no devotion even of the life to the service of man, will find the great gift of seeing visions and telling to men the truth of them. Nevertheless, Blake at least declared in most emphatic word that the seeing of visions was not a special gift to him or other seers. "He only claimed," says Linnell, one of his most ardent disciples, "the possession of a power that all men have, but mostly lose because of their vanity and unrighteousness." To see visions is, in one sense, but seeing through and not with the eye. In another it is the involuntary instinctive personifying of abstractions. To a lady who asked Blake where he had seen certain lambs in a meadow that turned out to be sculptured he replied, tapping his forehead, "Here,

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madam"—an answer quite sufficient to one who has never realized that, for instance, the mechanical droning of the Scriptures in church will never inspire the people. The point was simply this : that with him the spiritual was in all things supreme, and the supreme danger in life was dependence upon things, the worship of symbols, the mistaking the letter for the law, works for the faith, and so on. And throughout his life he was sublimely consistent.

If I had only depended upon mortal things, both myself and my wife must have been lost. If we fear to do the dictates of our angels, and tremble at the tasks set before us ; if we refuse to do spiritual acts because of natural fears or natural desires, who can describe the torment of such a state ! I too well remember the threats I heard.

Crabb Robinson, who loved him so well that we must accept all he has to say of the prophet's so-called madness, wrote :—

When he said "my vision" it was in the ordinary unemphatic tone in which we speak of everyday matters. In the same tone he said repeatedly, "The Spirit told me." I took occasion to say, "You express yourself as Socrates used to do. What resemblance do you suppose there is between your spirit and his ?" "The same as between our countenances." He paused and added, "I was Socrates," and then, as if correcting himself, "a sort of brother. I must have had conversations with him. So I had with Jesus Christ. I have an obscure recollection of being with both of them."

And let there be no mistake about the spiritual energy necessary for submission to these spiritual visitations. Blake was no mere sensitive plate of a photographic camera, upon which the supposed spirit-minds might work their will. He was no charlatan or clairvoyant that he should fall into a trance and then relate what things had taken possession of his passive mind. On the contrary, his vision-seeing was the might of imagination, the seizing hold of his heart by tongues of fire, the carrying of his acquiescent yet mightily winged soul deep into the abyss, out beyond the heights, and always to the un-

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folding of the human mystery. How much he suffered over these visions none can tell, and only one ever knew. This was his Kate. Their courtship was this. "Oh, Mr. Blake, I pity you!" said the illiterate tender Catherine Boucher when he told of his first and only love-disappointment. "You pity me?" replied the young man; "then I love you!" That was the sowing of the seed. The blossoming of the flower must have brought joy to the angels; for night after night, for hours at a time, the man would sit absorbed in his visions of mystic births, battles and destroyings all leaping in furnaces of flame, all peopling the empire of the human soul. Within the palaces and dungeons of this eternal soul he would hear Los, the human God of Purpose, towering above the forces of destruction, hammering away at his red-hot self-hood, the terrific sparks rushing forth to blind the cringing fears; Urizen hurling anathemas upon the man for outdaring his iron laws; Orc, the soul who unweaves the nets of tyranny, who snaps the manacles that tie men to purposeless submission, and ever urges them onwards to their destiny in righteous rebellion; Vala, the Spirit of Beauty and Orc's spiritual bride; Enitharmon, the gentle Emanation of Los's Spectre, who knew her spouse was greater than the works of his Anvil; Bromion, the filthy monster in human form who befogs the sunshine into darkness, who prostitutes the beautiful and makes it people the slimy marsh with horrors. Such were his visions, and they brought strivings enough and dire anguish to the great soul, as he sat lost in the silent hours of the night, until at last his eyes would close upon their mystic seeing and open upon the breaking dawn. And then, when the night's battle was over, when the body was weak, the face white with suffering, and the eyes all a-shining, then would this loving woman lead him away by the hand, whose hold she had never left in all the dark hours. Out into the fields and woods would they go to meet the rising sun. And these two together

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would walk perhaps their thirty miles before the daily toil with facts could be once more faced.

Were time at our disposal, I could make you, by reading this madman's miraculous, if often offending words, so deeply in love with his wisdom that you would acclaim his brotherhood with the prophets of old. If his words be madness, then is there no hope left for us. If his visions qualified him as mentally unfit, then had we best give up for ever our ideals, our self-denials, our hope in the beautiful, our faith in the true.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

By ARTHUR SIDGWICK.

IN 1820 Thomas Carlyle, son of a Scotch stone-mason, wrote some essays for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. In 1875 he published an article in *Fraser*, the last of his writings that saw the light in his lifetime. In 1881, on 5th February, he died, perhaps the greatest man of letters in England.

During the whole of that fifty-five years, it may almost be said, he was hard at work, reading, thinking, or writing—more continuously and more exhaustingly than any man of his time, with hardly a month's really robust health, and suffering from the two things most distressing to a man who lives by his brains, sleeplessness and dyspepsia; and during all that time he issued work after work—Histories, Essays, Criticisms, Pamphlets, Biographies, Appeals—one might almost say Sermons—works which all bear the impress of his thoroughness and unwearied energy, his vivid imagination, his forcible humorous expression, and generally the marked power and individuality of his mind and character.

We have often in these latter days heard Carlyle referred to as a Prophet. The name was not unfrequently misunderstood. It was given him by Professor Seeley, a critic of great force and originality, and he meant prophet in the old Hebrew sense; not a man who foretells—for no one could be a worse prophet than Carlyle in this sense—but a man possessed with a purpose, and charged with a message. Carlyle, like other prophets, may weary by iteration; but he has no doubt of the truth and value of his message. Like other prophets, he is not a philosopher, but an awakener; he does not gently lead

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us to the truth, he drags us there, hurls it at us, banters us, browbeats us, denounces us, makes us weep and tremble and laugh by turns : amuses, instructs, excites, touches, alarms ; always to the same end, with the same moral in his view.

What is the end and the moral ? If it is to be summed up in a word, it is the word Sincerity. To him the principle of evil is the sham, and the age is an age of sham. The only thing that ever comes to any good in the world is Reality, Veracity, Honesty ; Acting, not Talking ; Performing, not Promising ; believing, not making believe to believe. And "is it not an age of shams ?" he seems to say. In *Religion*, we have vast professions and little reality : the gnat strained out, the camel daily swallowed : the mote magnified, the beam ignored : Fanatics, Fools, and Hypocrites bribing and threatening the timid and muddle-headed, to bolster up baseless claims and incredible dogmas. In *Labour*, he finds idle work, bad work, false work : all aiming at credit, fame, gain, not silent reality of performance. In *Commerce*, imitation for genuine goods : all things not unpretending and durable, but showy and perishable : everywhere Advertisement, Prospectus, Fraud : Colossal fortune, no service rendered. In *Literature*, a swarm of frothy periodicals, leading articles, speeches, sham books : the silently made, wise, faithful, true *book* replaced by the hasty, shallow semblance of wisdom. In *Politics*, not the best ruling others, not Wisdom guiding ignorance : but Stump Oratory, Collective Imbecility, Parliamentary Eloquence, Vote by Ballot, the Many (Fools) coercing the Few (Wise), Chaos, Incompetence, Confusion.

Two remarks naturally occur on all this.

First, it is not new. As long as human beings have existed there have been humbugs. The ancient Greeks charged each other freely with corruption ; and, if we may trust their comedies, their merchants used to damp their wool to make it heavier, and to sell damaged skins for boots. The ancient

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Hebrews, we are told by the Scriptures, used to give light weight: they used to cheat as well as oppress the poor. "Lip-service" is condemned in the Old Testament and hypocrisy in the New. Where is the originality of Carlyle's indictment? Well—we may perhaps meet that. Originality must not be looked for in the wrong place. The prophet is original, not because he finds new faults to attack, but because of the Insight with which he seizes on the Important thing at the time: the loftiness and stability of his Ideal: and the skill and force, the humour, the knowledge, the moral power with which he drives his lessons home.

Again, it may be said, such a man is not so much a teacher as a cynic. To do good, to inspire men, we must look forward, speak of the better things to come, dwell on the possible good, and not always deplore the actual ill. To hope, to admire, to excite, is to be a prophet; to denounce, to condemn, to despair, is to be a cynic.

There is some truth in this certainly, and no doubt Carlyle was inclined so far to cynicism that he was gloomy and low-pitched in his views of the general qualities of mankind, and was disposed to rate the average man too low, just as his criterion of heroism covered some very competent scoundrels. But what distinguished him from a cynic was—two things. First, his own high ideal of human aims and virtues: if mankind were, on the whole, largely fools or knaves—still he held up the banner: the ideal for all was plain—to strive after the best. The cynic, on the other hand, as he thinks little of men, so he expects little: and his own standard becomes insensibly spotted with his creed. The most difficult faith is to believe effectively—what is nevertheless always true—that there are other men who are better than ourselves. Secondly, Carlyle had a real and a deep-lying enthusiasm of his own—all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. To the real cynic enthusiasm is usually annoying, and invariably at bottom

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incomprehensible. The cynic is a spiritual fungus : he lives on rottenness : he spreads rottenness, and he is himself, morally speaking, eaten of worms. Cynic is most assuredly not the word for the man whom Swinburne calls *the stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder*.

It is well known how eloquently Carlyle used to praise Silence, and bid us all not talk but do. Some people have jibed at him for this : and there is apparently an opening for satire in such advice from a man who spent fifty-five years in incessant and, if I may use the words, resonant and *vociferous* writing. But there is no real incongruity. The praise of Silence is really only another form of the praise of Sincerity. It is a man's business to *do* and not to talk about it ; and it is not against serious conscientious work in Literature that his protest is at all directed, but against all forms of Vapouring, Puff, Plausibility, Profession—the words that *are sham*, and not the words that are *real*. Of real literature no man more felt the dignity and the importance : no man had a higher ideal : and no man gave it more imaginative and eloquent expression. Let me quote a passage or two ; for surely there are few better tests of the quality of a man, than the light in which he regards his own profession.

‘Literature,’ he says, speaking of the poet Schiller’s attitude towards his own work, ‘Genuine Literature includes the essence of philosophy, religion, art : whatever speaks to the immortal part of man. The Daughter, she is likewise the nurse, of all that is spiritual and exalted in our character. The boon she bestows is truth : truth not merely physical, political, economical, such as the *sensual* (= materialist) man is forever demanding, ever ready to reward, and in general likely to find : but truth of moral feeling, truth of taste, that inward truth which only the most ethereal portion of our nature can discern, but without which that portion of it languishes and dies, and we are left divested of our birthright—no longer to be called the sons of Heaven. The treasures of Literature are thus celestial, imperishable, beyond price : to be among the guardians and servants of this is the noblest function that can be entrusted to a mortal. Genius—is the inspired gift of God :

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‘a solemn mandate to its owner to go forth and labour in his sphere, to keep alive the sacred fire among his brethren, which the heavy and polluted atmosphere of this world is forever threatening to extinguish. Woe to him if he hear not this small voice—if he turn this inspired gift into the servant of his evil or ignoble passions : if he offer it on the altar of vanity, or sell it for a piece of money.’ (Schiller, 156.)

Nominally in this fine passage he is describing Schiller’s view of literature : it is impossible, however, to mistake the ring of these words ; it is his own ideal.

In an early letter to his brother John (translator of *Dante*) we have a pregnant passage expressing his unconquerable sense of a duty to speak, a message to deliver. It is all the more remarkable, as it comes in the midst of gloomy forebodings about himself, and doubts if he would ever come to anything—such gloom and depression as his temperament was too liable to ; but here he bursts out :—

“Thought falls on us like seed—only time and silence can ripen it.—
“Had *I two potatoes in the world and one true Idea*, I should hold it my
“duty to part with one potato for paper and ink, and live on the other
“till I got what was in me written.”

The immediate context too is interesting and characteristic ; he is warning his brother against hack writing in periodicals ; he compares it to soil which has to be riddled monthly to see if there was a grain of worth in it.

This feeling, that it was degrading in the literary man to fall short of the highest sincerity of motive—to write anything but his best, for gain or fame or power—was one of Carlyle’s deepest and strongest convictions.

‘For a genuine man’ (he says in his lectures on “Heroes,” 1837) it is ‘no evil to be poor. There *ought* to be literary men poor, to show whether they are genuine or not—who will say that a Johnson is not the better for being poor ? It is needful for him to know that outward profit, success of any kind, is not the goal he has to aim at. Money can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there, and even spurn it back when it wishes to get farther.’

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These are noble words : and not only did he speak them from his heart, but no man ever lived whose unswerving faithfulness to his ideal of literary sincerity, whose prolonged struggle with poverty, and unspotted simplicity of life, more impressively bore out in practice the doctrine he preached.

In another part of the lecture on the Hero as Man of Letters he touches even a higher note.

‘I say of all priesthoods, aristocracies, governing classes, at present extant in this world, there is no class comparable for importance to the Priesthood of the writers of books. “Literature will take care of itself,” said Mr. Pitt, when applied to for some help for Robert Burns. “Yes,” adds Mr. Southey, “it will take care of itself; and of you too if you do not look to it.”’ (*Heroes*, 310, 311.)

And in a yet more exalted strain about Books, in his great work *Sartor Resartus* :—

‘Wondrous indeed is the virtue of Books. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair—like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, standing from year to year, and from age to age—yearly comes its new produce of leaves—every one of which is a talisman that can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City builder and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror and City burner ! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor, but of the true sort, namely over the Devil : thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing city of the mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the earth will Pilgrim.’ (*Sartor*, 105.)

And as the ideal of the calling is high, and sincerity of motive must be the foundation of all, so thoroughness of work in detail, completeness, endurance of drudgery—in short, sincerity of *execution* is the first essential.

‘If I want an “article,”’ he says (“Shooting Niagara,” 1867 ?), ‘let it be genuine, at whatever price. If the price is too high, I will go without it, unequipped with it for the present : I shall not have equipped

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‘myself with a hypocrisy at any rate. . . . One hears sometimes of religious ‘controversies running very high, about faith, works, grace, prevenient ‘grace, Essays and Reviews, into none of which do I enter . . . one ‘thing I will remind you of, that the essence and outcome of all religions, ‘creeds and liturgies whatsoever, is to do your work in a faithful manner. ‘Unhappy caitiff, what is to you the use of Orthodoxy, if with every ‘stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the ten Commandments— ‘operating upon devils’ dust . . . and endeavouring to reap where you ‘have not sown?’

Let us see a little nearer how the main works of this strange writer bear upon this theme. I must pass over with the barest mention the work he began with, namely that of interpreting to the English reader the field of German literature then largely unknown. It may seem strange that the gloomy Scotch moralist and humorist should have begun life with the German Romantic literature of the Revolution. It may seem as if along with much vigour and brilliancy there was in that literary revival much of what would least appeal to Carlyle: much of what he has denounced as phantasmal and unveracious. It may even seem that Goethe was for all his greatness a strange hero for the Chelsea Jeremiah. The explanation is perhaps simple. He was himself unformed; and his German studies helped to form him. He was looking out for ideas: and ideas were then rich on that soil. He was sensitive to real genius, free from illusion: and Goethe was far the greatest genius then above the horizon. And, moreover, there was something in the German nature to which Carlyle felt himself akin. On the moral side the domestic purity, the simplicity, the homely friendliness, the deep-lying piety, combined with real intellectual freedom: on the mental side the patience, the thoroughness, the industry, the solid sincerity of learning and research—even the element of grimness and grotesquery in the Teutonic imagination—all these things put together will go some way to explain the attraction which the young Carlyle found in German literature. In two of his latest productions,

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"Shooting Niagara" (1867) and a letter on German War (1871) he speaks of England, France, and Germany—not without a good deal of humorous and rhetorical exaggeration, but still with a real meaning—England as 'drowned in beer butts, wine butts, gluttonies, slaveries and quackeries': France as 'vapouring, vainglorious, quarrelsome, gesticulating, and restless': but 'noble, patient, deep pious and solid Germany.'

In 1831 appeared that striking work, *Sartor Resartus*. It often happens with a great writer that there is one of his works which may not be the best or most artistic or important, but is always associated with his name as peculiarly typical, as presenting the author's special savour in a concentrated form, as constituting for the admirer and disciple the central and canonical work. What *Pickwick* is to Dickens: what *Romola* is to George Eliot: what *Vanity Fair* is to Thackeray: what *Faust* is to Goethe, *In Memoriam* to Tennyson: that *Sartor Resartus* is to Carlyle.

The first glance at this book is almost bewildering. It is ostensibly an account, by an English Editor, of a remarkable work lately appeared in Germany. This work is called *The Origin and Influence of Clothes*, by Diogenes Devilsdung, published by Silence and Co., at the University town of Dunnowhere. Diogenes is Professor of Things in General. He gives no lectures (like some other professors): but (unlike all I ever heard of) he is content to receive no salary. All things seem settling into chaos, says the Official Programme: it is enough to establish the professorship, it may be useful by and by. The professor himself is presented to us; he sits in Craze Alley in a remote part of Dunnowhere, in his little den in an attic. Thence from four windows, N. S. E. W., he looks down on men and things, on Dunnowhere and the Universe: there he sits and reads and thinks and writes: and talks to all his friends wildly, eloquently, profoundly, jestingly, about Mankind: and there he has excogitated the *Clothes Philosophy*.

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Let us glance a little at this philosophy.

‘Look around,’ says the Professor, ‘and what does the world consist of? Fellow men of all ranks and classes. What do you see of them? Their outside—their clothes. Do you know the brave man by sight? No, you only know the soldier’s uniform, his clothes. Do you know the holy man, the Divine man, the teacher? No. You see a clergy-man, a bishop: and you know him by his clothes. How do you know a King from a Waggoner? By their clothes. To the eye of Logic what is man? A carnivorous biped that has clothes. What are Societies, Gatherings, Colleges, Schools, Churches, Parliaments—nay all Ceremonies, Pageants, Customs of men, but collections and displays of clothes? If you would know your fellow man, you must *look through these clothes*. The beginning of all wisdom,’ says Diogenes, ‘is to look fixedly on clothes till they become *transparent*. Shall we tremble,’ he asks with a sudden burst of seriousness characteristic of this eccentric professor, ‘shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether woven in Arkwright looms, or by the silent weavings of our Imagination? Happy he who can look thro’ the clothes of a man to the man himself; and discern it may be in this or the other dread potentate, a more or less incompetent digestive apparatus—yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes!’
(*Sartor Resartus*, 40.)

The art of staring through clothes is pursued by our quaint philosopher with surprising results. At one time he looks down at night from his watch tower upon the sleeping town, and imagines

‘Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers all around him in horizontal positions, their heads all in nightcaps and full of the foolishlest dreams.’

Again he pictures the veil of clothes magically removed: and behold, a Coronation with no rag of vesture: a Royal Drawing-room, with Ushers, Macers, Dukes, Admirals, and Bishops as God made them, a naked Duke of Windlestraw haranguing a naked House of Lords. Or again, let the Clothes theory be inexorably followed out, what is the consequence?

‘It remains to be seen how far the *scarce* rose as a clothed person, is not also entitled . . . to English Trial by Jury, and all the privileges

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‘enjoyed by other suits of clothes : nay, considering his high function (for *‘is not he too a defender of property ?)* to a certain royal immunity and *‘inviolability :* which however the meaner class of Persons is not always *‘disposed to grant him.’*

After these general views of the true versus the apparent in Human life, we pass to a sketch-biography of the Professor. It is interesting to learn from Carlyle's life that there is much in this part which, in outward incident as well as in spiritual development, is true autobiography. The various stages of the Professor's mental, moral, and physical life are outlined ; Childhood, School, Love, Travel, Doubt, Coldness, Faith, Activity : all the phases typically treated. In each he comes into collision with some Convention, Sham, Insincerity : in each he refuses to be content with the clothes : he will reverence only the reality. Every page is full of quaint thoughts, original presentments of truths, of powerful eloquence, of fire, energy, and noble indignation. The very vagueness and width of the field is no drawback ; it is indeed vital to the work. We have here in small compass the young Carlyle's views of human life in its higher and deeper aspects : the troubles, the aspirations, the growth, of the human soul.

I must touch, however lightly, the three memorable chapters in this book where the question of religion arises. We must remember that it is seventy-six years since the book was written (*Sartor*, published 1831) ; and in those days religion in England was intellectually more encumbered with superstition and morally more inert and formal—at any rate in the Established Church—than it became later ; and that in the growth of thought and the growth of fervour the influence of Carlyle has certainly counted for something.

In these three chapters the hero passes through a phase of Unbelief. The effects on an impulsive, sympathetic, imaginative, high-minded nature of this struggle are powerfully painted ; the enfeeblement, the isolation, even the despair. At last, after

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long agony, there arises a thought in him one day : he asks himself :—

‘What art thou afraid of? Wherefore dost thou pip and whimper and go cowering and trembling? Let it come, whatever lies before me. The Everlasting No—that is the spirit of Doubt and Negation—had said to me, Thou art fatherless, outcast; the Universe is mine, the Devil’s : to which my whole ME made answer : I am not thine : I am free and forever hate thee.’

The whole subject is not for discussion here ; but let me quote two eloquent passages before I pass on. One on selfishness ; one on Christianity :—

‘Why hast thou been fretting and fuming ever since thy earliest years . . . Say it in a word . . . because thou art not happy? There is in man a higher than love of Happiness : he can do without *happiness* and find *blessedness* . . . Was it not to preach forth this same higher that sages and martyrs, the poet and the priest, in all times have spoken and suffered. . . . Which same God-inspired doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught? O heavens, and broken with manifold, merciful afflictions till thou become contrite and learn it? Thank thy destiny for these : thou hadst need of them : the self in thee needed to be annihilated. On the roaring billows of time thou art not engulfed but borne aloft into the azure of eternity. Love not pleasure, love God : this is the everlasting Yea.’

And, again, of Christianity, where in a few impressive words he touches a central point :—

‘Small it is that thou canst trample the earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno (Stoic) taught thee : thou canst love the earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee. For this a greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that worship of sorrow? The temple thereof founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures : nevertheless venture forward : in a low crypt arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred lamp perennially burning.’

And now to turn from religion to History. In history we find the same ideas ruling : the transcendent importance of

Human energy and worth : Good identified with sincerity of motive, sincerity of insight, sincerity of act ; evil identified with sham, convention, unverity. As with the Stoics the Wise Man was everything, King, Commander, Philosopher : so with this Christian Stoic the sincere man is everything, Genius, Leader, Hero, Governour. The record of ages is the list of great men. The action of the world is divided between two camps—the heroes, energetic, faithful, genuine : and the huge army of sham believers, sham workers, sham talkers, and general humbugs. The Captain and Inspirer of this evil host is the Devil, I suppose in his original capacity as the Father of Lies.

One comment occurs at once. Amongst these Humbugs and Heroes, where is the place for the average man, well-meaning, moderate in ability, but certainly too honest for a Humbug and too obscure for a Hero ? For our present purpose it is enough to note that in the *theory* at least Carlyle is not so exclusive as he seems. Sincerity is the heroic virtue ; and, be a man what he may, in place and ability, if he be faithful, thorough, sincere, he is in that sense a hero. Thus we have heroic nations, and heroic times—that is, when earnestness and unpretending faithful energy abounds, and when work is real, and men on the whole do not aim at command when they are fit only to obey.

At any rate we can heartily concur in one inference from the heroic theory of history, and that is Carlyle's view of the Sham hero, the Unfit man in high position. If the proper framework of Polity is the few rulers who are great, and the many ruled who are little, then of all shams the worst is clearly the sham ruler. For such impostors even Carlyle's inexhaustible vocabulary of denunciation is barely sufficient. They are Arch Quacks, Gilt Mountebanks, Incarnate Solecisms, Esurient Phantasms, the sons of Bel and the Dragon, the incompetent Ghosts, the scandalous swindling Copper Captains, the Shep-

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herds that will not tend their flocks but only live to shear them.

The Universal History then is the history of Human Sincerity, that is of the true Heroes and Heroic times. There are ages of Imposture, when Impostors usurp or are complacently exalted to the Heroes' place. Such ages are better forgotten : or if dealt with, they serve but as awful warnings : History only uses them to point out the dreadful reckoning in full for all their lies and knaveries, which may linger but cannot be averted. The main work of History is to exhibit the Great workers, the Great thinkers, the Great teachers : the Elect of Man, to whose Thought and Word and Life and Action whatever good is accomplished in the world is due.

This is his general view : and it is interesting to see how his historical works bear upon it. First, in 1837, comes the *French Revolution*. Soon after, the lectures on *Heroes*. In 1843, *Past and Present* ; in 1845, *Cromwell*. Then the great work of his maturer years, *The Life of Frederick II of Prussia*. At first sight a strange selection ; but if we remember his fundamental view, the connection is distinct. In the *Heroes* he deals with the whole question. He casts his eye over the various forms in which the great men appear. We have the Hero as *Divinity*, a teacher (he says), a captain of soul and body : a Hero for whom admiration, transcending the known bounds, becomes adoration. Then the Hero as *Prophet*, whose keen eye discerns Man's universe and destiny. After him, the *Poet*, who glances into the deepest deep of Beauty, and reveals what 'we are to love.' The *Priest*, a spiritual captain ; the *Man of Letters*, a Hero by his insight and sincerity ; and, lastly, the *King*, the Hero by divine right of larger wisdom and inexhaustible energy, who acts and orders and controls.

These lectures are full of vigour and humour and eloquence ; but one feels at once, what is liable to happen with all series, that some of the subjects are more congenial than others : the

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eloquence and enthusiasm is occasionally rather made to order. Moreover, the reviews of the Heroes are sketchy, and Carlyle's power requires a larger and more detailed canvass to show itself fully. The next book (of the lesser writings) is *Past and Present*, a long account of a certain Abbot Samson, who lived in the twelfth century : a silent, thorough, original, self-reliant, efficient man after Carlyle's own heart. The moral is the contrast between the unobtrusive heroism of the past and the pretentious falsity of the present ; and there is probably as little real foundation for this wide inference as usual. But the book is very striking, and very characteristic in execution.

There remain the three great histories, *French Revolution*, *Cromwell*, and *Frederick*. One principle will really explain all three books, and the choice of subjects so different : the Heroic theory of history. Of all the Heroes we have in the lectures, the one that Carlyle really cares about is the Hero as King : the born ruler of men, who reigns by right not of birth, nor election, nor usurpation ; but by divine right of being stronger and wiser than others. How to get the right man, and still more how to prevent getting the wrong man, we are never told : though the world's past story seems full of failures. The omission may seem an elementary one ; but we get no assistance from the prophet. But it is plain that we need not look far for the key to these three histories. *Cromwell* and *Frederick* are two diverse specimens of the Veracious Ruler, and the *French Revolution* is the break up of Unveracity, that is, of incompetence and of Sham Government. Let me briefly sketch the three books from the Carlylese point of view. Of the two Veracious Rulers, Cromwell was undoubtedly the greatest. The Government of England, Carlyle would tell us, was eaten up with Falseness. A picturesque King who broke every promise : empty forms of authority in Church and State pitted against Liberty and Manhood : an old ecclesiastical tyranny matched with a vigorous new personal religion. When such mouldering

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remnants had crumbled and been trampled to destruction, English Puritanism stepped into the ruins, thrust Cromwell forward, saying, Behold your King.

‘From of old,’ says Carlyle, ‘it had lain heavy on his soul, God’s cause trodden underfoot of the unworthy. Long years he had looked on it in silence and prayer, seeing no remedy, and now behold the dawn of it : after twelve years’ silent waiting, all England bestirs herself . . . once more there is to be a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself. Cromwell threw down his ploughs, he hastened thither . . . spoke . . . worked . . . fought . . . strove through cannon tumult and all else . . . till the cause triumphed. He stood there as the strongest soul . . . the undisputed Hero of England. The law of the Gospel could now establish itself . . . the devoutest and wisest were to rule the land. . . . Was it not God’s truth, and if true, the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer yes! . . . This I account the culminating point of Protestantism.’

The other instance of the true King is as wide a contrast to Cromwell as we can imagine. Cromwell, the hero of a revolution : Frederick, the heir of a house which had reigned three centuries. Cromwell, like an Israelite of old, slaying and ruling in the name of the Lord ; Frederick, as the biographer confesses, without any religion to speak of. Cromwell, we shall all allow, whatever we think of his political wisdom or character, a man with much of the hero in him ; Frederick, a capable soldier, but else a savage. To Carlyle he has the one merit of Energy, Sincerity, Clear insight into fact, Efficiency—which in our author’s eyes covers the multitude of sins. He calls him the last of the True Kings, with whom Kingship expired.

Finally, the moral of the *French Revolution* is that Shams are not only evil, but infallibly lead to retribution. The eighteenth Century was an age of Conventions and Shams—an Insincere age, in Carlylese. In France it was the age of Sham Kingship, the most deadly of all Shams ; which had to be swept away at all costs. The Revolution, Carlyle calls the

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suicide of the century : the one true act the Century in France accomplished.

‘Once more,’ he cries, ‘the voice of awakened nations starting confusedly, as out of nightmare, as out of Death-Sleep into some dim feeling that Life was real, . . . that God’s word was not an expediency and a Diplomacy. An infernal shout! Yes, since they would not have it otherwise . . . Hollowness, Insincerity, *has* to cease : sincerity of some sort has to begin. Cost what it may—reigns of terror, horrors of French Revolution, or what else,—we have to return to Truth. Here is a truth . . . clad in Hell fire, since they would not but have it so.’

Such is the general bearing of his historical works on the main point of his moral and political creed. Whatever we may think of his doctrines, no student can fail to feel the impressiveness of his delivery.

‘The history of Cromwell,’ says the French Critic Taine, ‘tho’ only a series of letters and speeches strung together by a running commentary, leaves an extraordinary impression. Compared with it grave constitutional histories are tedious and feeble. Carlyle’s purpose is to make us understand the soul of Cromwell, the leader, hero, and model of Puritans. His account *reads like that of an eye-witness*. We find ourselves face to face with the living man. . . . We feel at every step that our feet are planted on the truth.’

The same is true of *Frederick* : a book of enormous research, but the clearness and impressiveness of the picture is even more remarkable than the learning. No man ever hit off a face or a figure like Carlyle : vivid, humorous, indelible. And he knows the ground like a native. Hills, rivers, buildings, the very swamps and bushes are familiar : he has read all anecdotes about his personages : seen their pictures : deciphered their letters : visited their homes. He has noted all the famous men whose path crossed theirs. And all this knowledge is sifted, ordered, inspired with life, dated, verified, dressed up, and presented—a veritable picture of the epoch, and no mere record of a man.

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The same, though here of late many faults or distortions have been found in his narrative, is true of French Revolution ; and poetic power is superadded. Here perhaps alone has all his power full scope. Striking scenes : forcible characters : tragic developments : dramatic personages. In all this he is among the greatest : and a certain poetic power is needed for the full portraiture. And further, the tale is desperately complex ; so that even the French writers find difficulties for all their power of inborn lucidity in unravelling. This defies the unraveller : Carlyle, like Shakespeare, presents the complex whole *en bloc*. Shapeless it may be at times, and wild, and overloaded. But it is life. "I know not what the world will do with this book," he wrote, when it was just finished ; "but this I could tell the world : you have not had for 100 years any book that came more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man." I am aware that very much of Carlyle's doctrine and even facts is open to criticism, and that I have but slightly criticised. I have refrained from criticising further intentionally. For anything like adequate detailed criticism I cannot claim either the needful equipment, or the knowledge, or the time. But let me make one remark. The weak side of Carlyle's views is the side where he touches political questions. There are two faults visible on this side all through his life, which we may perhaps trace to the same origin : a want of *practical knowledge* and a want of *patience*. Carlyle was essentially a student ; he lived with books, and not with men ; in the practical work of the world he had next to no experience, and this want of experience made him both ignorant (on this side) and impatient. He did not know how hard it was in this world to get any requisite reform pushed through ; he did not realise how far better it is for most men to take in hand their own evils and mend them themselves (even badly and slowly), rather than have them mended without their consent (even quickly and well) by somebody else.

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He was impatient, and wanted the mischief cured by a powerful hand from outside. It is thus we find him admiring mere strength as such; and it is thus he is so often, in political questions, on the side which is ultimately acknowledged to be the wrong one. Cromwell was thorough, and he admired him without qualification. Of the precariousness of Cromwell's organisation, of the reaction which Cromwell's tyranny necessarily led to, he did not think enough. Frederick was thorough; but so is a savage and a freebooter, and he admired that savage and freebooter with far too little reserve. So, too, in the slave question: in the Jamaica question: in the American Civil War: he is against the oppressed, and in favour of the strong individual. In all this there is much to regret, but little to mislead: for there are few that follow him in these matters. In my youth I lived at college among friends far abler and more instructed and thoughtful than myself, nearly all of whom were ardent enthusiasts for Carlyle. Yet it is hardly a paradox to say that even those who felt his influence deepest, and owe him most, at no time accepted his social and political theories. At no time did they believe in his simple political recipe, to give uncontrolled power to the wise man, which led straight to slavery, tyranny, and corruption, and found a pathetic *reductio ad absurdum* in his admiration for such men as Frederick the Great. The fact was, as some perhaps saw even then, and all can see now, that Carlyle's political ethics were not remotely connected with his own helpless incompetence in practical affairs. On the strength of his having sate on the London Library Committee, Mr. Froude says, "No man living had a more practical business talent, when he had an object in view, for which such a faculty was required." I venture to think that no man living could make a greater mistake. He had every disqualification for it. He was thin-skinned, he was hasty and violent in word, he was impatient of others' slowness or inefficiency, and even of con-

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tradiction ; and he never had in public affairs or private the smallest experience. And just as at home he expected his wife to do everything for him, never even inquired into what was difficult or impossible, gave her insufficient thanks and even inadequate money ; so in public matters his blank inexperience of men, and the violent impatience which resulted from it, landed him directly in that precious theory of meeting all the world's difficulties by first finding the swiftly effective able man, and then giving him absolute power. He failed to see that this puerile nostrum was not only impossible, but if possible, would have instantly arrested that very growth of individual human worth and slowly striving human effort which was the main inspiration of his writings.

On his literary powers and limitations, and his character from this side, the great biography of Froude throws much light.

In the peculiar power of rapidly seizing and presenting with a few vivid and humorous touches, the outside at least of those men whom he came across, it may be doubted if any man ever approached Carlyle. These notices are scattered all up and down the Biography : many are unforgettable, all are striking, and they are obviously genuine, spontaneous, and produced without a trace of effort. We have Grote, 'a strait upper lip, large chin, and open mouth (spout mouth) ; for the rest a tall man, with dull, thoughtful brow and lank dishevelled hair, *greatly the look of a prosperous dissenting minister.*' Hallam is 'a broad, positive old man with laughing eyes.' Webster, 'a grim, tall yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge black, dull, *wearied yet unweariable looking* eyes ; amorphous projecting nose, and the angriest shut mouth I have ever seen . . . has a husky sort of fun in him ; drawls in a handfast didactic manner about our republican institutions.' Wilson (Christopher North), 'a tall, ruddy figure with bright blue eyes . . . the broad-shouldered stately bulk of

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the man struck me ; his flashing eye, copious dishevelled head of hair, and rapid unconcerned progress, *like that of a plough through stubble.*' Professor Owen, 'a man of huge coarse head with projecting brow and chin, *like a cheese in the last quarter,* with a pair of large, protrusive glittering eyes.' Lady Holland is 'a brown-skinned, silent, sad, concentrated, proud old dame. . . . Her face has something of the falcon character, *and you see much of the white of her eye.*' Dickens is 'a fine little fellow. . . . Clear, blue intelligent eyes, eye-brows that he arches amazingly . . . a face of most extreme mobility, *which he shuttles about*—eye-brows, eyes, mouth, and all—in a very singular manner while speaking . . . a loose coil of common-coloured hair.'

And, perhaps, best and most memorable of all, the Duke of Wellington, aged eighty-two—just two years before his death—'truly a beautiful old man : I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old hero . . . eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before : the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable.'

Unfortunately, for the discerning of spirits, something more is required than the most observant eye and the juiciest and most copious vocabulary ; and that Something Carlyle had not, a sympathetic imagination. Or rather, perhaps, his imaginative sympathy was powerful but not versatile : and it was more active for the dead than for the living, a trait which is perhaps not uncommon in the recluse, especially the hard-working recluse. His gloomy and reserved nature, his isolation, his self-confidence, his prophetic and denunciatory turn of mind, his very power of vision, and rapidity and decisiveness of mind—all his faculties, good and bad, combined (when he did fail in judgment) to make his failure signal. The writer who could call Coleridge 'a weltering ineffectual man' ;

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Shelley 'a ghastly object, colourless, pallid, without health or warmth or vigour'; Wordsworth, 'a small diluted man'; could class George Eliot and George Sand with 'the babbling company of celebrated scribbling women'; could say hard words of Charles Lamb, and live in the house with Thackeray and Clough without a word of appreciation—such a man must remain a monumental instance of the fatal limitations which want of sympathy sets upon genius. And the lesson is not forgotten because we laugh over the vivid picture of Wordsworth giving 'a handful of numb unresponsive fingers,' or Coleridge at Highgate humming out the explanation of the universe with endless talk of 'Om-m-ject and Sum-m-ject.'

From a literary point of view—to which we revert, and with which we are chiefly concerned—Carlyle is one of the great figures of the last century. His style is unique: it defies and repels the imitator, sometimes even the reader: it is neither begotten of anything before nor the parent of anything to follow. For picturesque history writing, in this unique style, he had the most extraordinary combination of gifts. He had a natural power of vision, both of scenes and of men, which has never been before combined with such ease, force, humour, and felicity of comparison, in putting the visions into words. Sometimes the *poet* seems first in his composition, with his unfailing eye and originality and justness of image. Sometimes the *humorist* seems first, with his rich luxuriance and vividness of vocabulary, his surprises of laughable simile, his playful familiarity, his no less playful solemnity. Sometimes the *rhetorician* prevails with his thunderous or torrential eloquence—and not unfrequently with his intentional or unintentional exaggeration. But it is not too much to say that there is hardly another English writer with whom every page shows such unfailing power: hardly a narrator so free from obscurities or tamenesses: hardly a moralist so devoid of solemnity, convention, or platitude: hardly a humorist so individual, so copious, and so

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fresh. In spite of paradox and incomplete or distorted views of history, or politics, or men, in spite of grotesquery and mannerism, in spite of want of sympathy with his age, his works must remain in our literature. He belongs to that section of authors whose writings have a strong taste, and a taste to be found there only. Those who dislike it will perhaps be many : and they will have none of him. Those who like it may be few : but they will not be the worst judges, and they will like it much : and in his pages, as Dryden said of Chaucer, they will find God's plenty.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW REGULATIONS ON SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

By Canon G. C. BELL.

THE regulations of the Board were recast in 1904. Up to that time it had not shaken itself free from the evil traditions of the old Science and Art Department, which for many years had given a lopsided encouragement to science teaching. This so narrowed the curriculum as actually to defeat its own aim. Language is a necessary instrument of thought, and pupils' minds were starved through an inadequate supply of materials for forming and expressing thought. Some of us may remember an eloquent protest by the Master of Trinity against methods of "specialisation" which had produced deplorable meagreness in the intellectual development of pupils from secondary schools. He gave striking illustrations from the papers of candidates for open scholarships.

Since 1904 the Board has been able to adopt a more liberal and more really scientific policy, and its regulations have systematically and continuously tended to foster such courses of teaching as should "develop all the faculties in due proportion, and form the habit of exercising them." The first step was to establish a four years' course of instruction, covering the period from twelve or thirteen to sixteen or seventeen, and correlated with the earlier and later stages of the school course in a curriculum subject to the approval of the Board. Stress was laid on the importance or necessity of systematic instruction in the mother-tongue. The four years' course was regarded as the essential core of education, the indispensable minimum on which special emphasis was

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laid. It has not been absolutely superseded, but it is now merged in a curriculum of greater variety and flexibility, and scholars from twelve to eighteen will now be eligible for grants.

Under former regulations the system of grants, increasing in the four several years of the course, was a temptation to press scholars forward into a higher class, or to detain them unduly in the highest grant-earning class. This temptation is removed by assigning for each year between twelve and eighteen a uniform grant of £5, considerably more than the average of former payments. Thus scholars may be classified and promoted simply on their merits.

The stringent conditions and formal rules hitherto enforced had largely contributed to an advance in the conception of secondary education, and in the organization of secondary schools. As they have now achieved the object for which they were designed, the Board has ceased to require that a definite minimum of time should be assigned to each of the obligatory subjects of the course. Schools are now free to submit through the Board's inspectors curricula suited to their circumstances, on condition that the essential subjects are duly provided for, and that the time apportioned to each of these and other elements of the curriculum is neither inadequate nor excessive. These new conditions are enforced by means of detailed inspections, informal visits, conferences, and reports.

A recent conference of the head mistresses of the Girls' Public Day School Trust with leading officials of the Board encouraged the hope of some relief from difficulties which have weighed more or less heavily on the teaching staffs of secondary schools, such as (1) the number and complexity of returns demanded at short notice and at busy seasons, (2) the inclination of inspectors, especially those who have least experience, to press their personal views respecting questions on which the Board have wisely given to teachers a large discretion.

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The level of secondary education will be further raised by the proposed publication of a list of schools certified as efficient after a gratuitous inspection of their staff, course of instruction, and equipment. The effect of this publication upon the more imperfect types of secondary schools will be watched with interest.

Thus far there is much reason for thankful recognition that the policy of the Board in recent years has done much to raise the whole level of secondary education, to set before secondary schools improved standards, aims, and methods, and to co-ordinate them with the other elementary branches of national education.

But this general approval of their action is subject to qualification on some points of grave importance. A very large number of schools connected with religious denominations, and governed under trust deeds or schemes which provide for particular forms of religious teaching, will be disqualified for receiving grants unless they consent to abolish religious tests in their teaching staff and their governing body, and refrain from including in their religious lessons any distinctive catechism or formulary. To those which will not, or cannot, accept such conditions the Board offers nothing—either no grant, or a much smaller grant; and also gratuitous inspection as a way of admission to their published list of efficient schools. Perhaps it is grimly conscious that such treatment will close this way to many schools which will succumb in the unequal competition against those that receive the higher grants.

Professor Sadler (*Church Quarterly*, October, 1907) has truly said that “this new policy of the Board is in sudden and conspicuous contrast to the well-established conditions of previous administration. It contravenes the sound principle of even-handed justice in the administration of public grants as a recognition of attested efficiency.” It imports for the first time into secon-

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dary education the religious controversy that has long raged in elementary schools, and "there is no valid reason for thinking that English secondary education will be improved by universal subjection to the control of local authorities." The presumption is in favour of variety of administration and diversity of type. The right solution is to recognize all types of efficient schools as eligible for grants, and to treat with fairness the religious convictions of all sections of the community. Educational efficiency and unity of purpose will not be secured by arbitrary enforcement of undenominational teaching under popular control, but by religious liberty, and freedom for the teacher to teach what he believes.

It would be well if our educational politicians would study the example of Holland, where a programme of undenominational education was adopted on the assumption that it was a necessary part of a liberal policy. After a struggle of many years the difficulties that this policy had encountered were settled in the only possible way, by a frank recognition of religious differences. Still more striking is the case of Switzerland, a country at once independent, democratic, and religious. The problems arising from cantonal independence and religious differences are most complex, and in 1882, after a large liberal majority had been returned to the Federal Bund, an attempt was made to enforce a uniform system of undenominationalism. But when, in accordance with the Constitution, the question was put to the people by a referendum, the obnoxious proposals of their representatives were rejected by the largest poll ever recorded on such an appeal. All the education is now denominational, and all efficient schools are equally supported. Widely as their methods differ, there is everywhere evidence of the desire that each child should be well trained in the doctrines and practices of the religious communion to which its parents belong. Each religious body is keenly interested in its schools, and fired with the ambition of making them the best ; and

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proposals tending to crush out this local interest and variety have been steadily resisted by those who are most for education and religion. (Sir R. L. Morant's Special Reports, Vol. III.)

Again much discussion and dismay has been caused by Regulation 20, which enacts that "a proportion of school-places shall be open without fee to scholars from public elementary schools, subject to an entrance test of attainments and proficiency; and that this proportion will ordinarily be 25 per cent of the scholars admitted." In many secondary schools the enforcement of such a condition would be simply disastrous. The infusion of such a large quota from a lower grade of education would seriously and permanently lower the standard attainable; and further, social objections, which in England, whether rightly or wrongly, have great weight, would drive pupils away from many grant-aided schools. Already in many districts private schools are looking forward hopefully to the advantages they would reap if this regulation were strictly carried into effect.

Happily it is so worded as to reserve a large discretion for the Board, which seems likely to avail itself of such a way of meeting the facts and arguments that have been brought against this proposal. It is said by those who know that in London barely 10 per cent are intellectually fit to enter secondary schools; also that the conditions of life in the homes from which many of the children would come, and the present indifference of English parents to the moral training of their children, create further difficulties even in the case of children who are intellectually qualified for transference to a secondary school.

However, if this regulation is discreetly interpreted, and the entrance test is enforced with full regard for the special circumstances of individual schools, the admission of a reasonable number of pupils from elementary schools is to be welcomed on many grounds; in particular, it should materially

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help to fill up the large deficiency of well-qualified teachers for elementary schools.

And I should like to add that in the boys' and girls' schools of Christ's Hospital the admission of a large proportion of elementary school children, though much criticized when it was proposed, has been abundantly justified. The great advantages offered have attracted well-trained children of high average ability, who have formed a valuable element in these great schools, and in many cases have achieved distinction.

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SMOKE, COAL, AND GAS.

By JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A.

IT is impossible to believe as one travels, say from Liverpool to Manchester by the Lancashire and Yorkshire route, that the country is one that without great change should be permanently inhabited ; at any rate, it is clearly unfit for human habitation at present. The furnaces at Ince pour out their gloomy clouds of choking and sulphurous smoke, and their proud wreaths, covering the face of the sky, despising and scorning humanity, are answered with echoing insolence by the half-dozen stacks of the Wigan Coal and Iron Co., with one huge giant among them all, proudly telling Englishmen that their atmosphere is not their own, that the great dragon of industrial achievement has its needs, and cares not how many homes it defiles. Between these great smoke kings stretches the long length of the murky town of Wigan ; a rich old church tower rising strangely among the dreadful streets like a lost wandering standard-bearer of our higher needs.

And so the train rushes on its roaring course by the factories of Atherton and Swinton and right into Victoria Station, the heart of Manchester, typical centre of our city ; practically so well adapted to its complicated purposes, but so regardless of symmetry or beauty ; a place where people make the best they can of a bewildering life ; Victoria Station, where crowd the victims of our smoke-laden atmosphere, all in a hurry to get back to Ince and Wigan, with pale faces and apparently little peace in their hearts. This is not a right human life ; its needs have been forgotten in the rapid development of mining and cotton spinning.

All this represents a state of transition ; it will be the work

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of the twentieth century to adjust the needs of the works to the needs of the workers ; we have yet to learn how to live in the midst of the heaped-up resources which the labour of the nineteenth century has accumulated by the sweat of its brow. We have achieved marvels in production—we have still to learn the secret of the wise distribution and consumption of wealth. We have been so engrossed in making money that we have not yet learnt how to spend it. For men cannot live always in our industrial cities as they are.

For untold generations gone by we have lived open to the sun ; our grandparents drove their cows and made their hay in the open countryside ; to them the weather meant something beyond an overcoat or no overcoat, an umbrella or no umbrella ; it had a glorious variety of changeful beauty and waywardness about it. There is weather in the country worth talking about. Now a race is the creation of a long environment ; our race has been built to walk on grass, to bathe in the sunshine, to know the meaning of silence. And if we miss these things we cannot but waste and degenerate, as animals do in a cage. In time, of course, we shall build up a new race, if we go on long enough, all brains and no body, and the restaurants will provide not only the food but the power to digest it, by turning a handle.

It is useless for men to try to live like rats in holes without the sun. Among the earliest religions of man was the worship of the sun, and I would that we were at least sun worshippers still, whatever else we add to it ; it was a right instinct in primitive man to find in the source of heat and light and energy the most wonderful thing he knew, and to worship it. For the sun is the natural lord of physical life. We have learnt much in religion since then, but we must not forget the earliest lessons in learning the later ones.

And if a smoky air is not fitted to the body of man, neither is it fitted to his spirit. In the murky monochrome of the

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manufacturing landscape, in the baffled breathing of our foggy days, how can bright cheerfulness and ready politeness and abounding good spirits prevail? Grace and gentleness are taken away from our people; we choke and cough, and live under a constant irritant to our tempers. The quiet calm of country contentment is not ours; we become nervous and depressed; and some of us drink in consequence, and go from the grimy little house and the tired wife to the brightly-lit bar-room at the corner. You cannot make a sort of mess for people to live in without risking making a mess of their life. A sunshiny temper shines best in sunshine; and as habitual temper passes into temperament, so we are building up weak and fretful folk with pallid faces and bloodless constitutions. Compare a modern English child, playing in a modern English gutter in the murky afternoon, with the child that its grandfather was on the village green, among the grass and the butterflies. The race is being depressed by the air it breathes. The sun streams in at the door and windows of the country school, and its light falls on brown skins and bright eyes; but the crowded schoolrooms of many of our town schools are not fit to breathe in, much less to teach and keep order in. The smell of the dirty suits of clothes is sickening, and the children are undersized and spotty; too many have swollen faces or weak spines. But they are the imperial English; they are the men of the future, the successors of Robin Hood and Cœur de Lion. Their mothers, poor things, are "moldered to death." They can't be always washing the children. Their self-respect demands that doorstep and window-sill and floor shall be wearily cleaned and cleaned again, that the window and the fire-grate shall shine. What a tax of toil those smuts impose on the overworked woman of the wage-earning class. That alone would be enough to justify a complete change to smokeless firing; but the poor stand a great deal, and hardly know how to help it. We are a patient race.

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Smoke directly encourages lung disease. And well it may, for the lungs of those who have lived in a smoky city are found after death to be coal black, full of minute particles of carbon, totally out of place in the delicate texture of the structure of the lungs, which were made to breathe pure air only. It also favours the growth of consumption, by the fact that to keep out the smuts people keep their windows shut and carefully preserve all their germs. If the physiologist wants to grow bacteria, he puts them under black paper and keeps them out of the light, which would kill them. The sun is the greatest and the cheapest disinfectant on the earth. Sir Thomas Barlow says that "Recent investigations have shown that the value of direct sunlight is absolutely untold." Yet London, not nearly the smokiest place in England, receives on the average during an eight hours' day in winter only one hour of pale sunshine, being half as much as the South of England generally receives. On an ordinary day in a great town we generally see the sun before breakfast, if we are up, and for a conquering hour or two after midday. Experiments with burning glasses showed that at Bunhill Row, E.C., in December, 83 per cent of the sun's heating power, when it did shine, was lost on its way through the atmosphere.

Unfortunately our climate causes the smoke to be not only an evil in itself, but a further evil indirectly through the fog which it causes and flavours. Great cities which stand in river valleys, and which by their many fires intensify variations in temperature, will never be free from fog. At all times air laden with unseen water-vapour gives out when it is cooled a portion of that vapour in the form of rain, or fog, or dew. This cooling is perpetually occurring; the very change from day to night produces it; the mixture of currents of air, some warmer and damper than others, cools part of the joint current and compels it to give off its unseen burden of water-vapour. The radiation of heat into space from the atmosphere is always

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going on, and will always produce in this climate some foggy days, but it will be fog clean, white, harmless, and likely to easily vanish under the rays of the sun. The Hon. Rollo Russell has shown that smoke causes the evil of fogs in three different ways :—

‘Firstly, solid particles of soot radiate heat much more than other kinds of dust ; this property of carbon makes the air colder and extends the precipitation of fog.

‘Secondly, the particles of soot block the way of the sunlight ; the streets are buried under a black canopy of sooty particles ; this works both ways, both in preventing the drying-up action of sunlight, and at other times in preventing radiation of heat from the earth and keeping frost at bay, leaving us with a muggy day in towns while the country is enjoying frosty sunlight.

‘And, thirdly, and I think worst of all, the tarry substances in smoke cover every globule of foggy moisture with a thin, oily sheath, which prevents its evaporation.’

The London Meteorological Council, aided by the London County Council, made an elaborate study of the causes of London fog five years ago ; they report that one fog in five is directly caused by smoke, and all the fogs are befouled, prolonged and changed into the yellow, choking, sulphurous product we know so well. An elaborate calculation, also made by the Hon. Rollo Russell, leads to the belief that in a great town the actual cost of losses by smoke and fog is about £1 per head per annum. This is an easy figure to remember, and it will enable us to estimate how much our several cities pay every year for depriving themselves of sunlight. In addition to this economic loss, famous fogs are recorded to have been accompanied by a sudden crop of deaths. Fog kills asthmatic and bronchial patients and weakly invalids like a poison. In London, in 1880, a three weeks’ fog produced an extra 3000 deaths, and in 1892 a single week of fog caused 1484 additional deaths there.

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Of all the causes which most insidiously and most universally separate human life now from the environment to which it is properly adapted, the reckless use of raw coal is the chief. We have had a kind of intoxication over the use of coal, as moths devour the unexpected sugar; and the result is smoke and fog, depressed vitality, universal ugliness, a smudge over all things, and the sense of living in a dirty world.

Coal is a product given us by one of the lucky chances of nature; the pressed forests of plants of which it consists grew irrespective of our needs; it was not stored in the depths of the earth as an ideal fuel fitted for our use, any more than ironstone is useful iron, or gold-bearing shale gold. Coal also needs, as these do, scientific preparation to fit it for use. Civilised man turns it into gas, coke, sulphate of ammonia, and the miscellaneous product called tar, and finds special uses for each of these. Together they sell for three times the original value of the coal. Treated in its crude state and burnt as it is found, much of its usefulness is worse than wasted; it is as though we ate a sheep raw as we killed it on the hillside, as our forefathers did. To burn crude coal has not even that natural beauty and fitness which we associate with the simple life in harmony with nature; if we were in harmony with our primitive nature we should burn wood and peat, and we all know how pleasant it is to do so; but to dig coal out of the depths of the earth is an entirely unexpected aggression of man and machinery upon nature, not arranged for in the original scheme of things. A black-faced collier, with his grimy garb of indistinguishable colour, his staring blue eyes, dust-rimmed, fresh from the pit, would make an extraordinary intruder, say, into the Garden of Eden, or among the nymphs of the Hesperides. Shepherds and shepherdesses are notoriously poetic and according to nature, but no such poem as the Song of Solomon was ever written about colliers. Having then broken with the simple life, and driven men to work in underground darkness,

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hewing out coal in a gloom wherein lurk real dangers, having hauled it up to the surface, having laboriously loaded it into railway waggons, carried it at great cost over the country, distributed it in coal-yards, and thence into carts, finally into coal-holes, and by a girl's weak arms brought in coal-scuttles to the fireside and sent in volumes of smoke up the chimney ; and having at every stage left behind it dirt, ugliness, the smoke of the colliery, the smoke of the railway train, and the smoke of the fireside, and set a good proportion of the women of England to wash the things clean that are dirtied on the way,—we have indeed broken with nature. But we have only travelled half-way towards civilisation. We are in an intermediate age of waste and mess ; we cannot go backward, for we have no forests to burn ; we must treat our coal in a more civilised manner if we are to cease to reap all the evil and little of the good of that double-edged thing civilisation. It is our task to become so much more civilised than we are that we shall still retain our sunshine, be able to keep our homes clean, and cease to waste our national capital. This we can do by turning coal into gas and the by-products of gas manufacture.

The cures for smoke are numerous, and rightly so. There is no panacea. The cases vary as in other forms of disease. But the most thorough cure for manufacturing smoke is the use of gas engines. When you can obtain one horse power for one-tenth of a penny per hour for fuel, this cannot but commend itself to those who wish to put down new plant. It stands to reason that a gas engine will consume less coal per H.P. than a steam engine, for it is a most roundabout process—losing power at every point—to carry coal about, produce heat by burning it, with that heat turn water into steam, and use the pressure of compressed steam to turn the wheels round. In a gas engine you use directly energy produced by exploding gas in the cylinder.

The public has not yet realised how near we are, either to the end of our supplies of coal, or to such a condition

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of high price as we should now call a severe coal famine. The Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies, finally issued at the end of 1905, is in three large volumes, not sensational in appearance and get-up, but in their weighty contents more truly sensational than the loudest screams of the melodramatic poster. We will begin with a statement made by the Commission :—

“Gas engines are now established as the most economical of heat motors, and it is said that if the average steam engine and boiler installation of to-day, with its *average* consumption of 5 lbs. of coal per H.P. per hour, were entirely replaced by gas producers and gas engines, the 52,000,000 tons of coal, which it is estimated by Mr. Beilby are consumed for power purposes at mines and factories, would be reduced to 11,000,000 tons. The possibility of this enormous economy seems to be established by the result of many trials, by which it is proved that power can be generated by gas engines in almost any locality and on almost any scale with the consumption of 1 lb. of average slack per indicated H.P. per hour. The general adoption of gas engines and the use of producer gas could not, therefore, fail to have an important effect upon our coal consumption.”

The importance of this economy of 42 million tons of coal, by the single adoption of gas as a heat motor, becomes of the highest significance when we read in the Report of the Commission that our total annual output of coal, including exports, is 230 million tons, that it is increasing at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum ; the export portion of it meantime increasing at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum ; that the calculated available resources in the proved coal-fields are in round numbers 100,000 million tons, exclusive of the 40,000 million tons in the unproved coal-fields, which the Commissioners think it best to regard as only probable and therefore speculative. This counts in coal at less than 4000 feet down and over 1 foot thick. The Commissioners add :—

“Vast as our available sources are, it must be borne in mind that a large percentage of them are of inferior quality, or are contained in deeper and thinner seams, which cannot be worked at the same cost.”

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How long then is this supply likely to last ?

The first question affecting it is clearly that of population. Mr. Price Williams in elaborate figures printed in the Commission's Report, concludes that in two centuries from 1901 the population of Great Britain will be 135 millions, which means that the whole country will have a population about as dense as that of Lancashire to-day. It is assumed in obtaining these figures that the decrement in the rate of increase since 1870 will continue, and that there will be no artificial restriction of births in excess of what there has been since that date. Assuming, then, that the corresponding decrement observable in the rate of increase in coal consumption during the past thirty years continues, the coal in the proved coal-fields would be exhausted in 209 years from the present time ; the unproved coal-fields—if they answer every speculation—may give anything up to another eighty years' supply. All these figures are independent of the effect of price ; this must therefore not be taken as a statement of what actually will occur ; long before the period of exhaustion comes the price will have been raised to such a height as it can bear, the coal owners always knowing that the less coal they sell immediately the more will they have to sell hereafter at perhaps a still higher price. Moreover, this leaves out of account the physical causes which will affect the getting of coal. Some collieries will give out, and others be opened where the seams are thinner, and at greater depth, and the quality poorer ; all of which means greater cost. The Royal Commission think that for some time the output will continue to increase at a diminishing rate, will then remain stationary for some time, and then gradually decrease. With a growing population this means high price. It will be observed that everything depends upon the rate of increase of the output, for if we were to assume that the output will increase at its present rate, the whole of the proved coal-fields would be exhausted in half the time I have mentioned—in a

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little over a century—and the demand by that time would have become so vast that the unproved coal-fields would be exhausted in about fourteen years more. The enormous depletion by use and by waste of our coal resources, which has already taken place, is only a matter of a little over a century in our long history. When Watt invented the steam engine in 1781, only five million tons of coal were used in a year, an amount which would now only keep us going for a single week in winter. Nothing but the severest economy can save the situation. For this economy there is ample room, for at present by losses—avoidable and unavoidable—we send to waste, on the whole, the heat of 19 cwt. of every ton of coal we burn in turning it into other forms of energy. This is an estimate made by Mr. A. J. Martin; I gather that it does not pretend to be accurately verifiable, but believed to be true enough for its purpose.

In view then of all these uncertain data, prophecy as to the date of the actual exhaustion of our coal would be unsafe, but I believe we may say with confidence that before the present century is over we shall be face to face with such a condition of price as we should now call a severe coal famine, a price which can only be restrained by the price at which coal can be imported from abroad. This fact alone will reduce us as coal users to the position of a country which has no coal resources of its own. And the ocean freight is not likely to be less than five or six shillings per ton. By that time no country may be willing to part with its coal at all. The fate of England will be before the eyes of the nations. No tie of empire would lead Canadians to sell their country's bread to us. German and Belgium coal-fields will still be worked; but can we expect that they will export even their inferior product?

The pathetic magnitude of this famine, of this national catastrophe, is not realisable by the imagination, particularly

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if the whole country be covered as thickly as Lancashire is with teeming millions. Our factories cannot so survive. Manufacturers will go to the coal much more frequently than the coal to the manufacturers. When our coal has gone the manufacturing and mercantile part of the greatness of England, and all that depends upon it, will have gone too. London will live by running hotels in which Americans can spend their holidays, and as a centre of culture and fashion ; in Staffordshire sheep will wander over the curious mounds that once were Wolverhampton ; Manchester and Birmingham will be visited chiefly for their art galleries and libraries, their impoverished universities, and interesting old town halls, doubtless cleaned at last. The people—or those who survive—will have emigrated, and be working in cotton mills on the St. Lawrence or the Zambesi, unless they are supplanted there by the supple dark races of China, Japan, Burma, and Hindustan. Naval supremacy will have passed to the nation which retains coal for its fleet. The coal of the Continent will, at present rates and under present prospects, last a long generation after ours, unless we radically change our wasteful habits.

It is impossible in this connection to shirk the delicate question of the export duty on coal put on in 1901 and taken off in 1906. I am a Free Trader to the finger tips ; with me, Free Trade has an almost religious sanction ; any interference with it is bound to cost some immediate loss to the world somewhere. I believe it to be of universal application to ordinary commodities. But we all of us cease to practise complete *laissez faire* when we come to the human commodity of labour ; by numerous enactments we restrict the exploitation of human beings for the sake of profit. Is there no other region in which Free Trade is to be overruled by weightier considerations ? We will not sacrifice the health and lives of workmen and workwomen, and working children, to the production of wealth ; is there anything else that we cannot

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sacrifice either? Well, we would not allow a French syndicate to buy the Isle of Wight and transfer it—suppose it could be transferred—to the soil of France; we would not diminish, that is, our land, our national territory, and sell it to the foreigner for a price. Now coal is a national asset, limited in quantity, visibly nearing—as we count time in history—visibly nearing its end. It is really part of our land that we are selling to the foreigner; in the economic sense of the word land, which covers all the natural gifts of land, water and minerals. Now it is believed by experts that it is the foreign demand for coal, with its great capacity for variation, which causes the enormous fluctuations which occur in the price. Gas coal is half as dear again as it was two years ago. The great rise began as soon as the coal duty was taken off.

Sir George Livesey explained at the February meeting of the South Metropolitan Gas Co. this year, that prior to 1872 the price of gas coal free on board at the Tyne was nearly uniform and never rose above 6s. per ton. In that year there was a coal panic and it went up to 20s., and fell in a few years to its old price. The next panic was in 1890 when the price went up to 11s., and the next in 1900 when it rose to 16s. It has never since regained its old normal level, and we are now in the midst of another boom. Thus the booms are coming at shorter intervals—1872, 1890, 1900, 1907—and the power of restoring the normal price is weakening. Coal is dear in England because trade is booming here and on the Continent. At present, coal being an article which we must have, a very slightly increased demand produces upon a highly organised and united industry an enormously enhanced price before high price brings the demand down again. Where we must have something like coal or bread we will pay almost anything rather than do without it; and coal, as has been remarked, is the bread of our factories. One of the thousand effects of dearer coal is dearer gas, and dearer gas means its diminished use, and

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more smoke ; thus indirectly—but none the less really—we are selling both our land and our atmosphere abroad. I am aware that to put a tax on coal exported will cost us something immediately ; a lucrative colliery trade will be made less lucrative and will shrink in extent ; ships from England will not find it possible to get profitable ballast to fill their holds ; and so a tax will interfere not only with the export, but with the import trade, and freights may rise somewhat. And of course we are paid for our coal in imports of other articles. We should be for the present poorer all round. But in face of the fact that every year these profits are being made at the expense of the loss of our ultimate property in coal, upon which our national welfare most vitally depends, I am in favour of an export tax on coal, beginning with the shilling per ton formerly put on and gradually increasing so as to seriously check the export. This would be done gradually, so as to ease the change to the colliery trade.

The Royal Commission expressed itself mildly as follows :—

“In view of the extent of the estimated coal resources of the country, and the anticipation that the present rate of increase in the output will soon be checked by natural causes, there seems no present necessity to restrict artificially the export of coal in order to conserve it for our home supply.”

The fact that coal under 6s. per ton was exempt from tax led to a large export of dirty cheap coal below that price ; and the more costly Welsh coal was not much affected by the small tax of 1s. per ton. The Commission state that they have no doubt that the tax did limit export, though the figures do not conclusively show that it did.

I am aware that this proposal is disputable and will be disputed—it cripples a great and important industry ; but nothing but good can arise from its free discussion. On ordinary economic lines, considering only the present, export duties are indefensible, for they discourage trade by killing the market.

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But I am willing to sacrifice the national profit immediately arising from the export of coal, in order that we may be able to save the greater national loss which will ultimately follow from having to import coal from Germany or elsewhere when our own is done. That the tax would be paid by the foreigner, which is only partially true, and that his loss of coal would hamper him as our rival in trade, are reasons which do not appeal to me. I belong to a common humanity, and repudiate altogether such an exclusive form of grudging patriotism. But excessive dearthness in coal strikes at the root of our whole livelihood. I believe that one chief cause of the railway strike which we lately feared, was the dearthness of coal. That is what makes the directors feel that they cannot afford to yield. Their capital is shrunk, their dividends falling, and they and their employees are driven to fight for a living which would be enough for both if coal were cheap.

We have spoken of gas as a means of making power by gas engines. But that is only one of its possible and profitable spheres. With regard to ironworks: All round the Glasgow district one sees the numerous small iron chimneys in the ironworks, which denote that producer gas is being used for heating. This is purely because it pays; for the Motherwell and Wishaw district is reckless in its making of smoke when it suits the manufacturers to do so. There seems to be no public guardian of the public rights. The population is recruited from the Highlands; and whilst the mountain air is to-day sniffed by stags and grouse, the Scottish nation crowds more and more into the flats of Glasgow and the desolate district to the south of it. This matter was fully treated in Mr. Fletcher's famous Report of 1895, still to be had from Mr. Fred Scott, 6 Booth Street, Manchester.

"There are also cases where a high degree of heat is required, and where a reducing atmosphere must be maintained in the furnace. This is the case in puddling furnaces, and in the reheating furnaces of iron

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rolling mills. In these it has been thought impossible to avoid the emission of smoke, since, unless an excess of carbonaceous matter is present in the air of the furnace, much iron is burnt away. It is found, however, that the flame of a gas furnace fulfils the necessary condition. This is largely composed of carbon monoxide, which, while keeping up a reducing action in the furnace, burns without smoke. Almost the last work of their engineer, Mr. Parnell, before his death, was a visit to the iron and steel works in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, August 1890, where he reports that he saw, at the Pather Company's Works at Wishaw, a gas-fired puddling furnace on the Siemens and Head principle, of which he was informed by the management that the results were in every way satisfactory; and the economies—compared with coal-fired furnaces—were as follows: Work done, 30 per cent increase; loss of metal, 50 per cent less; fuel used, 64 per cent less; coal used per ton of iron made, including lighting up, 6 cwt. 0 qrs. 22 lbs., against 23 cwt. 3 qrs. 9 lbs.; fettling, 40 per cent less; repairs, 60 per cent less. The coal-fired furnaces were constantly pouring out dense columns of black smoke, whereas, with the new furnace, during a visit of five hours, hardly a trace of smoke was discernible. At the Wishaw works of the Glasgow Iron and Steel Company was found a large heating furnace of steel ingots, with a bed measuring 30 ft. by 8 ft. internal, and seven doors. The furnace was heating 80 tons of blooms, 5 in. to 8 in. square, per shift, with 70 cwt. of fuel. Compared with grate furnaces, this showed a saving in fuel of 75 per cent. The furnace had a separate chimney, and showed no sign of smoke during a visit of about two hours. Arrangements were being made to fire some of the steam boilers by the gases from the producers. On this system a portion of the waste gases is returned to the gas-producer, and cannot be used for steam boilers, so that the economies claimed have to be discounted in respect of this circumstance. Messrs. Nettlefolds, of Birmingham, replied to our inquiries as to their use of the Siemens gas puddling furnaces (old form): 'We have never used any other kind, and therefore cannot give you any particulars as to the cost of changing from one system to the other. The gas is under complete control, and the smoke can be avoided entirely, except in cases of delay or mishap making it necessary to keep the balls in the furnace, when, of course, a smothering flame is used to avoid waste. A great deal, however, depends on the puddlers, and they can make a good deal of smoke if they like. We always make less smoke than our neighbours, and we always considered that these (gas) puddling furnaces were more economical than those in ordinary use.' Since that time the new form of Siemens furnace has become of great value to manufacturers of iron and steel, and its adoption in connection with the glassmaking and other

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industries is very extensive. The chief point of interest, however, to the Committee lies in the fact that the furnace is an appliance capable of working with a minimum of smoke emission, and at the same time showing a great economy in fuel over the cruder methods of working. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Works at Horwich afford an instance of smokeless steelmaking from pig iron, and its subsequent manufacture. The gas from the steelmaking and heating furnaces is supplied by Wilson gas-producers."

Of all manufacturing processes one would suppose that the making of pottery was one in which gas would be most valuable. They need there when they are biscuiting—which means baking—or firing for glaze, that is glazing, an efficient and exact control of temperature, which it is very difficult to get from an ordinary coal fire, hand-fed, and with its door perpetually open and shut ; this accounts for the great number of losses and failures in firing pottery ; the temperature has to be raised slowly and regularly so as to avoid cracking the ware by drying it too fast, and when raised it should be maintained uniformly. Cleanliness in pottery work is also particularly desirable. All these things could be provided by gas and are already so provided. There is every sign that the conservatism of the manufacturers must before long give way and gas plants become universal in that district, which is now one of the most hideous in the country and inhabited by some of the roughest of our population. May I earnestly recommend a paper on "The Pottery Oven of the Future," by Mr. W. F. Murray, 7 Lothian Gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow, published in the Transactions of the English Ceramic Society, and reprinted by Hughes and Barber, Longton, Staffs. ? If the potters will not be convinced by the experiences detailed in that pamphlet, there is nothing for the public to do but to compel them to cease to make their absolutely unjustifiable clouds of smoke, wasting energy and ruining human life over that little nest of crowded towns in the north corner of Staffordshire. Mr. Murray gives expert testimony from

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W. F. J. Rowan, joint author of a well-known book on *Fuel and its Applications*, and Mr. R. R. Tatlock, gas examiner for Glasgow, to the effect that the cost of gas firing is only 23 per cent of that in coal-fired ovens, and saves sixteen hours' time out of thirty. Roughly, they do the work in one-half the time and at one-quarter the expense.

There is one place where, more than another, gasworks should be set up and power produced, viz., near the pit mouth. Colliery villages are the dreariest spots in our blackened land. They generally belong to the colliery company. Nobody lives there but workmen. The Public Health Act is not enforced. All day the engine chimney smokes defiantly. There is plenty of common slack and poor refuse not worth the railway carriage. Coal is dirt cheap and the waste coal wants burning up. So we are where we are. I do not know of a single clean, well-organised and comfortable colliery village in this country. I suppose that every coal pit will ultimately give out, and the cottages become useless ; so that they are only built to last a generation. Some cheaper building material might be used, and yet comfort and beauty achieved.

But if the coal were made into power gas—Mond-suction producer—any type preferred, or ordinary illuminating gas of low candle power, and used on the spot, what an economy there would be. The product and the by-products of one trade are the raw material for others, and a ring of economies might be produced by concentrating various coal, gas, and tar using trades near the coal pits. A central place in a colliery district would be safer than dependence on a single pit. There is no reason why such a group of manufactories should not be the clean nucleus of a Garden City. Already, in many parts of England, we have central power stations, easily kept smokeless, for the distribution of electricity or power gas of some kind. Surely this will go along with the cessation of that most reckless of all our wasting, the making of coke in bee-

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hive ovens, without recovering the gases. To send such gases to waste is the same thing as throwing corn into the sea. At present in blast furnaces, which do not burn their waste gases, 10 H.P. is wasted for every ton of pig iron made.

There is another famine conceivably threatening our descendants—a famine of bread. Sir William Crookes devoted his Presidential address before the British Association to this subject in 1898. He pointed out that the population of the world was overtaking its wheat-fields; and he exhorted us to find in the laboratory some means of making—from the atmosphere or otherwise—a nitrogenous manure which would replenish our fields. We are living at present on nitrate of soda from the South American coast. This is likely to last less than fifty years. Now our coal contains the means of making sulphate of ammonia, the very manure we want. It is a by-product of the manufacture of gas. When we burn raw coal all this is wasted. Bread goes up the chimney with smoke.

The toughest part of the Smoke Problem is the domestic grate. The principles enumerated twenty years ago by Mr. Teale, the eminent surgeon of Leeds—the firebrick fire-place, the open slanting cheeks, the back sloping forward over the fire—the direction of the draught over, not through the fire—so as to keep the fire itself a focus of heat, rather than a small blast furnace; these are the best available helps to smokeless fire which householders have. But they only diminish, they do not cure smoke in chimneys.

It is an interesting and difficult question to discover the proportion of our smoke which should be attributed to the domestic grate, and the figures are very convincing which point out that the analysis of Manchester smoke is singularly like the analysis of domestic smoke in the large proportion of tarry oils and ammonia which it contains. I think it, however, probable that Manchester is exceptional in the proportion of domestic to factory smoke. The Manchester and Salford district

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contains about 900,000 people, who make as much domestic smoke as any similar number elsewhere, and far more than a similar number in London would make, because in London they use much Welsh coal, which makes far less smoke than Lancashire coal; this is indeed the great cause of the superiority of the atmosphere of London to that of the great northern towns. On the other hand, Manchester is remarkable amongst the great cities of England for the efficiency of its smoke inspection. I am far from saying that it is all that it would be if the magistrates were more sympathetic and properly supported the action of the Sanitary Committee; but Manchester is very much the least culpable smoke producer among the administrative districts in South Lancashire. It employs five inspectors and Salford employs one, and the neighbouring districts employ none at all for this special purpose. A walk any day round Ashton-under-Lyne, Dukinfield, Denton, and Hyde would reveal a recklessness of smoke production which would not be tolerated in Manchester. Warrington again is the chief of sinners in this respect—I have already spoken of the Wigan district. So that I believe that the proportion of domestic to factory smoke in the city of Manchester is much larger than it would be in most places.

The Royal Commission concluded that domestic use is responsible for 32 million tons out of a total of 167 millions used in the country, or 19 per cent. The full classification is as follows for 1903 :—

	Tons.
Railways (all purposes)	13,000,000
Coasting Steamers (bunkers)	2,000,000
Factories	53,000,000
Mines	18,000,000
Iron and Steel Industries	28,000,000
Other Metals and Minerals	1,000,000
Brickworks, Potteries, Glassworks, Chemical Works	5,000,000
Gasworks	15,000,000
Domestic	32,000,000
	167,000,000

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It is to be remembered also that a large portion of domestic smoke is so scattered over the country as to be practically harmless, and it is only that portion of it which is emitted in good-sized towns which needs to be considered. I do not forget, of course, that a large portion of the manufacturing coal is also smokelessly burnt. Whatever be our ultimate conclusion on this point, and one part of England would differ greatly from another in the relative preponderance of the boiler over the fire grate, we must not allow either evil so far to influence us as to exclude the other. There can be no doubt, however, that domestic smoke is the more difficult to cure.

Turning then to the cures for domestic smoke :—

Coalite is perfectly smokeless, and is nearly ready for sale. The question of its price is still unsettled, and its commercial success. Let us hope that it may be cheap and successful. But it is not yet fairly on the market. Gas fires are the only practical cure which is complete. They have won all along the line, for fires in halls, offices, consulting-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and any place where work is to be saved and the fire needed for a short time only. The tests of the London Coal Smoke Abatement Society show that they give no deleterious fumes, nor produce undue dryness, provided a proper chimney draught, in a curving flue without sudden turns, is arranged for. But they are still in most places more costly than coal for fires in use all day, and somehow they are not as pretty as they might be. This is a direction in which cheap gas and beautiful production might go together.

There is general agreement that gas at 1s. 6d. to 2s. per 1000 cubic feet can compete for all-day use with coal. It was found that the cost of fuel at the seventy-five Metropolitan electric light undertakings was as great as that of gas at 2s. 1d. per 1000 cubic feet. There seems to me no good reason why gas should not be sold at a little over 1s. 6d. per thousand over all the smokiest part of England, that is the neighbourhood of

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the coal-fields. I reach this conclusion from the figures for Manchester, Sheffield, and Widnes, and, making due allowances, from those of the South Metropolitan Company. Gas for heating and for power may justly be sold cheaper than gas for lighting; for it is a daylight demand—an all-the-year-round demand—and the cost of large gasometers is due to the need of storing gas for a few evening hours, not to its use for power and heat.

The most immediately necessary course is to persuade our city fathers to sell gas not higher—I will venture to say a trifle lower—than cost price. At present, as we know, it is common to make a profit on the gas undertaking for the relief of the rates, and it is supposed to be clever finance to do so. No private business, divided into a number of departments, would congratulate itself upon the financial ability by which the account of one department was credited with a profit in order that another might cover a corresponding loss, the fact being ostentatiously winked at that income tax of 1s. in the £ was abstracted on the way. In this way Manchester hands over in some years £60,000, in other years £50,000, from the pockets of its gas consumers to the pockets of its ratepayers, and it pays to the Government in most years £3000 in income tax on gas profits, so called, for the pure pleasure of doing so. If the ratepayer and the gas consumer—who are roughly the same body of citizens—paid gas bills exactly proportionate to their rate assessments, no one would be any better and no one any worse. That is, however, not the case. The owner of cottage property is a man through whom heavy rates are paid, and he probably feels any rise or fall in the rates, not being able to adjust his rents with equal facility. On the other hand, the manufacturer or the shopkeeper uses gas in his business in addition to his domestic lighting; he therefore is fined in his gas bill to the extent that the property owner escapes; but it is he who makes the business of the city; he is the working partner in the alliance of capital and

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brains ; to tax him more than others is contrary to all sound principles of finance. If it ended here it would merely be one more inequality in a world full of inequality ; but it does not end here, for as we have seen, it is in the use of gas that we have our best hope for the purification of the air of our manufacturing towns : to charge gas an artificially high price is wilfully to wreck the atmosphere of cities. To spend gas surplus on public improvements, as is done in some places, is one of the most delicious ironies of administration that I have ever encountered. Corporations would make more public improvement by making no gas surplus at all, than by spending it on widening streets for the smuts to come down upon, and erecting buildings originally white.

So far I have only pleaded for selling the gas at cost price ; but there is a sound reason for selling it a little below cost. The man who uses gas instead of coal is a public benefactor ; he does not make his share of the smoke which saps the vitality, depresses the spirits and dirties the doorsteps of his neighbours. If every one were like him, public lighting, public draining, public scavenging and public health would cost the city less. It would, therefore, be an equitable thing to cheapen the gas by relieving the gasworks of local rates, at present a normal element of cost.

It is a surprise to me to find myself thus an enthusiastic advocate of gas. I am not a chemist nor an engineer, nor a gas shareholder, nor the owner of any patent connected with gas. Till I began to try to find means of purifying the air from smoke and fog, gas was a wholly uninteresting substance to me. But now it has become to me a means of cleanliness, a triumph of science helpful to man, and a sign of true civilisation. It stands for man's power over nature ; power used not for her exploitation and ruin, but for her conservation and saving—an enemy of dirt and barbaric waste.

DALTON HALL, MANCHESTER.

REVIEWS.

Youth: Its Education, Regimen, and Hygiene. G. Stanley Hall.
London: Appleton. 6s.

WE owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Hall for this abridgment of his great volumes, *Adolescence*. Every one who read them hoped that he would disinter some of the more immediately useful matter from those high-shovelled heaps. Professor Geddes, in his full and brilliant review in *Saint George* (Vol. VI, p. 303), expressed a very general feeling when he said: "Would that this learned and fertile thinker were also more of an artist—he had then written a book to be understood of the people, an evangel of education indeed." This little book, then, raises great hopes—if it disappoints it is because the hopes were so high. As it is, it will, no doubt, be a great force, and no teacher or parent can, without loss, neglect the message of one so abundantly learned and experienced, so full at once of wisdom and fire. The pages on discipline, all the chapter (newly added) on Moral and Religious Education, and that on the Education of Girls, make a direct appeal to practical experience and offer definite help to those who have young ones to guide. The whole book is full of valuable matter, so presented that it cannot surely fail to influence deeply the actions of those who read, in relation to their children. The insight into the minds of boys and girls is startling in its penetration, its entire candour, and the burning love and hope which inspire and guide it. But though the criticism be a little cheap, we must regret that the translation into English (urgently demanded by many a reader of the larger book) is so incompletely carried out. There is so much which could be vastly improved by so little skilled sub-editing.

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A vocabulary has been added ; but it is slight, and largely concerned with explaining that which need never have been used. Often the style is rugged, not with the strength of wrestling thews, but with ugly lumps of crusty jargon.

It is really grievous that so many writers should forget their mother-tongue so often, and write a half-bred dialect. And especially grievous when the power of direct expression is not lost, and might have grown into a good strong speech to carry its message at once to all thoughtful readers. For Dr. Hall speaks very often with great force and simplicity: many of his pages (such as those mentioned above) will be among the classics of educational literature. *S. George* has recently been much occupied with the discussion of co-education: every one who is interested should read the chapter on the education of girls. It is a contribution of very special value to us, because it reveals the limitations of co-education as seen by a very keen observer in a country where it has long been the rule. It is not necessary to accept the underlying theories, or even the ideals, to appreciate the knowledge, wisdom, and fervour of this remarkable chapter.

Suggestion in Education. M. W. Keatinge, Reader in Education in the University of Oxford. Black. 6s.

THIS is a notable addition to the small number of books which, while written primarily for teachers, appeal to all who are interested in the real facts of education, the interaction of teacher and pupil. It is not a racy popularization of educational doctrine, nor a showy attack on things as they are, and so it misses the readiest avenues to success. But it is likely to be read as a serious attempt upon some central problems of education. The style is clear (it is a comfort to the reviewer of "pedagogic" books to come across good English), and often brightened

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by apt and humorous illustration. The target at which it is aimed is the depreciation of the influence of school on life. This depreciation has been common enough of late, delivered in every tone of disillusionment and pessimism ranging from sorrow to scorn, and from every point of view between extreme materialist and ultramontane. Here is one of Mr. Keatinge's examples (from Newman's *Idea of a University*, V) :—

Quarry the rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk : then you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man.

These doubts and denials come to most serious teachers.

The time comes when the question is asked : "Can the subject I am teaching have any effect on my pupils' character and conduct?" The educational conscience is awakened, and unless some satisfactory answer can be given to the question, enthusiasm may die away and nothing but a sense of futility remain (p. 104).

"For the educator to make good his claim as a moulder of character it is . . . necessary for him to show that ideas affect the direction of will" (p. 118). In order to do this, Mr. Keatinge sets out to study the elements of suggestion, the typical method of influence. This is a well-founded and acutely reasoned study. There is no "concealing ignorance by terminology" or indulging in the practice too common in books of this kind, of finding hard names for easy things. Mr. Keatinge sketches lightly but surely the extreme forms of suggestion—those of the hypnotic trance—and traces the leading characteristics into the power of mind over mind in the waking state, making great efforts at every point to secure clearness of definition. It is noteworthy that this psychology is an integral part of the doctrine of the book ; its practical counsel really does grow freshly out of the psychology, and is not (as so often) like a solitary stale bun in a bankrupt shop behind a windowful of dummy biscuit tins.

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He thus bases his justification of education on sounder ground than the Herbartian psychology, while aiming at the same regenerative effect upon teaching (for faulty as that psychology was, it gave invaluable stimulus to the work of many teachers); and then turns to study the various modes of suggestion open to the teacher. This part of the book is full of interest and great practical value. It does not present a distant ideal, but is full of schoolmasterly wisdom. It is true that the reference is chiefly to secondary schools. But those who read with a sigh the footnote on page 100—"it is assumed that the number of pupils in a class should in no case exceed thirty"—must reflect on the transiency of school conditions: how very modern and experimental nearly all of them are; they "are not laws of nature, nor do they exist by divine right," and they will not always cumber the ground. Of too many secondary schools it is still true that

the economic conditions, and the tradition that the staff of a school consists of a headmaster and ushers (a tradition that in England we are very slow to shake off), give us a copious supply of ignorance among the teachers of smaller boys; while the ludicrously excessive hours of work (again a traditional survival) deprive the larger number of assistant masters of both the energy and the leisure for adding to what knowledge they possess (p. 83).

We are still far from the wisdom of Mulcaster (strongly endorsed by Mr. Keatinge) that the best and best paid teachers shall be given to the lowest forms. But the past generation has seen a great improvement in the status of assistant masters: and it has been due to the devoted lives of men who deeply felt the schoolmaster's influence and consequent responsibility, and who refused to be crippled by making the great refusal, namely, to believe in the reality of their appointed task.

Mr. Keatinge illustrates his account of suggestion by showing how various subjects offer opportunities for the use of this as an essential element of method. The passages dealing with

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History are among the best in the book, and make us look forward to Mr. Keatinge's *Studies in Teaching History*, which is announced.

Woman Suffrage. By Arnold Harris Mathew. (*The Social Problems Series, No. V.*) London and Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1907. 1s. net.

IT was but fitting that an early volume in Messrs. Jack's excellent Social Problems Series should be devoted to the question of Woman Suffrage. It may be said at once that Mr. Mathew has made much of his opportunity. He has produced an interesting and racy volume, one that should contribute not a little towards a better and wider understanding of the movement. He writes as a whole-hearted supporter of the Suffragettes' cause. For him, the granting of their demands is not a mere matter of chivalry, but of justice, and, what is perhaps more important in view of the great issues involved, of reason. His volume is more primarily a work of propaganda than of cold, logical reasoning; but it is none the less valuable, and is certainly all the more actual, on that account. The daily and weekly Press has done its utmost to travesty the movement, and it is therefore a matter of some public importance that a cheap, interesting, and sympathetic volume should have been issued at this moment.

Mr. Mathew rightly sees that the Suffragette is not a new and truculent kind of Amazon seeking violently to conquer what woman has never hitherto possessed. "The agitation for women's rights," he says in his opening sentence, "is no new thing; in many respects it has the air of the recovery of privileges once enjoyed." Had Mr. Mathew followed that sentence up by a better chapter than the one he has given us on the place of woman in society in the past, he would have done a signal service to the movement, for neither by the

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movement itself nor by its adverse critics is much consideration given to the examples and the lessons of history. But, after all, the movement is fully justified by the conditions and the needs of the present and of the opening future, and Mr. Mathew does well to concentrate his attention on these. He deals with the progress of the women's movement in England, with physical, mental, and moral considerations respecting modern woman, with the disadvantages from which women suffer in industry and in the professions, with the relations of contemporary legislation to women and the result of the participation of women in politics, upon equal terms with men, upon social and national life, and other important matters. Upon all of these the author writes with vigour, with a clear understanding and expression of his own position, and with a flow of humour all too rare in works of this kind. We would perhaps especially commend those sections of his book in which Mr. Mathew deals with the position of woman in industry and in the professions. Woman's entry into factories, offices, schools, medicine, art, etc., has been due not solely to her own initiative and her desire for a fuller and more independent life, but equally to the inevitable trend of modern civilization. The realization of woman's desire for a larger place in the common life of her time has been largely forced by social and economic circumstances. It is idle, therefore, to demand that the world of politics shall be closed to her when the conditions of that fuller and complexer life into which she has now entered are so largely determined by existing Acts of Parliament and by the lack of requisite Reform Acts. And the same argument applies, of course, to all aspects of woman's life. "The demand for the vote is," says Mr. Mathew, "after all, only part of a general movement amongst women for emancipation from a kind of domestic thralldom, which is neither good for them nor for the community at large. . . ." Men "know that woman must be educated, both physically

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and mentally, to bear the increasing charges laid upon her by the progress of civilisation and enlightenment." . . . "The development of the race physically, mentally, and morally proceeds as fast as, and can proceed no faster than, the development of the women."

It is a hotly disputable point whether our English Parliament really is the mother of all Parliaments. But that is a question of history; and the question for the moment is rather whether it has not been a wicked step-mother to the nation. The Labour party owes its existence and its vigour to some such belief; and the renewed activity of the women's suffrage movement—so different in many ways—is filled with the same spirit of higher criticism. Both have seen, in fact, that traditional, conventional politics has too often been social trickery licensed by law and unlicensed in practice; and that Parliament has a curious constructional tendency to become a lethal chamber in which abuses are talked out of memory and reforms are talked into death. If, indeed, we may use something of the violence of speech which wages around the Suffragettes, we may reasonably say that the conscious aim of Parliament has never been *Paradise Regained*, but merely—and even then only at its infrequent best—*Hell Limited*. And who knows but that the traditional part of woman in the losing of *Paradise* may not yet be counterbalanced, even in the eyes of the ultra-orthodox, by her actual part in the regaining of Parliament? She has at least the right to experiment;—and opportunity to exercise that right is, after all, the larger part of life.

We commend Mr. Mathew's book to the converted and the unconverted alike.

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of the distinctive characteristics of the education of girls as contrasted with that of boys. There are at present unfortunately only a few well-known books by women dealing with educational problems, though some of these few are of distinguished excellence, and Miss Burstall's is a welcome addition to the number.

Most of the chapters are concerned with the application of High School principles to the various departments of school work, and Miss Burstall has much wise counsel to give on the problems which present themselves. Some of these problems will only be solved gradually by the slow teaching of experience, but it is always helpful to hear the well-considered views of one whose life-work has compelled her to seek earnestly by thought and practical experiment for some approximate solution.

The Literary Man's Bible. By W. L. Courtney. Chapman and Hall.

IF we read "Literary Dilettante" in place of "Literary Man," we shall understand the scope of this disappointing book. It contains little that cannot be found in other works, equally accessible and far more thorough. The author appears to have undertaken some desultory reading of modern Biblical criticism and to have collected fragmentary notes, which he has afterwards strung together in his introductory essays. Here he mainly confines himself to stating the real or assumed results of critics, without giving any adequate account of the arguments by which the conclusions of modern exegesis are supported. As a result, he expresses himself with a dogmatism rather more irritating than that of the old-fashioned theologian. The last essay of the series, on "Wisdom Literature and the Hellenic Spirit," is more original than the others. It is disfigured, however, by the extraordinary remark that "one of the most curious features in the history of the Jew is

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his steady and earnest repudiation of the Greek culture." The author evidently knows nothing of mediæval Jewish philosophy, which is essentially Aristotelian, or of the Kabbala, which possesses so many points of contact with neo-platonism.

It is not possible to express a more favourable opinion of the taste displayed by the author in his anthology of passages from the Old Testament. It was a great mistake to confine the field of choice to "historic, poetic, and philosophic" pieces, to the exclusion of those which are ethical and legal. The *Literary Man's Bible* includes none of the eloquent discourses of Deuteronomy and no part of the "Book of the Covenant." Nor will Mr. Courtney's method of selection bear a more detailed criticism. He includes Job xxvii., although the text is known to be in hopeless confusion; as it stands the patriarch is made to recant all his former opinions. On the other hand, Mr. Courtney omits the whole of the lovely speech contained in chapters xxix.—xxxI., surely one of the most glorious poems in all literature. Again, he quotes much of Ecclesiastes but omits the first chapter, which strikes the keynote of the whole book. Another passage unaccountably omitted is Isaiah xxxiii. 14-16, where the prophetic spirit finds as high an expression as anywhere in the Bible.

Mr. Courtney uses the Authorized Version throughout, "because the Revised Version, doubtless more accurate, cannot hope to compete with the older and more familiar version, which was produced at a great flowering time of English letters." There is much to be said for this preference, but the more glaring errors of King James' translators should have been corrected in footnotes. Mr. Courtney does so in the case of Job xix. 25, but nowhere else, not even in Isaiah ix. 3, where the E.V. is sheer nonsense.

Mr. Courtney prefaces his extracts with brief introductory notes, many of which contain interesting information, derived from the recognized modern authorities. The notes on

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English High Schools for Girls. By Sara A. Burstall, M.A., Head Mistress of the Manchester High School for Girls. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1907. 4s. 6d.

IN this book Miss Burstall has given us an interesting study of the aims and methods of the type of school on which she is a recognized authority. In doing so she at the same time makes a valuable contribution to our knowledge of one of the most important educational movements of the nineteenth century.

So far as England is concerned the history of education in that century has yet to be written, but a few points stand out clearly. From, roughly, 1830 to 1870 political and social influence was mainly in the hands of the middle classes, and during the same period we may trace a series of strenuous efforts to render the educational system of the country more adequate to the new demands for intellectual and moral training, which were one result of the industrial revolution and the accompanying social changes. These efforts were prompted by two currents of thought and aspiration which were striving for the mastery. There was the individualistic conception of life, an inheritance from the eighteenth century and developed by Bentham and his disciples, with its faith in intellectual enlightenment, its emphasis on the right of every man to the appropriate opportunities for developing his powers, and its distrust of governmental interference. But there was also another tendency which showed itself in many fields, in Wesley and the Evangelical Revival, in Burke's political ideals, in the Oxford movement, and in the school reforms of Dr. Arnold. This was the tendency which led to stress being laid upon social function rather than upon individual right, and in education upon the training of character by personal and social influences rather than upon instruction of a purely intellectual kind. The result was in the first place a failure

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to establish a truly national system of education, but in the second place considerable success in introducing reforms into existing schools and also in opening up new educational opportunities. One of the means by which these new opportunities were afforded was the establishment of schools for middle-class girls which should provide an education of the same standard as that received by their brothers in the Public and other Secondary Schools.

We cannot follow Miss Burstall through her sketch of the progress of this movement, but two points may be noted. When the High Schools were first founded the individualistic current was still strong, and the need was keenly felt for a type of education which should be free from the shallow artificiality of the prevailing modes of training. Hence the ideal aimed at was to a large extent an intellectual one; character was to be strengthened mainly through the training of the rational powers. Women were to be placed intellectually on an equality with men, just as, when necessary, they were to be rendered economically independent. But in the last quarter of the century the social conception of education acquired increased importance, and in consequence preparation for home life as the special function of women became a more prominent element in the ideal of the schools. Again, the circumstances amid which they originated caused the curricula and many of the methods of the High Schools to be consciously or unconsciously based upon those of the corresponding schools for boys. Hence the High School system was a modification of that characteristic of the Public Schools.

A schoolmaster may perhaps be permitted to regret that the education of English girls has been so strongly influenced by masculine ideals, but whether this regret is justified or not its cause is being rapidly removed. Girls' schools are more and more developing a vigorous life of their own, and one of the strongest points in Miss Burstall's book is her appreciation

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Jeremiah and on the Song of Solomon strike the present writer as particularly good. Mr. Courtney's power of felicitous expression is well applied, and partially atones for his lack of original study of the subject.

On the whole this is an amateurish book, and Mr. Courtney will be well advised if he writes no others of the kind. Such excursions into the field of theology remind us of those which Gladstone used sometimes rashly to undertake. To write upon special subjects special study is necessary ; general ability, literary tastes, and journalistic facility are not enough.

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THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT.

By T. EDMUND HARVEY.

THERE is a well-known story of how a man of letters a century ago, when questioned as to his religious views, answered that all sensible men were of one religion, and to the further query as to what that religion might be, made the curt response : "Sir, sensible men never say." The story is characteristic of its age, and of the attitude towards religion of some of its ablest men. Many of the greatest thinkers, whatever the religious opinions of the circle in which they were educated may have been, held themselves aloof from controversy on questions of creed and church, looking upon such disputes with the kindly contempt of tolerant beings, who themselves had reached a larger and freer atmosphere than that which surrounded those who struggled amid the dust of the plains beneath their feet. Something of this spirit, which was so clearly manifested in the world of politics and letters, can be seen, too, in many of the prominent religious organisations of the day. Men were weary of the hateful bitterness which had characterised the theological controversies of the

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seventeenth century, and the wider outlook which came with the Aufklärungszeit showed itself even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, when in Germany Catholic and Protestant ecclesiastical authorities united in a common religious celebration at Fulda of the anniversary of the mission of Saint Boniface. But beneath the surface of this toleration, which seemed to be increasing in that age between Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, we may perhaps feel that the uniting influence lay not so much in a profound sense of the underlying verities common to all their various forms of faith, as in a certain vagueness as to any form of dogmatic belief, a distrust of dogma in itself, if not an indifference to the things which that dogma attempted to represent. Men were willing to leave others free to have their own religious beliefs, and distrusted the enthusiasm of the fanatic, of the man who wished to convert others to view life as he himself did. The profession of a recognition of good in all religions went hand in hand with the recognition of their imperfection, and a doubt as to how far they were not so much alike sharing in truth as alike mingled with error. This attitude is illustrated by Lessing's famous fable of "The Three Rings," which is perhaps the most quoted passage in *Nathan the Wise*. None but the father can tell the true ring from the counterfeits which he has had made ; the sons must therefore each treat the others as in the same position as himself. No one creed can claim to itself a pre-eminence over the others, none but God can distinguish the true from the false. The lesson of tolerance which Lessing taught in his drama was one of which our age, as well as his own, has need, but if we are only to view all forms of faith with respect because we are conscious of the difficulty of discerning the true from the false, we have reached a position which may indeed promote friendly relationships in the ordinary intercourse of life, but which cannot in the end be satisfactory either to ourselves or to others. Tolerance founded upon doubt can never be an inspiring virtue.

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Is it not possible for us, however, since we realise this, to take a further step? We need to feel not the imperfections of all the varying creeds, religious and irreligious, but the inherent strength and power of each, and from a consciousness of this to rise to some dim realisation of the golden thread of truth which runs through all sincere faiths, however degraded or erroneous they may at first sight appear to be.

In the eighteenth century there swept over Europe a wave of new thought, which liberated men's minds from old superstitions and the narrowness of former dogmatism, and produced a sort of Freemasonry of new ideas between men whose national, religious and political upbringing had been wholly different. But this wave of liberal thought failed to produce a permanent sense of unity; in due time came a counter-movement, when men turned from the generalisations and the vague optimism of these syncretist philosophers. The attacks which the sceptical critics had levelled on the older creeds were too negative in character: content to find out the weakness of their opponents' position and to expose it to contempt and ridicule, they had failed to realise the strength which lay deeper than the intellectual interpretations of belief which they had assailed.

Thus the nineteenth century has witnessed in the political world an extraordinary revival of national spirit, especially amongst smaller peoples, and on the other hand a similar revival within the different religious communities. The eighteenth century humanists would have foreseen the one as little as the other. To them it seemed that beneath the clear light of reason the old dogmas of the sects would each lose their force, just as the ignorant patriotism of their day, which they saw to be so largely built up upon mistaken prejudice, would give way to their wide cosmopolitan spirit which felt itself above these petty views.

The revival of national feeling among the little peoples of Europe, with no wealth of capital or military force to give

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them aid, which we have witnessed during the last century, is, however, hardly less remarkable than the revival of life amongst the different churches and religious communities of the Western world. There was surely something lacking in the theory of life of these men of broad view of a former day, who for all their breadth could not find room for enthusiasm such as this. We are beginning to see that the truer cosmopolitan of the future will not cease to be a citizen of his own country when he becomes a citizen of the world, that the wider fellowship will lose its content and its meaning if it is to involve a denial of patriotism and not rather to subsume it as a necessary element in the true international spirit, and so in the inner life of the soul we must seek to harmonise the various contending creeds, not by destroying the particular creed, or attempting to replace it by some vague generalisation, devoid of life or of attractive and inspiring force, but by attempting to appeal to the best in each, realising that each must have some value of its own, just as the poorest of peoples has its own peculiar traits and virtues, thus gradually drawing the sympathies and thoughts of men nearer together by virtue of the common life from which must spring all that is good in the religion of each one.

There is a beautiful saying of Penn's which sets forth what many good men of very different creeds must have felt again and again before he gave the thought expression: "The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the divers liveries they wear here makes them strangers." May we not venture to carry further the thought and say, that this religion includes every servant of truth, and every man who is recognising in practice in his own life the need of his fellows, by subordinating his own happiness and interest to theirs? That there is in reality a religion which all good men share we do indeed recog-

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nise in practice in everyday life : how else can we explain the appeal to conscience, to the sense of duty, to the unselfish desire to benefit others, which is constantly made to men of the most divergent religious views, whose theories of life would not be accepted by each other for a moment ?

How is it then possible for us to make more clear to our own eyes and to others this common basis of religion, and to build more securely upon it the structure of our lives ?

We must not be disappointed if it is difficult to give intellectual expression to this basis of life : at best such expression must be imperfect, and we can only hope to arrive at it very slowly. Perhaps some hint of the way in which one may look at the problem may be given by that strange poem of W. B. Yeats, "The Indian upon God." The poet pictures the way in which the creatures of earth each frame their own idea of the Divine Creator after their own image ; some vast Brocken spectre, perhaps, some may say, cast by the reflection of imagination upon the clouds of the world without. And yet the poem has surely within it another meaning. To each creature comes, coloured, it is true, by different visions, some dim picture of the Maker, some sense of His sustaining presence in the world and in their own lives.

I passed along the water's edge, below the humid trees,
My spirit rocked in evening light, the rushes round my knees,
My spirit rocked in sleep and sighs ; and saw the moorfowl pace
All dripping on a grassy slope, and saw them cease to chase
Each other round in circles, and heard the eldest speak :
"Who holds the world between His bill and made us strong and weak
Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives beyond the sky.
The rains are from His dripping wing, the moonbeams from His eye."
I passed a little further on and heard a lotus talk :
"Who made the world, and ruleth it, He hangeth on a stalk,
For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling tide
Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide."

A little way within the gloom a roebuck raised his eyes
Brimful of Starlight, and he said : "The stamper of the skies

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He is a gentle roebuck ; for how else, I pray, could He
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like me ? ”
I passed a little further on and heard a peacock say :
“ Who made the grass and made the worms and made my feathers gay,
He is a monstrous peacock, and he waveth all the night
His languid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of light.”

One can readily understand that some readers might be shocked by what would seem to them to be idolatrous images. Yet does not the whole poem show something more than the fact that men worship images of God after their own likeness ? Beneath the grossest idolatry there may be at least some sense of contact with the Unseen. Though man, like his fellow-creatures, cannot behold unveiled the vision of the Eternal, somewhere under every imperfect picture which our dogmas have framed of Him there lies at least some trait of faint resemblance. And however much we may endeavour to remove from our minds all anthropomorphic conceptions, we needs must think as men. Our most abstract thoughts are but spiritualised metaphors, the ghosts and shadows of the fully coloured language of our earlier days or of a more primitive people. The moment we think of the origin and meaning of words, we realise that this is so : when we speak of conceiving a thought, grasping an idea, abandoning an argument, we are using metaphors which were once bold and vivid but are now scarcely perceived as such at all. And so in all our formulated thoughts of the Unseen we may be said to be in a sense idolaters. But only sinfully so, if we wilfully cleave to the lower forms when we have had vision of a higher. The fact that we express our thoughts on religion through the medium of the terms of the material world does not mean that the religious truths which they express are dependent upon, and are evolved out of, the physical world, any more than the intellectual processes of conception and perception are dependent on or derived from the physical processes after which they are named. But

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it does surely mean that we must recognise the necessary imperfection of our efforts to express the unseen realities, whether in religious creed or philosophical dogma.

If we are convinced that there is a real unity underlying the religious life of every sincere man, whether he call himself religious or no, how can we best promote the growth of this sense of unity, so that in every form of faith the best may be strengthened and drawn into a sense of membership of a wider whole?

In the first place we must endeavour to be faithful to the best ideal of our own party, of our own church or creed, to insist on the positive side of what it teaches rather than its negations. The true protestant, for instance, should be zealous to protest for a living ideal which he feels to correspond to his needs, and not, as too often has been the case in the past, merely to protest against evils and mistakes connected in his thought with another ideal.

Then realising the vastness of Truth, and the limitations of our own powers of apprehending it, we must be willing to recognise that there may be other aspects of truth which we, as individuals or as a religious community, have not yet apprehended, and that the whole truth must needs be too great for any human mind or system to express. This attitude of mind should surely be perfectly compatible with an enthusiastic loyalty to that vision of the Truth which has been given to us or our community, and with a desire to share this vision with others.

To attempt to surrender our own expression of the Truth as we see it, and replace it by an expression drawn from the vision of others, is to make in the inner life an error like that of the school of Bologna in painting. The Caracci and their followers deliberately aimed at acquiring the peculiar excellencies of each of the great masters who preceded them, the harmonies of Raphael, the colour of Titian, the vigour and the grandiose

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forms of Michael Angelo. They hoped to combine all these and thus achieve a higher perfection than their masters, but in so doing they failed to express themselves in their own way, for they were always painting things as they imagined they ought to see them, and not as they really saw them.

The great artist, like Rembrandt, will honour and admire a Raphael or a Correggio without seeking thus to imitate them or to borrow their technique. And so while we recognise the vision of truth that comes to men of different view from our own, we must not abandon our own vision or our attempt to express it faithfully, because we know that we see a part and not the whole.

Every great religious movement has been in its origin or at its highest point universal in its aspiration, claiming to make appeal to all mankind and to become at length the religion of the whole world. And it is this very universal claim which seems to some dispassionate critics so narrow-spirited and fanatical, which bears witness to the force and reality of that deepest religious life which underlies all difference of dogma and finds its expression in all these varying faiths. At the moment of its budding forth the tiny twig feels within it the expanding life of the whole tree. "I am the true tree, and the tree that is to be," it may be imagined as saying, though the great boughs above it do not stir in the wind that shakes it to and fro. The twig may have within it the possibility of growth to a size exceeding the stem from which it now springs, or it may remain only a twig; but in either case it is a part of the tree, and in a sense it is the tree; its life is the tree's life. So every great religious movement, when at its best and highest, looks forward to world-wide extension: it may be that the flood of life takes new channels, and only a tiny sect remains to bear witness to what has been, but yet, when its members were filled with their first enthusiasm, and went forth into the world to win others to their views, they

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were strong because somehow or other they had come into touch with the eternal ; their creed and organisation may have corresponded only to the need of the day and of a limited number of people, or it may have been of wider application and able to endure for a longer time ; but in spite of these limitations the creed and organisation represent an inner life through which their members came into touch with the source of all life and strength.

A present-day duty for each one of us must be to strive to be more conscious of this fact in our own lives and in elaborating our own systems, as well as in dealing with and considering the religious views of others. In discarding the transient elements, the husks of dogma, we have to respect the seed-corn of life within them. The recognition of this will make us more reverent towards even the hoary errors of antiquity and the methods of thought and life which to us are outworn, but were once living, and still may be living to some.

This surely is the lesson which we may draw from that touching story related by John Cassian of the monk Serapion, which Auguste Sabatier once told to his pupils. In his old age the good monk had suddenly been brought to realise, by the preaching of two missionaries, the error which he had committed in thinking of the Eternal as a being like himself, fashioned in human form. His friends gathered round him to thank God for his deliverance from the grievous anthropomorphic heresy, when, in the midst of their prayers, the old man fell in tears to the ground with the pathetic cry, "Woe's me, wretched man that I am ; they have taken away my God and I have none to hold to or worship or pray to now !"

In our work of thought or of practical endeavour we shall need above all to realise the value of humble reverence for Truth for its own sake, and of the recognition that wherever goodness is, there is that which the theist knows as the Divine, which others may speak of as the enduring, spiritual ideal, but

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which, by whatever name we call it, is the inspiring and illuminating reality which shines through every unselfish deed and thought and makes our lives of worth.

We are sensible of this uniting force, however much our ethical ideals may differ. We cannot explain the common principles which justify the ideal of a Roosefeltd and that of Tolstoy, but we must surely feel that those ideals are in some way branches from the same good tree; it may well be that just as in the intellectual world different bents of genius each have their place and justification, so too in the moral have different types of the ethical ideal. The scientific mind, the practical, executive talent of the business man, the speculative powers of the metaphysician, and the creative gifts of the poet and artist, each have their place, and no one human mind can combine them all. So too, perhaps, it is with the moral ideals realised here in our human lives. Because one is good, another is not wholly wrong. There may be varieties of goodness, just as there are differences of shape and beauty between flower and flower. But while we recognise this, we surely need too to realise that there must ultimately be some vital connection between these different ideals, although we ourselves may not be able to perceive the unifying influence or principle. Is it not here that the Union of Ethical Societies fails, in that after insisting upon "the supreme importance of the knowledge, love and practice of the Right," their manifesto goes on to disclaim "the acceptance of any one ultimate criterion of right" as a condition of ethical fellowship. Yet unless there be some such criterion, can we speak of "the Right" at all? The capital "R" is an unconscious survival of the theistic expression of thought, or rather the expression of the essentially religious spirit of man which, in spite of a creed of intellectual agnosticism, recognises the Divine in life and does obeisance to it under another name. The idea of good and the thought of God are not connected together merely by a similarity of

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sound ; they have but one origin. Thus, if where goodness is there God is, we must be able to find evidence even where there may be no intellectual knowledge of God, of the recognition of a unique worth in the good apart from all attempted explanations of its value. And perhaps one cannot do better than take an example from the writings of a master sceptic, to show how, in spite even of an apparent intention to make mock of the failure of the good and unselfish man, and of the utterly impracticable nature of his ideal, a kind of homage is yet paid to the ideal and to its votary, and through them to the source of their inspiration.

Readers of Voltaire's *Candide* will recall the figure of the Anabaptist Jacques, the upright and unselfish man who perishes in spite of all his trust in overruling good. Voltaire in picturing his death would appear to be casting scorn upon a complacent view of a universe where such a thing might happen again and again, and as far as any practical teaching goes he would seem merely to point out that righteousness and faith may be not only unavailing to ward off calamity, but may actually bring it upon those who make such a standard their sole guide. And yet, even as you read, you feel how much nobler and better it is to perish like Jacques, with the unswerving faith of a good man, than to live on contentedly digging one's garden and enjoying its fruits in selfish peace. And however much we may be conscious that in the moment of trial, face to face with mortal peril, we ourselves might swerve aside, might hesitate and fail, we yet know that if we could make our choice in a cool hour, reviewing calmly what we ought to do, and what we would do if we could be true to the best that is in us, we should choose the honourable failure of the good man rather than the success of the bad. In itself we know it to be better, apart from all thought of consequence. And in practice we know how in the presence of the loveliness of an unselfish act all lower thoughts of pleasure and of profit fade away.

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Face to face with the enduring ideal that shines forth from the good deed, all lower ideals shrivel and sink into nothingness. Even truer is this of goodness made real to us in personality, and here it is that those who call themselves Christians may find the keystone to the continual self-revelation of God to man, in that supreme revelation of the Divine nature in the unique personality of Jesus, which for the Church is the centre of inspiration and the explanation of the light which shines in all other lives.

And as we all unite in reverencing the good and unselfish spirit, wherever it manifests itself in human lives, so too we need to reverence everywhere the search after Truth, and the service of Truth for its own sake. Surely one of the most helpful signs of our age is found in this increasing recognition of spiritual kinship between seekers after Truth of most divergent creed; and not the least of the benefits of the Higher Criticism, and the problems with which the minds of men have been confronted through the advance of science, has been that in the readjustment of thought and life which is going on all about us, men have grown aware that they are not fighting their battles alone, but that far and near are kindred spirits going through a like struggle, and even that those whom they had fancied foemen were really their allies. This is the beginning of a movement wider and deeper than the so-called religious controversies which embitter the surface of our political life, the prelude to a new and wider Catholicism of the spirit, in which all the servants of Truth and of humanity may unite without sacrifice of conviction in a sense of true brotherhood. Something of this underlying unity is recognised both in the supreme moments of our individual lives and in great times of national crisis, such as come in the birth-pangs of a new movement or the brave endeavour to stem some rising tide of evil. Thus it came about that in the great uprising of German democracy in 1848, the colours which symbolised the

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new hopes of the people were often consecrated by a public religious ceremony in which all faiths united, and in the little Bavarian town of Fürth the Jewish Rabbi, as representing the smallest denomination of the town, was by common consent chosen to perform the ceremony. But we do not need to go so far back or to such a distant place to find instances of the way in which men of varying creed have found themselves uniting with those who are opposed to all forms of religion in defence of some common cause, inspired by some uniting ideal, though but dimly realised. Here, surely, is the true test of that which is Catholic, the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, which the dogmas of theology can but imperfectly explain, but which is realised even now by all who seek to serve wholeheartedly the truth, and therefore, too, their fellow-men.

There remains still one practical question to be faced. If we recognise that the good finds expression in various ways, that men in act and thought alike must differ from each other, although the inner source of their spiritual life may be the same, are we to abandon the endeavour to find some intellectual synthesis of their divergent ideals? Must we cease to attempt to express in terms of thought that which we recognise as transcending all human thought and, much more, our imperfect language? Surely this would be a mistake. Though not only for our own lives, but for the whole life of humanity upon the earth, it should prove that our processes of creed-building and church-making are necessarily imperfect, we must still for ever strive to express in thought and in act the life of the spirit, which grows and deepens as it is faithfully expressed. Creed and deed alike, we feel, are but the raiment of the life; they fade and are outgrown, yet they are not to be fiercely torn to pieces or lightly thrown aside. Even though we may never hope to be able to explain to ourselves or to others the common basis of our ethical ideals and of our religious life, we must

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never cease to try to find some explanation and to give what expression to it we can.

The vision of truth that we have now, our intellectual expression of our relationship to the world and of our duty in it, is, we recognise, imperfect : it is no key to the universe, to unlock every mystery for us, still less for others ; but it may prove a sufficient lamp, and one whose rays grow ever brighter, to light our footsteps onward : or (to change the metaphor) it may be a clue to the great labyrinth about us which may be of use to others besides ourselves, though some may come to the goal by a very different way. Certainly the experience of all the great mystics would seem to show that as we ascend the heavenly mountain one from one side, one from another, our paths draw nearer to each other, and so across the night between, let us listen to our fellow-pilgrims' voices, and realise that some day we shall meet face to face.

IMAGINATION AND EDUCATION IN CHILDHOOD.

By J. A. DALE.

THE period is rapidly passing when nearly all the energy and thought available for educational politics is spent on building a system. We founded a system of universal education with very inadequate ideas on the three principal problems—what to teach, how to teach it, and how to get teachers. The system as years went on, whatever its success, bred discontent and disappointment, hopes too easily entertained fading before the inevitable pressure of facts. The choice of subjects had seemed obvious, the way to teach clear, and the pupil-teacher system to offer a cheap and easy supply of teachers. But the result was poor, and detractors of education abounded. Then the more careful watchers of social development began to question the system itself. Was it not hurriedly chosen? Were not the eyes fixed too much upon the system, too little on the product, and still less on the material, the growing child? In the schools there was going on (with little encouragement at first) much hopeful experimenting: so that we get at last a re-discussion of our ideals which is one of the most striking educational movements of to-day. The point reached is much the same as that in industrial thought. Material progress also absorbed all the available energy of men who could not pause to count the cost and real nature of the progress. But now it is being realised that the old insistent problems were only overshadowed for a time, while unnoticed new ones were being created. For example, material progress has not lightened the problem of poverty, while it leaves an increasing burden of unemployment,

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of crowded towns and empty countryside. So too with our schools. Thus the question comes to be put in all seriousness (in Ruskin's words) whether we had not better set about the manufacture of good human souls. The moment of doubt and question is the awakening of the educational conscience. There comes a moment to most teachers when they wonder if their work is good or whether it is wasted : do we not, they seem to say, labour to cut a channel only to find the stream take at last an easier way? They agree that the final test is the effect of their teaching on the lives of their pupils. Are they making good citizens? Are there better ways? It is not yet a commonplace of local politics that the teacher is more than the school, and harder to get, and worth more expense in the getting. But as the problem of the provision of schools approaches solution, that of the provision of teachers approaches the field of practical politics. It is as though Saint George needed for his prowess the stimulating certainty that his foe was a real dragon. Meanwhile the problem of what to teach and how to teach it is being perpetually discussed and experimented upon, with good results and better promise.

There is one fact upon which the pressure of all these questions is concentrating earnest attention : the fact that our schools do not—perhaps for the majority of children—give a fair preparation for life. The problem has often been dealt with in these pages, from the points of view both of education and unemployment. The concentration of doubt upon this point focuses for modern educational science its most vital problem. We do not seem, in the majority, to inspire any real interest in the subjects we teach them, or only an interest that dies at the school gates. And if we take refuge in the thought that we have all the while been moulding character, we are still forced to admit of this majority that they leave school without any real impulse at all, even towards evil, but drift

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rudderless among currents which lead to an unknown port, or over unsuspected rocks.

It is this lack of impulse we are concerned with here, and from the teacher's point of view. There is plenty of impulse in boyhood, as we know to our cost in school. We want to preserve it, and train it to persevere through school, and survive the removal of school discipline; to enlist the native force of youth on our side instead of crushing it in a weary and unprofitable war. The teacher is generally (if he is worth his salt) saved by the instant business of his profession; and however discontented, yet has his reward and "knows his piecemeal gain is gold." But that discontent makes him more open to all that promises fresh power: he will avail himself of the studies of psychologists who have investigated the process of development, and improve his methods to get a working alliance with that natural force. In considering the promise that lies within the scope of a teacher's power we shall always remember with Carlyle that the only education is the contact of living spirit with living spirit. The child's mind, said a Roman teacher, is not a vessel to be filled, but a hearth to be kindled. What a fine saying! Not a fire merely, but a hearth to kindle, keep bright or leave dull—whose fire comes from the most sacred home-places, in whose genial power burns the hope of our race.

There are few sources of power to compare with the magnetic attraction of a goal clearly realised and a course that visibly leads to it. Few things more surely dry up the springs of power than mechanic, aimless grind, clouded by uncertainty as to whether the work is not wasted after all. To gain and hold the interest of others one must be widely and deeply interested and so a conductor of interest. The teacher must learn from the propagandist and business man alike, while recognising the limitations of their method and aim. In his case there is not much danger of too great width of interest,

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for his energies will be focused in their application by the sheer exigencies of his profession. It is the opposite danger that is deadly.

Since Fröbel and Herbart taught us we have looked with a new eye on the activities of children ; and the new science of psychology has flooded them with new meaning and infinite suggestion. The centre of attention so far as school is concerned is shifted from the subject-matter to the child. There is no longer the list of subjects fixed by prescription ; there is a child nature to study and develop—what subjects will best do that ? So the childish activities pass from the outer courts to the throne, and add authority to their delight.

Our simple childhood sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.

Play is studied and its value recognised, not (as is urged against "soft pedagogy") because it is not work, but because it is spontaneous—there is power behind it, and power that spends itself in learning. There is in it then the very element we most need and too often miss : the impulse which, if we could only continue it, might carry a lad over neglected and troubled years after school on to firm ground in maturity. The adult who still remains a learner (I mean keeps himself definitely and systematically learning), or who remembers his schooldays and sees them without glamour or antipathy, knows that in what he learns best there are two elements—the discipline of work and the impulse of pleasure. And he knows that the latter is the primary one. A carefully charted course is no good without the wind. So we turn with a new eye to the study of natural activities and the development of mental processes.

Play grows insensibly out of the instinct of imitation—from the blind impulses which gave the body birth and urged it to follow in the path of its ancestry. The workings of this in-

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instinct show growth and pleasure beautifully mingled ; the exercises of body and mind in preparation for maturer life being full of joy. As the mind grows, imagination blends with imitation, and gives to the play of children at once its fascination and its meaning. It has thus two sides, which may be called acquisition and recreation, corresponding (so far as distinction may be drawn between the interlacing functions of a living organism) to technique and imagination in art. Study of the imaginative play of a child shows that it contains a balance of affirmation and negation. The child is not deceiving himself. His mind is full of the new realities, and loves to play with them, and test them by previous experience. His play is full of tentative explanations of things. But the bit of rag that has to play the part of pet rabbit, never in the tenderest moment of anxious care is allowed to usurp the place of the real pet. The critical knowledge is always there. He will describe to you in minute detail all the actions of the apparently stolid lump, and even weep if you are unsympathetic or if you pinch it. But he can always say with perfect ease, "It's a duster now," and begin vigorously to scrub the floor with it. The affirmation or self-suggestion, "*It is a rabbit,*" is a kind of practice, and obviously a pleasurable exercise : but never without the negation. In any case doubt would arise very early in the development of the senses, and adjustment follow. There is a sane ground for the common fear of the imaginative faculty in children, but there is more hope in its culture and control. Some abnormal children do apparently deceive themselves ; more practice upon their elders (and find them gullible) ; but many if not most child-liars are, I believe, taught by misguided elders. The great source of deliberate lying is undoubtedly concealment, some form of deceit. And possibly there is danger in the habit of embellishing stories. Who that is old and irreproachable can easily resist the good story that calls for the finishing touch to make it a work of

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art? It has often been noticed how like (superficially) are the fancies of children to the delusions of the insane. It does not follow that the imaginative side should be choked as immoral or as a prelude of insanity. It does follow that it should be fed by a constant supply of true impressions, and the critical side fostered by constant testing and comparison with reality. One regular feature specially marks this earliest stage as mythic—the delight in giving life to the lifeless, which begins in failure to recognise the distinction. The mythic stage passes rapidly into the more elaborate romancing stage, expanding its uses but not abating its pleasure. The love of stories increases in some to tell, in some to hear, and in all to feel. For stories, while quite realised on reflection to be untrue, call up the appropriate emotions. No doubt the feeling is as crude as the art, but it is as true. They begin a school of the emotions continued for the adult by an art of fiction often less crude, and not always calling up a feeling more true. For both the safeguard lies in healthy practical outlet for the emotions—in active sympathy. It is the 'prentice time of imaginative creation and sympathy, and it seems probable that an invention at once fertile and healthy is a rich promise of development.

The intellectual side is not lost even in romancing, for experiment is being made with the arranging of memories on plans laid down by the will, and the criticism that comes from comparison with facts is seldom long absent. In fact, play is the child's imaginative world, and exhibits the range of appreciation with which we are familiar in ourselves. At the one end is the start of joy that thrills us at the instant recognition of something that touches us as really beautiful. If this is called forth in us from our own thoughts and the world about us, it is what we call the inspiration of genius—a sudden ray from the stablest pleasures of the race, treasured up since first a man felt the beauty and awe of nature

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in the world or in his fellows. The man of genius has this access. There are few who with pain and guidance cannot follow him, and rejoice less in his work than in his vision ; sharing it in a real sense, for we too are of that selfsame human spirit—

As one spring wind unbinds the mountain snow
And comforts violets in their hermitage.

Pleasure, then, has in its being a unifying touch, however indefinable, of recognition, which increases its impulsive power. It is like a sudden turn which gains a road that feels familiar. Some men (perhaps not many) have been conscious of a sense of memory in some strange thrills of boyhood, and it has become very familiar in some poets and philosophers. But most who are conscious of any source at all, feel only the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. The other end of the range is the critic's reasoned judgment—the slow reward of faithful labour. Well worth winning though this be even with pains, it is more essential that the spontaneous start of joy should be there first. For however pretentious the criticism, the eye of the artist, fixed with childlike clearness on the reality of which the critic talks, is not to be deceived. Like Hans Andersen's little boy, his eye is not blinded by praise (or dispraise) of the Emperor's clothes : he says with absolute certainty, "But he has nothing on !" Coleridge's account of the prerogative of genius comes back to my mind—"to carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood."

These two phases fall into endless varieties of more or less stable balance—impulse and inhibition, affirmation and criticism, swinging like a pulse in all human activity. In normal sane conditions they cannot be separated. They unite in the highest achievements of mind, when thought harnesses imagination, and imagination inspires thought. The former is nearer to the supply of material, working with the fresh sensations and their

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memories : the latter abstracts from them symbols for a new and mighty language. There is a real danger in their divorce. The charge that knowledge destroys pleasure is met, and well met, by the claim that it adds to it. We no longer drink confusion to Newton nor curse science for spoiling the rainbow : they have brought us new and high beauties for our pleasure and awe, and we look into a land of enchantment far more glorious than that same poet's hero gazed upon in silence from the peak in Darien. The imaginative pleasure in the presence of nature is the vital motive power. Without it a science may become abstract and acquire new meaning and power in a different sphere, and so light upon a new imaginative pleasure of its own. But the effect of the divorce upon criticism professing to deal with things whose appeal is to the imagination, is to cut it off from the springs of life, and make it incapable of communicating life. Probably most of us have been taught subjects whose very essence lies in this appeal, without any suggestion of it, e.g. we have been taught Clarendon Press notes when the subject was Shakspeare. It is true that the sense of beauty is not early developed, for it is one of the surest marks of natural aristocracy ; and it would be a telling argument if the failure of this teaching did not belie it and suggest a better way. Such teaching carries no torch from the altar-fire to the hearth.

Early childhood, then, is a kingdom of imagination. But behind the play, the rigmarole, and the ceaseless question, we discern the beginnings of organising power. There are queer little ventures at explanations of the little child-world within its narrow horizon under its tiny span of sky. A world not yet organised under the orderly conceptions of maturity, but a kind of stream, perpetually passing and repassing fixed points in a panorama whose clear outlines fade from the mind almost as soon as from the eyes : beginning to recognise and remember these points and so to come into possession of a self. Some-

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thing must be said of the supply of material for this rapidly growing, imaginative mind, that breaks every moment some transitory limit. It has already been said that this supply must for real health mainly consist of natural images, coloured by right feelings. This does not for a moment confine the child's training to nature study or exclude fairy stories and the like. On the contrary, while there must be the constant contact with the things of nature, and an outlet for right feelings, the imagination is free to combine and recombine as it will : learning, by this very freedom and the inevitable comparison with the actual course of events, how to understand the world and adapt itself to its pressure. There is no need for the child's stories, for example, to be true in the sense of reproducing the actual state of things (which the parents have but imperfectly learnt with all their experience to recognise). But they must be in the right feeling tone : i.e. true to the child's best feeling and aiding him in his right development. They need not, then, be moral in the sense of teaching goodness—perhaps they may even be as “bluggy” as you will, for “blugginess” is one of the as yet unrelated things ; its only meaning is one of pleasurable vigour. But it must avoid teaching badness : above all, deceit in every form, which I take to be the most dangerous symptom of the early years of childhood and the most prolific parent of after sins.

Or to take another example, it is no good basing moral teaching on copy-book maxims which depend for their value on adult experience, and are, moreover, never more than half-truths, and almost always soiled with cynicism, such as the most popular of them all—“Honesty is the best policy.” “Be just before you are generous,” says another. But what have children to do with justice ? To be just is to assign moral values and deal out relative treatment—to judge, in a word. As for policy, it is a somewhat pathetic reward of middle age—one of the walls of that prison house which

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Wordsworth saw closing round the growing boy. Policy and justice are part of the salutary discipline of a good home ; but to teach them is to risk our chance of getting honesty and generosity. So far as they are subjects of teaching at all apart from example and discipline, we must teach to temper mercy with justice, and leave to the authority of the grown man the task of tempering justice with mercy. Justice and policy are prudent guardians ; sympathy, imagination, are the very life they guard.

So it is with education. Guidance is useless with no impulse to guide, and we can only get the best by bringing out the best and strongest forward impulses. Of these there is none like imagination. Guided by disciplined will, it urges all high forms of human activity. And "when it stoops, it stoops with the like wing." For it lifted fledgling feathers in the play of little children.

CLEAR WATERS.

By BASIL DE SELINCOURT.

IF there were anything in the world more fascinating than water, it would, I suppose, be fire. I often wonder which is really the more alluring of the two. One of my earliest, most consecrated memories—ranking with the aroma of the old poultry-yard surrounded by a barn and loose-boxes, where the family pony was stabled and my elder brothers bred their rabbits—is of a yearly present made by a very stern, much dreaded grandmama to my younger brother and myself. What their size, or shape, or colour was, I have not the faintest recollection. I can vouch for nothing more than that water came out of their spouts. That was enough. Neither of us, at that date, had the least trace of horticultural instinct: the fascination of the watering-cans had no reference whatever to the uses to which watering-cans are familiarly put. It is chiefly connected in my mind with a cinder-track in one of the least frequented corners of the estate; this was about fifty yards in length, and starting from a point somewhere beyond the stable-yard already mentioned, led to one of the under gardeners' cottages. There was a tap and small cistern at the stable end of it, into which you could conveniently dip your can; and by the time you had watered as far as the cottage porch, the part where you began was dry again. No one to my knowledge made any regular use of the path, to which, needless to add, our watering did neither harm nor good. The only temptation we had to this mode of employment was some peculiar fascination in the employment itself. And I suppose the fascination lay in this—that there was nothing to think of but the water,

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nothing to watch but the delicious way in which the water would behave. The spell is almost as potent in my mind now as it was then. The room I write in has an attic ceiling, and, one of the windows being set high, a gutter-pipe runs under it to communicate with a rain-water cistern housed under the roof of an adjacent shed. In wet weather this gutter-pipe is at once a solace and a temptation to me. To climb on a side table and watch the stream of water slipping by, to estimate its pace by the behaviour of the coal smuts that it brings along, some stranded, some heedlessly overcoming all obstacles and bobbing away in triumph round the corner, this is an occupation far more engrossing to me than my work. But, after cans and the cinder-track, and not to count the annual family migration to the sea, the chief water-experience that I remember vividly belongs with an early day in Cambridge—when the head master of our preparatory school, himself a Cambridge man, took his half-dozen sixth-form boys there, and I had the good luck to be one of them. I believe we saw the “backs”; but all I knew about Cambridge for many years afterwards was that it was a magic city in which streams of fresh water ran perennially each side of the road; and I have never since been able to think a brook quite perfect unless it ran—as in Devonshire one may so often see them running—by the roadside. The same sight is to be seen in Paris every morning when they flush the gutters, and a very lovely sight it is; while the low sunlight streams between the lofty houses, and the silence of the city is emphasised by the sharp fall of a horse’s hoofs upon the asphalt or the sudden cracking of a whip. It will be worth your while, next time you go there, to peer cautiously out of your bedroom window, and observe the clear, crisp, intricately braided rivulet, as it dances under the pavement edge, moulded by the rhythmical throb of joy its swift course gives it into a long coil of plaited silver, ready to become gold if the sun should strike it, or steel where some deeper shadow falls. Long before you have seen

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as much of it as you would like to see, the man with the big broom will come along and sweep it all away.

It is a matter of some grief to me that there is no stream in our district worth calling a stream. The Evenlode winds to and fro in the meadows below the house, with the Great Western Railway on the top of it ; but it is a flat, sulky creature in these parts, in temperament more like a drain than a stream, its banks trodden in by cattle, and armies of dingy rushes lifting themselves forlornly from its oozy bed, beautiful only when the floods expand it into a smiling lake. The perfect stream, I think, should be swift, yet almost silent, and its water so clear as to strike you, not as by the absence of pollution, but as by the presence of a living, purifying force. There are few such streams left now in England, and indeed I had begun to think my imagination of one was some foolish relic of child's dreaming, until, the other day, I saw for the first time the Coln at Bibury, broad, swift, silent (except for, now and then, a murmur or loving chuckle of suppressed delight), and "lucid as dew." We were only about half an hour beside it, yet the impression of beauty was so unique that already it is associated in my memory with impossibilities and dreams, reminding me of my first impression of a stream as I took it from Charles Kingsley's descriptions in *Water Babies* when I was a boy. For, added to the strength and beauty of the stream itself, there was the indescribable marvel of its tributary spring, a little bit of Coln (two million gallons of water every day) that rose noiselessly from a deep brown rocky pool in the inn garden and flowed over a strip of bright green waving carpet and under the bridge to join the green-carpeted river. In a world where such things happen, one does not see why other things should not happen too ; for instance, why the men who live in it should not discover that purity of air and water gives them a value above gold, because it enables them to proclaim their kinship with the renovating spirit of joy, which is the spirit of life itself.

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Pure water would ordinarily be taken to mean water in which fish do not die. But that is not what I mean by it here. Of course it is desirable we should keep all our rivers as clean as we can, and the discharge of sewage or of any kind of refuse into a river would, if we had our wits about us, be punishable by law. But it is probable that navigated rivers, however carefully we treated them, though they might be kept clean, could never be means of giving the spiritual pleasure obtainable from pure water or pure sky. This pleasure depends upon the absence of so much as the suspicion of any taint. There is nothing fantastic or recondite about it; it is not an artist's or an æsthete's whim. Every housewife will understand my meaning and endorse it. It is not enough for any one who takes a proper pleasure and pride in the appearance of the room they sit in to be able to say of it that it is not dirty. What is aimed at is a kind of cleanliness only to be described as active; the light diffused and playing over a hundred objects; and each, as it kindles in it or reflects it or rests under it, giving to the eye a true note of colour unalloyed, summoning to the mind that happy invigoration which only the associations of decency and order can produce. Everything in nature, if you let it alone, assumes this condition of active cleanliness spontaneously. The common cabbages heaped in dirty baskets at the greengrocer's in a side street in town wore, while they grew, a bloom as delicate and beautiful as the bloom on a ripe plum, and morning after morning the dew lay in their hollow leaves like quicksilver. And the joy we feel in going into the country is, if only we would recognise it, less dependent upon the scenery we find there than upon the universal presence, the presence only unacknowledged because it is universal, of this living cleanliness, this self-assertive principle of beauty and order. I well remember a visit I once paid to the lovely ruins of Bolton Abbey with friends who were at that time living in Bradford. They were accustomed, of course, to sweep the smuts from their drawing-

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room table three times in a day, and, by contrast, the meadows around Bolton shone like pure emerald to their eyes: they were charmed with the transparent waters of what was once the Wharfe, and observed that if you forgot the horizon and looked only at the sky above you, you might still call it blue. For my part I would rather have remained in Bradford. The foggy air assumes in cities a certain dignity of menace, and the top of a chimney under which five hundred tons of coal are burned in the day is something in itself to watch and think of. But, as the smoke diffuses itself over the country-side, it loses character and is recognisable only as an all-pervasive suffocating blight. The scenery round Bolton, if I remember rightly, is as yet untouched; the trees, of course, are a mournful spectacle; but the outline of the hills has not been broken, and the curving course of the river through that rich pastoral valley is as beautiful now as when Wordsworth or when Turner saw and worshipped it. But whatever joy there once was in these things has been sacrificed in the name of riches and of Empire; and I am not here concerned to ask whether the change is for the worse or for the better; I merely note the fact that all exhilaration of natural life is gone from them, and their true quality as completely veiled and hidden as that of the State rooms at Windsor the day the chimneys are to be swept. In my short half-hour by the Coln at Bibury, I could not help reverting in mind to this earlier vision of the Wharfe flowing in desolation under that dingy sky, and wondered how many years would pass before the Coln must be its companion in affliction. Bring only half a dozen paper mills and their attendant cottages, and the Coln ceases to be a river and enters service as a commercial drain. Why the mills are not there is a mystery. But perhaps as they have not come yet they never will. Those good fairies Charles Kingsley wrote of must still be in attendance. Heaven help them! for there is hope that with perseverance they may tide over an evil time

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and keep the Coln in its unsullied loveliness for ever, a trust for the few, soon to be the many, who love such things and have learned what they are worth.

But beginning with the idea of the charm of water for its own sake, I have strayed away to the consideration of its purity, the value and the charm of that. In a sense the two things are the same. One might almost say that dirty water is not water at all, just as a top hat, if you cease to brush it, is a top hat no more; it has become a different, an altogether nameless article. However, I wanted, when I began, not only to speak of the fascinating power of water, but if possible to explain the fascination of it. The connection with fire suggested earlier seems to give a clue, which the contrast with earth and air may enable us to follow out. The air is perpetually playing all kinds of alluring pranks, but what they are is only to be guessed at or imagined from their results. In my front garden, for instance, its habit is to pick up all the lighter rubbish, dead leaves, feathers, straws, etc., and deposit them in a heap upon the mat. This mat must be the centre of a delightful whirlpool, if only one could watch it: and occasionally when leaves enough have been collected you may see them go round in a ring, as if an invisible kitten were chasing its visible tail; for of course the movements of the air itself must be far more delicate and beautiful. What a dull business it would be to watch the waves break if you could see no water, but only the stones that it caught up and threw on the beach! As for the earth, it is too patient and seems too lazy to claim peculiar attention; it is as a matter of fact always hard at work, as every gardener knows: but you will only penetrate to its secrets by a slow process of gleaning, a gradual accumulating of knowledge by observation: it has no power to make a display of them for your delight. How different fire! I only know one thing against it, only one point in which we must give water the lead: and that is that, for us poor human creatures, fire is an event.

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It is not a part of the natural order of things. If we lived on the sun it would be another matter. But here, before you can enjoy it, you must light it or have it lit : and unless you keep feeding it, it will go out. Whereas water, without asking any exertion on your part, remains always itself and operative everywhere ; it is always showing itself in one guise or another, rain or dew, or stream or stormy sea, and by its perpetual activity, and by the forms of beauty it assumes in this or that relation, calls upon you to observe the exquisite inter-adjustment of the forces, materials, events which we call Nature, and asks you to delight in them. And the joy of it consists, I suppose, simply in this, that it is a very common, very simple form of *reality*. Nothing exists that is not mysterious, inexplicable, that does not, however deeply you explore into it, entice you to still deeper depths : there is this infinity of wonder locked up in the smallest grain of sand. Everything also that exists is active : the sleepest, most solid, most resisting substances owe their solidity to the active force by which they hang together ; two teams of horses could not pull the life out of a common poker, or stretch it so much as the fraction of an inch, so tenacious is the grip of its component particles. But this activity which Nature conceals for the most part under an appearance of inertness, is the salient fact about water—*it moves*, and because it moves our eyes are drawn to it instinctively like the eyes of children to the light. It is not more beautiful or more mysterious than other things ; but by the charm of its visible changefulness it reminds us of the infinite perfectness of all, and becomes a key with which we may unlock the wonders of the world.

THE SPINNING WHEEL IN LIVERPOOL.

By W. T. PORTER.

ONE of the most commonly-urged objections to the teaching of Ruskin is that his theories are impracticable, and the realisation of his ideals impossible. It is freely admitted that his thoughts are very beautiful, but it is vehemently denied that his views of life are common sense. The man who glories in being "practical" asks with a satisfied feeling of final triumph in argument what this great energetic world would be like without its railways and steamboats, its tubes and tramcars, its telegraphs and telephones.

And if Ruskin is to be judged from the narrow limitations of present-day conditions it does, indeed, appear that he was out of key with his environment, producing discords at every touch, and persisting in the vain endeavour to obtain an ultimate harmony hopelessly impossible.

But criticism from this standpoint is utterly misleading. Ruskin was a teacher of the laws of life, and general principles of the conduct of life cannot be judged by their application to its superficial and accidental conditions during a restricted period, but to its essential permanent qualities during all time. The qualities which constitute Life itself are unchangeable; they are the same in the period of the steam whistle and factory chimney as in the period of the stage coach and spinning wheel, or in the period of the chariot and papyrus.

If to be practical is to be absorbed in the trivial details of a narrow experience, to see nothing beyond its cramping bounds, believe nothing beyond them, hope for nothing beyond them, Ruskin is *not* practical. But if to be practical is to do the work

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that demands to be done, and, while seeing possibilities hitherto undreamed of or unattempted, to do the humblest duty that lies nearest, then the man who marshalled an army of students into road-makers, washed the dirty stairs of his hotel, and terraced the barren hill-slopes into productive garden, is indisputably practical.

But what is of greater importance Ruskin was able to transmit his love of practical work to others, and in this way to multiply his noble efforts by the number of his faithful disciples. One of the most striking instances of this is furnished in the revival of the spinning wheel, the decline of which even so far back as a hundred years ago was sorrowfully observed by Wordsworth. The decline continued rapidly, until there was not, even in the remotest spots of England, any hand-spinning industry left, nor any place other than a lumber room or outhouse where the wheel could be seen.

It is now more than twenty years since Miss Twelves, of Keswick, whose name will always be associated with the revival, set herself to learn a lost art, and full of enthusiasm and faith began an industry which showed practical devotion to the teaching of Ruskin. Her first struggles are well known, and and we do not propose to dwell on them here, nor to relate the interesting story of the discovery of the old loom and its erection by the help of photographs of Giotto's panel. It need but be mentioned that the success of the Ruskin Linen Industry was attained only after very patient labour and brave battling with difficulty. The success is to-day firmly established, and in many an out-of-the-way dale in the charming Lake District of England the murmur of the wheel may again be heard, together with those "thousand blended notes" which inspired so much of the best poetry of Wordsworth.

There is, however, a quite apparent and distinctly felt appropriateness in the spinning wheel in the country. The associa-

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tions in the past are of the country ; the silent winter evenings, the darkness illuminated only by moon and stars, the margin between labour and sleep seeming to invite to some such occupation as spinning ; all these rendered the reintroduction of the wheel easy and natural. Its introduction in the city is less apparently natural, and the less measure of success which has attended it is in accordance with what might have been expected. But that it has succeeded at all is remarkable, and there is reasonable hope of quite satisfactory extension. The ladies of the Liverpool Ruskin Society, trusting Ruskin's teaching that the joy of life is in its simplest duties and the pleasures arising out of them, have commenced a small spinning industry, and many ladies of the city are now finding that delight and restfulness in spinning which formerly was enjoyed only by their sisters in the least accessible rural districts.

The romance of the country revival was not a feature of the city extension, for the greatest difficulties had been overcome by Miss Twelves, who readily assisted the Liverpool Society with the knowledge she had gained, and when a serviceable thread had been spun on the Liverpool wheels had it woven on the loom at Keswick. But if there is less of the romantic in the story of the Liverpool spinning industry there is not less real interest ; for the experiment has proved the existence of sufficient kindred thought to promote extension, while had the environment been wholly hostile the movement could not have advanced beyond an individual enthusiasm.

In some respects the occupation of hand spinning is of greater advantage to town dwellers than to dwellers in rural districts. Life in the country is usually restful, and the evening labour is in perfect harmony with the labour of the day. But the strenuousness of city life makes great demands upon the nerve and brain of women as well as of men, and the fatigued mind and body require recreation. How futile are

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the recreations often resorted to is only too well known, and the result of them is but further exhaustion.

In the recreation of the spinning wheel there is entire change from the ordinary occupation of the city lady's daily task, and the hum of the wheel forms a soothing music, restful and helpful, delightfully soft and sweet, and not so loud as to drown the tick of the friendly old clock, or the voice of a companion reading a favourite author. Apart, however, from the value of spinning as a recreation is its practical value as useful labour. Good thread is spun on the Liverpool wheels, and the material gain is honest linen, produced under ideal conditions, and so durable as to be of service (it may fearlessly be predicted) to more than one generation.

It may be thought that work of this kind is likely to develop into a fad, and we are not incognisant of the danger. It is quite probable that many ladies will use the wheel as a drawing-room ornament rather than as an instrument of useful production ; but however this may be, the very substantial argument of quantities of sound linen actually made and marketable is sufficient proof that much real work is being done. We do not anticipate that the linen spun and woven by the ladies of Liverpool will supplant the linen of the great factories, and put machine-made embroidery out of date ; but results already attained certainly justify the hope that hand industry will become more popular, and home-spun linen more a source of right domestic pride, than it has been for a hundred years. Even at present the success is sufficient to have induced a Liverpool carpenter to make wheels, and with further extension further similar developments may be expected.

Nor is the spinning confined to the ladies of the Liverpool Ruskin Society, or to the artistic section of the city. Through the instrumentality of Miss Scott, a member of the Society, blind girls have been taught to spin, and while a pleasure has thus been added to the too limited range of their enjoyment,

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they have also been placed in possession of a power which assists them to earn their living.*

The interest taken in this work has led to the discovery of individual efforts of others, and in different suburbs ladies have been found engaged in this pleasant employment, unassociated with any society or organisation. Some have overcome their difficulties unaided, and one lady has had her need of a loom supplied by her son, a boy of twelve, who, with that youthful energy which in so many boys is applied entirely to sport, succeeded in making, first a small loom, and afterwards one upon which a large web can be satisfactorily woven.

Not only does such work produce a useful thing, but it also gives to those engaged upon it the wholesome enjoyment of seeing a useful thing called into being by the exercise of the combined faculties of hand, heart, and head, and while fulfilling all that is best in the uses of recreation, supplies in addition an article adapted to human need.

We would not be considered to exaggerate foolishly the importance of this simple effort to revive a worthy industry, but we do claim that by providing for the fingers restful exercise, and for the mind a sphere in which creative art may effectively operate, the tendency of the hand industry is to restore joy in labour and to banish desire for unwholesome forms of amusement.

It is the expression in one definite direction of that nobler spirit which the careful observer sees reanimating life in so many other directions, of which such enterprises as the Garden City movement, "simpler life" experiments, and all forms of newly awakened interest in rural beauty and rural industry are amongst the most conspicuous of its evidences. It is a spirit of revolt against artificial life, with its interminable com-

* Correspondence on this subject will be welcomed by Miss Scott, whose address is Atholfeld, Cressington Park, Liverpool.

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plexities resulting in the present disastrous extremes of idle luxury and unblessed poverty ; against the art which reflects this life so perfectly, and against the literature which satisfies its need ; it is a spirit making for that simplicity in human relationships which will produce helpful intercourse between man and man in the full knowledge of mutual interdependence ; a spirit delighting in all gentle life and all beautiful work, which will assuredly create an art to worthily represent it, and a literature to nourish it, when its material manifestations become a more general inspiration of artist and author.

As a creator of the sphere in which this spirit finds a kindly environment for its activity, Ruskin is justly honoured and beloved, and it is to the students of his writings, whether grouped in societies which bear his name or working individually as best they may, that we look for the most willing obedience to the rising light, and for the most loyal co-operation in beautifying and beatifying the life around them.

LUXURY.*

By D. H. MACGREGOR.

MR. URWICK has set himself in this book the task of putting into popular form an argument that is both economic and moral. In the end, he takes us beyond these two standards of judgment, and bases his results on spiritual or idealistic considerations. It is always difficult to intermix the positive deductions of economics with the regulative ideals of morality; but this book has succeeded well in at least showing the breadth of the question of right expenditure. The study, both positive and judicial, of consumption is the branch of social study upon which least has been done; when so much is being said about fair trade, and the duty of the producer, it is well to be reminded that it is the consumer who, in the end, controls the producer; and that the best way to have a supply of the things which have greatest "vital value" is to have a healthy demand for them.

Luxury, in the author's view, always implies the idea of an *excess*. How are we to determine this more exactly? Most people feel that, though excessive expenditure is common, the social grades are so various, and the conventional demands in each grade so different, that we can speak of excessive expenditure only when it is paraded in strong cases of wanton waste. Mr. Urwick, however, fixes a standard that is national, and not relative to classes. He takes the average income per family at any time, and defines luxury as the outlay upon one's own family of all sums in excess of this average. This is not the whole of the definition, but it is the basis of it. The importance which is to be attached to luxury or waste will

* *Luxury and Waste of Life*. By E. J. Urwick. London: Dent and Co. 1908.

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be measured to some extent by the amount of deviation from this average. The objections which at once suggest themselves to this novel method of obtaining a standard are partly met when Mr. Urwick points out that, thus far, no ethical judgment is implied ; we are merely defining luxury, leaving the question of its effect for further examination. Nevertheless, I do not think the basis is the best that could be chosen ; and, in his subsequent argument, Mr. Urwick often forgets the artificial nature of his starting point.

It is, in fact, in the discussion of two other aspects of the question that Mr. Urwick's book is of most value. Luxury implies not only expenditure beyond a certain point (this broad idea being perhaps better than any given figure), but also personal *consumption of goods and services* beyond a certain point, as well as *satisfaction of wants* beyond a certain point. These two notions are meant to bring out how, in all expenditure, there is involved a demand for a certain use of the powers of nature and of other persons ; a demand which, looked at in this light, becomes a responsibility on those who can make the labour of mankind productive or the contrary. Through the direction of our demand we have power over the value of personality. The other implied notion, that of *satisfaction of wants*, is meant to show, on psychological grounds, how beyond a certain point we cease to obtain the same amount of pleasure from our own consumption ; so that, to any thoughtful person, the duty becomes apparent to transfer the power of consumption to those whose demand is further from the point of satiety. While agreeing broadly with these two aspects of the problem of expenditure, I may be allowed to suggest a reconsideration of some of the remarks on the psychological argument ; it is not easy, except for the very largest incomes, to make the law of Diminishing Return valid for *all commodities*. It is valid for any one commodity ; but a nobleman who is sated with the necessities of life may derive more pleasure from a new luxury

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than would a poor man from an additional power to buy necessities.

Mr. Urwick's criticism of the *effects* of luxury, and of the various defences that have been made of it, is well put. His idea of "the economists" lays undue stress on the conservatism usually attributed to them; he would find, I think, that the ethic of consumption has been realised, though its full study has been handed over to the sociologists. Among the questions considered by Mr. Urwick are the effects of luxury in trade—the old problem whether luxurious expenditure is "good for trade" being well handled; the *exemplary* effect of luxury, and its effect on setting, so to speak, the social pace, and stimulating the desire to save, and raise the standard of life. Beneath the whole of the author's treatment of the economic argument there lies the view which he takes of the nature of capital, namely, that capital is a claim, and only a claim, on services and goods. At this time, when so much fallacy is traceable to ideas of capital as a store of wealth, hedged round in large fortunes, and kept out of the hands of the people, it is useful to have it insisted on that by no ingenuity can a capitalist keep his fortune out of public use; though he can, theoretically more than practically, direct the channels of investment. I think that this side of the economic argument might have been developed further; the amount of change which would be made if large fortunes stood in the name of the State, instead of in the names of certain individuals, in the books of banks, is much exaggerated.

The most interesting chapter in this book is that on the "Limits of Right Spending." Here we have to allow for differences in desert, occupation, status, and power of appreciation; all of these vary as individuals vary, so that in many cases we feel bound to sanction some degree of "luxurious" expenditure as, in the circumstances, natural and right and conducive to the best results.

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The practical question finally arises—How are individuals who, even allowing for the above considerations, have more than they can rightly use for themselves or their families, to transfer the surplus to others? Mr. Urwick discourages mere charity, and recalls the old Athenian example of the “liturgy,” by which rich citizens would present a ship of war to the State, or undertake at their own expense some public expenditure or duty. Large benefactions to Universities and so forth savour too much of patronage; it cannot be permitted to be the right of a few rich men to determine the educational system of a nation. They must, therefore, give their money to the public chest without conditions. I agree; but here again it seems to me that this is already done. Whatever a rich man does not spend on himself he leaves to his banker to invest according to the highest rate of interest, i.e. to the strongest public demand; although it must be admitted to Mr. Urwick that the best investments will often be made by giving the people the things which they do not want. Only when funds are in public hands, and free from the desire after the highest nominal rate of interest, will this direction of investment be fully possible.

As to the religious and spiritual results to which this study finally leads us, I must let the author speak for himself. “To those who accept the religious or spiritual conception of life, the arguments in this book are beside the point. There is no need to appeal to their social conscience; no need to urge them to give up part of their abundance to relieve the wants of others. What part can abundance play in the lives of those who care nothing for comfort, have no desire for dainties, need no diversity of passing interests to fill their lives?” “How can we amuse those who live in the presence of God? How by money increase the happiness of those who have found peace?”

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History of Freedom and Other Essays. Historical Essays and Studies. By Lord Acton. London: Macmillan and Co.

THESE are two of the most remarkable books we have read for a long time, at once in matter and in manner. The manner is singularly impressive; is mainly trenchant, suggestive, and weighty. But it is also enlivened by felicitous anecdote and telling epigram. In the preface there is a description of Lord Liverpool, the piquancy of which reaches a climax in the phrase, "His merit was his mediocrity. The secret of his policy was that he had none." He describes his former teacher, Döllinger, in the happy words, "He possessed no natural philosophy, and never acquired the emancipating habit which comes from the life spent in securing progress by shutting one's eyes to the past."

Lord Acton's style clearly enough reveals that he devoted much attention to the great Masters in the world of Letters. Among these influences we may learn, from these volumes, were Burke, George Eliot, and De Tocqueville. Perhaps one among other good results of this book will be an increased reverence for Burke, the builder up of the "Noblest Political Philosophy in the World." The suggestiveness of these volumes, even for those who are students of history, can hardly be over-estimated. The essays on the "Growth of Freedom," not least of all that on May's "Democracy in Europe," provide a wonderful amount of food for thought. As is the case with all richly stored minds, Lord Acton's sidelights are as interesting as the treatment of his main thesis. These two volumes are replete with passages of most illuminating character, e.g. on the contrast of Pagan and Christian ethics; the teaching of the Stoics, the large part

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played in political affairs by assassination, that persecutors from the sixteenth century onwards were sinning against light. Ever since that age there have been great champions of toleration pointing to the more excellent way.

It is, however, Lord Acton's general attitude towards the outstanding figures and events of history that give to these two volumes their supreme interest and distinction. This attitude must be expressed in his own striking language. "The inflexible integrity of the moral code is, to me, the secret of the authority, the dignity, and utility of history." This emphatic ethical view is consistently maintained, and conducts Lord Acton to some estimates of past events and their agents, which must prove very startling to his readers. A particularly instructive passage in this connection is his criticism on his own teacher's too lenient view (in his chapter on Döllinger) of some of the crimes, or would-be crimes of sovereigns. Lord Acton is a stern judge of crimes like these, and will allow of no palliation on the score of the difficulties which surround those in high places. And if the secular magnates do not escape his lash, neither do the spiritual leaders. Thus, too, condemnation of persecution in the religious sphere is reiterated and uncompromising.

These are books where profundity of learning is combined with a great earnestness of purpose. A. JAMSON SMITH.

Wages and Employment: Being Vol. II of "Work and Wages," by Professor S. J. Chapman, in continuation of Lord Brassey's "Work and Wages." Longmans.

THIS book is presented as the second instalment of "a report on the present aspects of certain problems connected with work and wages and the efficiency of labour." Its purpose is not chiefly that of original discussion; it aims rather at collecting the results, or the main

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points, of recent controversy, and at placing these alongside the broad outlines of historical development. It is, in fact, a comprehensive handbook of the labour questions of the day. Professor Chapman, who is responsible for the whole account, has devoted one introductory chapter to the "Analytical Groundwork" of the subject; except for this, the book appeals more to a popular audience than to the inquirer after scientific classification or new suggestions. It serves its main purpose well; those whose interest is stimulated by a broad outline of where the problems lie can follow these up by more special studies in the books and reports, of which abundant use has been made by Professor Chapman.

The questions covered by this volume are those of Labour Organisation, Trade Union Policy, Industrial Peace, Unemployment, and Workmen's Insurance; all of these are treated both historically and by comparison of their development in the chief industrial nations and colonies. To each chapter is appended a set of the national and foreign statistics which are of most use for informed views. This is, in fact, the most general judgment that can be passed on Professor Chapman's review: it is highly informing, without being deeply controversial.

On the "Analytical Groundwork" a few remarks may be offered. The constant use of the word "marginal" has been found necessary throughout the book, so that on the first page the meaning to be attached to this scientific term is stated. In my own view, there are very few places, if any, where it was necessary to introduce the word; since marginal wages mean only "the wages which are paid, the stock of labour being what it is." It will be unfortunate if it becomes a mark of economic wisdom never to use the words "price" or "wage" unless "marginal" precedes it in brackets. Further, Professor Chapman appears to me to use the word in the text of the first page in a sense different from that in the explanatory note; in the

former case he means "least efficient," which is the *popular* use of the word ; in the latter he means "value per unit at a certain quantity," which is the *scientific*, and quite independent, use.

The questions treated in this chapter are of great general interest. It is pointed out that the *types* of industrial structure have an important influence on such problems as the adaptability of industry to new changes with much or little suffering in the process. This, it is pointed out, is true not only of the structure of firms or factories, but, what is more important, of the nature of the training required for various occupations. If industry calls for high specialisation, we get non-competing groups of workmen with little mobility ; but if by a great development in factories of processes which call for general intelligence, the degree of distress in times of transition is much less. Again, the question is discussed whether, in view of broad influences, wages tend to be equal to the workmen's contribution to national wealth ; and this is answered in the affirmative for both manual and managing work. But this, it should be remembered, gives only a most qualified result ; it shows only that wages have a tendency to be equal to a man's net value to a certain employer under a certain industrial organisation ; and no "efficiency basis of wages" is proved, which does not consider how far that organisation itself is the most efficient under which men can be employed. On this point, an important observation is offered ; the complexity of modern organisation is so great that it has been held that no tendency ever has time to work itself out before it is upset by some shifting of the whole equilibrium ; but to this Professor Chapman replies that, on the contrary, what is amazing to-day is "not the inflexibility of society, but its remarkable sensitiveness and powers of adjusting itself speedily and delicately to varying conditions." This should be read in the light of the figures given later, which show an average rate of unemploy-

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ment among trade unionists in the United Kingdom for the decade 1895 to 1904 of 4·1 ; varying between a maximum of 8·2 and a minimum of 2·2. The reader may judge whether the capacity of society to use on an average 96 per cent of its skilled labour is adequate justification for the view just quoted.

The chapter on "Labour Organisation" is the least interesting. It is pointed out how trade unionism began in an economic socialism, or "industrial Chartism," but has gradually extricated itself from this alliance, until it is now a professional, rather than a political, movement. The history of the legal status of the Unions need not be retraced here. More interesting is the discussion on American conditions ; in a nation where the spirit of individualism is strong, where opportunity is great, and employers are made out of workmen ; where distances and varieties of life are so considerable, where nationalities are mixed, and the spirit of labour is restless, trade unions have prospered far less by comparison than in England.

As regards the policies adopted by trade unions, the decision given is on the whole favourable to the boycott of non-unionists ; since, where non-unionists are numerous, it is impossible to coerce them in this way, and the policy succeeds only if non-unionists are comparatively few, and the union strong enough to be tolerant. This is an opportunist answer to a question which is rather an ethical one ; but it is characteristic of all forms of industrial association, with whatever motive they have been entered on, to be forced in self-defence to use the boycott ; the reason being simply that all voluntary associations must have outsiders, and must compete, and can, as associations, employ exceptional methods. Allied to the boycott are the "union shop" and the "union label," of which other countries know more than England. Resistance to machinery still exists, but in a more veiled form than at first. Apprenticeship regulation, and fixed ratios of men to machine, are disappearing. The "lump of labour" fallacy is still popular.

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The automatic methods of keeping industrial peace, such as sliding scales, are becoming less common; though the iron trade still adheres to them. They have certain rough advantages, if revisions of the scale are frequent; but conditions change so fast and futures are so important, that a predetermined scale becomes cumbrous or unfair. The principle itself is questioned whether wages *ought* to vary with profits. "Only the propertied classes, and some workmen with large reserves," Schmoller is quoted as saying, "can endure such big variations." Excess wages become wastefully disbursed, while at depressed periods the standard of living is shaken. The less automatic, and more vigilant, methods of Conciliation and Arbitration are therefore gaining ground; and in the closing half of this chapter there is given a valuable resumé of the ground which is now held by boards and courts in various nations.

The chapter on "Unemployment" uses figures to show the effects of seasonal and cyclical fluctuations, and the degree to which age, and trade union restrictions, swell the percentages. The conclusion endorsed is that of Professor Marshall, that industrialism is not deteriorating in its capacity to absorb the available labour of the community. "The body of unemployed employable labour is never wholly dissolved"; the minimum is elsewhere given as about 2 per cent; "the cause is change, and what might be termed the 'time-lag' or 'reaction time' peculiar to economic readjustments. But it is not true that there exists in all states of trade a permanent army of capable unemployed people whose personnel over a short period remains comparatively unvaried." The discussion of the remedies for unemployment covers the ground of subsidised thrift, the distribution of public work, relief works, labour exchanges, and farm colonies; it is too detailed to be treated here.

In the last chapter, the German insurance system—"one of

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the most stupendous pieces of social legislation of this generation"—is discussed in all its aspects.

This thorough and judicious presentation of the economic tendencies of the day has still to be completed by a third volume dealing with "Social Betterment." We shall then have something of the nature of an expert and discursive summary of the social question at the opening of a new century.

D. H. M.

The School and the Child. By John Dewey. London: Blackie. 1908. 1s.

PROFESSOR FINDLAY has done well to make these essays of Professor Dewey accessible to English teachers and parents. Probably no living teacher has done as much to place the study of education on firm foundations as Dewey. Of great distinction as philosopher, he has made his peculiar place as pioneer and experimenter in the discovery of the best forms of education. He was inspired by the great German teachers before much was known of them in England; but far from reproducing their systems, he set to work with an experimental school, blending theory with practice. He was specially fitted to cope with this fundamental difficulty in the education of teachers. So many trainers have themselves been deficient in the philosophy of their subject, i.e. in its deep and true bearings upon other subjects—upon modes of life apparently unrelated; while so many philosophers have not realised what it is to have to handle a roomful of highly individualised human animals. Dewey had a further advantage often lacking to both these classes, namely, that he could command a vigorous and pleasing style. The combination of qualities has given well-deserved influence and success to his addresses to the parents of children attending his school—one of the best of all

educational works for general reading.* We hope this little book will have an even wider circulation, and help to induce a liberal consideration of the question "What shall we teach our children?"

Professor Findlay and his staff are themselves investigating the same problem experimentally in the Demonstration Schools founded in Manchester by the far-sighted beneficence of Mrs. Fielden. They are just publishing the first number of their Record (Manchester University Press, 1s. 6d.). It was a happy moment to choose for the reissue of Dewey's essays from the Record of his school at Chicago.

Thomas Godolphin Rooper: Select Writings, with a Memoir by R. G. Tatton. London: Blackie. 1907.

FEW careers offer so much opportunity for helpful influence as that of inspector of schools, and few for so much self-effacement. But as the value of school-work begins to dawn on a generation a little discontented with material progress, and a little less deceived by obvious and easy fame, attention begins to turn affectionate regard to the work of here and there a devoted, unadvertising empire-builder. Most had not heard of Rooper on his untimely death, but many felt with M. E. Sadler, who wrote:—

I have not yet been able to realise all that this means to England. It is a national loss: the value of his influence on the side of all that is right and high-minded in education was incalculable. For years he has been an inspirer of good work in hundreds and thousands of others. He never spoke a word about education without raising the issue to the highest plane, and nothing mean or self-seeking could hold up its head against his clear insight. Among all the forces which have been at work in education during these last critical years, I believe that few have been so potent and none more ennobling than his teaching and example.

* *The School and Society* (with a statement concerning the work of the University Elementary School). London: King. 6s.

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Mr. Tatton and other friends speak of the sense of completeness in Rooper's life ; his studies and enthusiasms seemed to find their right outlet in helpful and happy activity. It is natural that the words of such a man should be simple, wise, and bright. He had a great gift (it was often said) for making hard things seem easy—a gift the result of clear, steady thinking directed to simple, practical ends. He loved children, and spent himself freely for them. It is right to read on the memorial tablet in Southampton College "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.*" Reverence, wide-mindedness, practical usefulness marked his attitude and the goal of his ideal of education. His share in the stirring of educational thought was in keeping with his life and character. He could not attain the effect of Spencer's somewhat blustering pamphlet—possibly the most influential of all modern educational writings outside the actual practice of teaching ; but it may be doubted whether any modern writing has done so much to familiarise teachers with the best psychological thought—certainly none with such charm—as his *Pot of Green Feathers*. The strange title owes its origin to one of those moments of awakening so precious in the development of all who have children in their care—glimpses of fact unhidden by preconceptions of what a baby is ; of fact more beautiful and wonderful than the tenderest of the futile dreams in which the imaginations of mothers and poets sun themselves ; of fact equally hidden from the ecstatic and the unsympathetic. "A little girl, asked by her teacher to describe a pot of beautiful fresh ferns, said, 'It is a pot of green feathers.' Thereupon the teacher turned to me and said, 'Poor little thing ! She knows no better.' But I fell to thinking on the matter."

The subjects of the essays and addresses in this volume are their own evidence of his practicalness—manual training, geography, drawing in infant schools, object lessons, practical instruction in rural schools, methods of infant teaching, educa-

tion at home *v.* education at a public school, and so on. Here, too, is found his account of what is perhaps the most obvious monument to his memory, the institution of school gardens.

The Library Edition of Ruskin, Vols. XXXIII and XXXIV.
London: George Allen.

THESE volumes contain *The Bible of Amiens, Valle Crucis, The Art of England, The Pleasures of England, The Stormcloud of the Nineteenth Century, On the Old Road, and Arrows of the Chace*, with a large amount of subsidiary matter. The Introduction to Vol. XXXIII takes up the story of Ruskin's life where it was left in Vol. XXV (reviewed in these pages October, 1906, No. XXXVI). It covers years well illustrated by the character of the writings here collected—broken fragments of beautiful dreams of future work—quiet, strong work sometimes, but breaking down into almost helpless confusion—supplemented by the collections of casual work thrown off in earlier years. It is a story of convalescence blessed by “unnumbered sights of lovely things,” in which his joy was as keen and strong as ever, but harassed by “crowding thoughts”; days of “peace and storm” haunted by the contrast—“my strength half gone, my hope how changed!” Whenever his strength returned it found him as ever “jealous of every golden minute of every golden day.” With “more in my heart than I can write” he heard “the words of the Sybil for ever murmured in his ears—

Tu ne cede malis sed contra fortior ito.”

Mr. Cook has well noted how these two sides are reflected in his work.

Nothing is more striking . . . than the contrast between the easy serenity of style in the essays on subjects of art or nature, and the fulgorant, and at times somewhat ill-balanced, vehemence in those on politics or economics.

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It finds its most striking illustration in the change of subject for the last Oxford public lectures ; announced as the *Pleasures of Sense* and *Nonsense*, they were meant to be a violent attack on the atheism of science, and especially on vivisection ; but his friends, justly fearing the strain, persuaded him to substitute *Birds* and *Landscape*, which are described as being full of charm. Certainly the close of the lecture on *Protestantism* amply justified the fear and the intervention. There is a beautiful glimpse of Jowett's "watchful and almost tender courtesy" in these difficult days, and a beautiful picture of happy intervals of fruitful, busy travel with friends and assistants, or of quiet, busy rest at Brantwood under "Joanna's care."

"What shall I do with all my powers and havings still left?" His answer is a very chaos of plans, leaving him "trembling and nervous with too much on my mind—all pleasant." Most of these plans were beautiful and promising—none more than that of which the *Bible of Amiens* is a fragment, but a fragment whose discursiveness belied the promise of the long series, just as its beauty foretold their charm.

In successive volumes he was to deal with Verona, Rome, Pisa, Florence, Monastic Architecture of England and Wales, Chartres, Rouen, Lucerne, and Geneva. The titles selected for the volumes give tantalising foretaste of the glamour of historical association which Ruskin threw over his subjects [such as *Valle Crucis* for the monasteries of England and Wales, *Domrémy* for Rouen]. . . . The list is as of the chapters in Ruskin's life which comprise his deepest associations and fondest thoughts.

Against this we will set his deepest disappointment, when his University of Oxford refused (on the ground of debt) a small grant for a new drawing-school, and immediately made a large one for a vivisection school. So keenly did he feel the obvious contradiction of all that he stood for, that he resigned at once his Professorship and never went to Oxford again.

Two judgments upon Ruskin passed by very competent and unbiassed critics we quote, partly because of their intrinsic authority, partly because they came in reviews of the naturally disjointed *Arrows of the Chace*. The first is Mark Pattison's :—

Mr. Ruskin does but feel more keenly than the rest of us those evils which spoil and darken the wholesomeness and beauty of modern life. When the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together, there are some spirits who feel the anguish too acutely, and cry out in their noble rage that we have but to will it and the evil will disappear.

And this is W. E. Henley's :—

There is not a letter in the book of which it can be said that it is not interesting ; not one but is distinguished by some notable feature, as a touch of fine and pleasant wit, or a stout stroke of satire, or a piece of wisdom nobly thought and luminously phrased, or a passage of sonorous and splendid rhetoric, or a fling of whimsical temper. To follow their author through his many moods of irony and reproof, of indignation and of calm, of fun and suggestiveness and scorn, is an intellectual exercise not only as agreeable as can be imagined, but as serviceable also. . . . Mr. Ruskin has much to say, and he knows so well how to say it that people are apt to value his sayings even more for their manner's sake than for the sake of their matter. It is the common lot of most of those who deal in prose to be either useful at the expense of beauty or ornamental at the cost of serviceableness. With Mr. Ruskin it is otherwise. To him the instrument of prose is lyre and axe, is lamp and trowel, is a brush to paint with and a sword to slay, in one. A great artist in speech, he is a working exemplification of the theory which holds that English prose is of no particular epoch, but that in all its essentials, and allowing for the influence of current fashions of speech, it is one and the same thing with Shakespeare and with Addison, with Bunyan and with Burke, with Browne and Bacon, and with Carlyle and Sterne. There are few manners in literature at once so affluent and so subtle, so capable and so full of refinement, as that of the author of *Modern Painters*. The reason why it is felt to be so is, we take it, that Mr. Ruskin, in fact, is not only great as a writer, but great as an intelligence and as a man. To a mind extraordinarily vigorous yet subtle, to an imagination unwontedly rich and vivid and splendid, he adds the precious attributes of a noble heart, a sweet and earnest temper, and a boundless goodwill. These attributes are perceived in his work, and impart to it, however questionable its aim and however dubitable its conclusions, a certain fine and human quality of reality, which is one secret of its prodigious force.

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Practical Housing. By J. S. Nettlefold. Leichworth, Garden City Press. 1908. 1s.

THIS is a handy compendium of the Housing Question. It is well and fully illustrated, and contains an exact account of present conditions. Mr. Nettlefold's work as Chairman of the Birmingham Corporation Housing Committee and Chairman of Harborne Tenants Ltd. is widely known: it gives full justification for the title, for the book is severely practical, looking rather to present possibilities rather than to distant ideals—the work of a business man. It is a real service to the community, whose welfare it is meant to serve. Its issue is a happy coincidence with the appearance of a government Town Planning Bill.

Sermons, Addresses, and Essays. By Herbert Rix, B.A. Published as a Memorial of Herbert and Alice Rix. London: Williams and Norgate. 1907.

THIS book is prefaced with an introduction by Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed which takes the form of an appreciation of the author and of his wife Alice Rix. In language of singular charm Mr. Wicksteed reveals two beautiful and gracious characters, kindling love, and admiration, and hope, wherever they touched the lives of others. It is good to have this record and the attendant writings. The sermons and essays which comprise the greater portion of the book show a tolerant but original and cultured thinker, full of human sympathies, and ever seeking the highest good. They are at once a contribution to literature and to life.

No more fitting memorial than this book could have been chosen. Through it something of the inspiration which all who knew Herbert and Alice Rix gained by that knowledge is brought to a wider circle. And this picture of two noble lives will leave the reader enriched and strengthened.

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THE WORKHOUSE

BY THE REV. CANON S. A. BARNETT.

THE workhouse is the terror of the poor. The thought of it haunts the young home maker, lest by illness or by loss of work he and his be driven to its shelter. The fear of it makes the old endure hardship and semi-starvation rather than apply for admission.

Why, it may be asked, does such terror exist? The workhouse offers warmth and food and cleanliness. Every inmate has a bed with sufficient covering, clothes for indoor and for outdoor wear, and regular meals arranged under medical authority. There is enough work for exercise, and there is ample leisure for talk and for sleep. There is a doctor in attendance ready to provide everything in case of illness, and at stated periods every one who does not lose the privilege by misconduct has the right to go out for a few hours to visit friends.

What is the hardship that people who have lost everything should have such means freely provided? Why is the workhouse a terror? The answer lies in a word—the workhouse

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stands for the punishment of poverty. It is akin to a prison, and its inmates feel themselves treated as criminals, when they have committed no crime.

The Reformers of 1834, who invented the workhouse, faced a condition of things which had been brought about by the Elizabethan system of Poor Law relief. When the State assumed the whole responsibility "for the relief of the impotent and the getting to work of those able to work," and when by Gilbert's Act in 1827 it was further enacted that out-relief should be made "obligatory for all except the sick and impotent," it followed that larger and larger numbers threw themselves on the State for their support. Relief offered a better living than work. The number of workers decreased, the number receiving relief increased. Ruin threatened the nation, and so the Reformers of 1834 felt that the *one* thing necessary was to force the people to choose work instead of seeking relief. They required that every applicant for relief should give evidence of destitution, they refused relief to able-bodied persons except on the sacrifice of their liberty, and they made the form of relief as unpleasant or as deterrent as possible.

The Reformers, therefore, with a view to spurring the people to effort, and partly perhaps with the thought of punishing the idle, invented the workhouse, and shaped it after the model of a prison. The building was always of a gloomy and severe order. A porter in uniform like a prison warder opened and closed the door—the rooms were called "wards"—a "workhouse" dress was enforced, and the work, strictly supervised, was "a task," chosen not because of its use, but because of its distastefulness. There was a crank to turn, or stones to break, or oakum to pick.

This system has been followed during the last seventy years, and the latest so-called improvement is to impose on a "casual" solitary confinement in a cell, in which he is locked with a heap

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of stones, which he must break small enough to throw through a grating at the end of his cell. The workhouse has been made to look like a prison, and its discipline has been modelled on that of the prison.

The harshness of the new Poor Law roused at the time loud protests, which are echoed in the literature of the day, but the harshness may have been necessary. The nation required a sharp spur, and no doubt under its pressure there was a marvellous recovery. Men who had been idle sought work, men who had saved realized that their savings would no longer be swallowed up in the rates. The spur and the whip had their effect, but the workhouse still continues to be a terror to those who have no need of spur and whip.

The Reformers of 1834 looked out on a society weakened by idleness, they faced a condition of things in which the chief thing wanted was energy and effort, and so they applied a stimulus.

The Reformers of to-day look out on a different society, and they look with other eyes. They see that the weak and the poor are not altogether suffering the penalty of their own faults. It is by others' neglect that uninhabitable houses have robbed them of strength, that wages do not provide means of living, and that education has not fitted them either to earn a livelihood or to enjoy life. The Reformers of to-day, under the subtle and often unacknowledged influence of the Christian spirit, have learnt that self-respect, even more than a strong body, is a man's best asset, that willing work rather than forced work makes national strength, that terror is mischievous and that force is no remedy.

The "workhouse" as a place of punishment is thus out of place in modern society. It is not punishment, it is training which the people need, and it is not a whipping, but sympathy, which their brothers should provide. The workhouse to-day rouses resentment. The working classes, who dread it as a

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terror, are conscious that it is unjust that they should be punished for misfortune, the inmates who are forced to seek its shelter are in an attitude of antagonism. They are sullen, wasteful of their food, discontented, and set on doing as little work as possible. Many, indeed, having lost all self-respect, have become habitués, and, so far from avoiding the place, rely on the help it affords. There is no sadder sight than that offered by a ward in a workhouse. In its deadly cleanliness men and women are gathered without human interest and without hope. They feel themselves to be not wanted, a mere burden on the rates, whose death means gain. Unloved by man, they hardly believe in the love of God. The workhouse has thus to a large extent become a centre of degradation, and when it is remembered that in the workhouses, under the influence of their resentful and often degraded inmates, there remain still some 22,000 children, the need of some change will be recognized.

The necessary change, it seems to me, is that the workhouse should now be modelled not on a prison but on a school, and that its object should be not punishment but training. This change would at once commend itself to the national conscience. The people who, on account of weakness or of ignorance or of the fluctuations of trade, have missed their vocation, would be given a chance of reinstating themselves. The people who are idle, and refuse to take advantage of the opportunity, would be justly detained, so that they might, during two or three years under discipline, learn something of the pleasure or profit of work.

The workhouses would, in fact, become Adult Industrial Schools, with workshops or with farms attached. There would be no suggestion of prison treatment, but there would be, as in schools, fixed hours for work, and for those who did not work there would be "keeping in" for long periods, in which the lessons would have to be learned.

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This Adult Industrial School would, I believe, serve the object of the Reformers of 1834, and be as deterrent as the prison system then invented. The thought of learning, the limitation of time for gossip, and the atmosphere of work would be effective in preventing too easy a resort to its shelter. The inveterate idler prefers punishment to training, because he adapts both his body and conscience to its infliction. He cannot so easily settle down in a school, which makes fresh and fresh calls on effort, and aims at bringing out the best in every one. Task work sets up a spirit of rebellion. Work which has an object, which unconsciously carries on the mind of the worker to something done, enlivens his mind, and raises his self-respect.

The workhouse of to-day helps to demoralize society. Its harshness sets up among the poor a sense of unjust treatment, and encourages the rich, by doles of food, by shelters, and by free breakfasts, to save the poor from seeking its shelter. The sense of injustice poisons opinion, and is accountable for an attitude towards the present governing classes which in its turn is unjust. It is no wonder that when the poor think themselves to be punished for their poverty they should be sympathetic with any proposal which offers them more wealth. The sense of injustice is often the source of unjust acts. The harshness of the workhouse in like manner demoralizes the charity of the rich, leading it aside from remedial action to actions which encourage idleness and hypocrisy. It is no wonder that the rich man who sees a starving neighbour hesitates to send him to a place of punishment—he gives him a shilling, subscribes to a shelter, and encourages begging.

If the workhouse were known to be a means by which those who had lost their way in industrial life could be again placed in the way, the working classes would recognize the justice which would convict the unwilling to periods of detention, and the richer classes would refuse to let their relief stand between

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the beggar and the means which would restore him to self-respecting ways of living.

The spirit of Christ requires that the Christian community should act as a community to raise the fallen. Thought without love is often brutal, and the thought which aimed only to spur the idle has brutalized many natures. But love without thought is weakness, and the love which gives food for the asking, and aims to make relief as pleasant as possible, has simply increased poverty and wretchedness. The raising of the fallen is still the greatest of problems, and it still demands the love which is most costly. Maybe, this is the love which thinks, because nothing helps so much and involves such sacrifice as thought. The success of the effort about to be made to reform the Poor Law depends, I suggest, on a public opinion which is directed by thinking love.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE WORKING FOLK.*

By J. LEWIS PATON.

A FEW weeks since a member of Parliament, who represents a colliery district of Lancashire, speaking in the House of Commons on the question of Continuation Schools, warned the Government against the reckless increase of educational facilities which was going on at the present time. "There was," he said, "a technical college at Wigan, probably the finest mining and technical college in the kingdom, and the result was that almost everybody was taught mining, and the value of skill and technical knowledge in mining was going down day by day. The pits were swarming with educated men, and their social status was decreasing." †

If this were only true, it would be one of the most hopeful things for our country that we have heard for long enough. The more the value of skill and technical knowledge goes down day by day, down the pits, and all the other places where men work in their shirt-sleeves, the more the national welfare will go up. I could not help thinking, as I read the words, how it was down a coal-pit from the conversation of two coal miners that the fire of enthusiasm for higher education was first kindled in the black-skinned laddie, Mr. Booker Washington, who since that day has done more than any one else to solve the most difficult question which confronts the United States at the present time.

Perhaps one great educational achievement is as much as a nation can accomplish at once, and now that the movement for

* The Founders' Oration delivered at University College, London, on 4th June, 1908.

† *Hansard*, 5th May, 1908, p. 162.

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technical education, which began in the fifties, has been so thoroughly developed, and technical knowledge has broadened down in so satisfactory a manner that the pits are swarming with technically educated men, perhaps the nation may address itself to another educational achievement, no less in magnitude and importance than the other, the popularisation of the older liberal culture that forms the imagination, ennobles the ideas and humanises life—a culture which has not yet been cheapened, which has still far more social status than is good for it, which does not swarm in the pits and workshops and factories and back alleys of England.

We are living in the confluence of these two great educational tides. On the one hand, the movement for scientific education has worked from the bottom upwards. It has sprung out of the needs of man's occupation and livelihood. The production of commodities was unable to keep pace with the world's demand and to face the competition of other countries without the aid of the physical sciences. Hence in the last half-century the growth of Colleges of Science, Schools of Technology and Polytechnics, associated with the names of famous men who have raised the study of science to full academic status. On the other hand, we have the old literary culture, with the tradition of a thousand years, fostered by old endowments, and enriching the national life with the atmosphere of philosophic thought, artistic taste, high poetic feeling for the things which are more excellent. This movement of liberal culture begins at the top, and so far as it may be said to move at all, it moves in the opposite direction to the other, from the top downwards. Both these great educational movements have been suffering in the past by the separateness of their development. The newer scientific culture, through lack of the humanising, mellowing influence of the older tradition, has still clinging to it something narrow, hard, crude, and gritty. The older literary culture has suffered from its aloofness; it has stood

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apart from the life of the common people, it has been shut off from the great expansion of material wealth and progress which mark the last century of national effort. Now both these tides, if I may so call them, converge in our Universities. The older Universities, in origin mainly linguistic and literary, have taken to their bosom the hard-grained muses of the test-tube and the engine-room ; and the newer Universities, in origin mainly scientific and technical, have not been less eager to take to their bosom the fair muses of poetry and art and history and philosophy. The smoke of the engineering workshop hangs out its long-drawn pennon, the symbol of modernity, over the dreamy spires of Oxford ; and in the sooty atmosphere of Manchester we build a glass-house conservatory wherein to foster the delicate bloom of literature.

So far, so good. Nothing but good can result from the mutual interaction, the cross-fertilisation of these two diverse forms of learning. But one great work remains to be accomplished, and it is to this that I invite your attention this evening. Of the scientific and technical learning we may say that it has successfully worked its way upwards, from the humble school of science to the full academic status, from the lower social stratum to the highest. But of literary culture the converse does not hold true. It has been and it still is in England the appanage of the leisured classes ; it is for those who can afford it, not for those who have capacity to receive it ; it is still the privilege of the gentleman, in the social acceptance of the term ; the arts course, at any rate, at the older Universities is supplied by the scholars from the public schools, and the public school may be defined as a school which excludes all the sons of manual workers and everything that could fit a man for earning his living with his hands. In short, we have accomplished as yet only half of our work, we have turned the hearts of the children to the fathers, we have not yet turned the hearts of the fathers to the children.

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I shall be met at once with objections. First, have we not a great system of scholarships, which makes it possible for any boy to climb from the lowest elementary school to the highest pinnacles of University fame? Truly, we have had much erecting of scholarship ladders and casting of scholarship nets. Far be it from me to say anything derogatory of the system; it has its faults, but in the main it does secure the open career for talent, and I suppose Professor Marshall is right when he estimates that half of the nation's genius is in her working people. But the pity of it is that the movement of the scholarship system is all in one direction; the poor boy who wins his way with scholarships lifts himself out of the class to which he belongs by birth. He never dons the corduroys again or returns to the russet-coated captains; he has ceased to earn wages and draws a salary. He is not educated in his class, he is educated out of it. I do not blame him, I do not blame anybody; if poor lads go up singly as they do now to the University, I do not see how it can be otherwise. Only, in this way the working class is continually being drained of those who would otherwise become their natural leaders, directing their social and political activities, leavening their life with a higher idealism, and setting the tone for higher things. The scholarship system takes the poor boy up to the University, but it does not bring the University down to the poor; it enables the promising boy to rise, but it does not thereby raise the class to which he belongs. I fear that the taunt of "Getting on" affects the whole of our scholarship system, the very element of £ s. d. in which it expresses itself poisons its purity at the source. I remember well setting to a class of boys, largely composed of scholarship holders, an essay to write on the lines—

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

Nearly every boy interpreted this as meaning, "Unless he can

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erect himself above other people, and in effect above the state of life into which he was born, it's a poor look out for him."

But I shall be told that the University Extension Lectures fulfil precisely the function of which I have been speaking, they bring the University to the people. Let me say at once that any further departure which may now be proposed can be realised only, if at all, through the work which the University Extension Movement has been doing for the last thirty-six years, and let us acknowledge to the full the honourable share which this college has taken in the work. "Apart from their directly educational influence," as Professor Sadler says, "the University Extension Lectures and Classes have been one, and not the least important, of the causes which have produced in England a changed attitude of mind towards University work, and a new sense of its value as an element in national life."* It is, indeed, astonishing, when one comes to think of it, what University Extension has been able to do without any endowments, and with but the slenderest financial support. What other educational agency in our country has a record equal to it? But it has not been able to accomplish everything. It began as a movement for the benefit of the working class, but its great expansion has not been along that social plane. Economic difficulties have made against that, chill penury has repressed its noble rage, and only in places where working-class organisations, notably the co-operators, as at Oldham, have to a large extent managed it and subsidised it, can the movement be said to have been a success with the working folk. Again, University Extension, from the nature of the case, has not been able to give the best element of a University life, that in which our two older Universities confessedly excel all others—the social intercourse, the "manifold collision and communication" of ingenuous growing minds one with the other. A University is essentially a place of men more than of books. Of a

* *Continuation Schools*, p. 79.

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University more than any other form of community Carlyle's dictum is true that "soul grows in contact with soul." That contact of soul with soul University Extension cannot give, and, failing to give that, it fails to give the best. No mere occasional lecturing can create the sense of fellowship which is the atmosphere for true education to grow in, "the informal education which young men give to each other . . . among the most vital of all the elements in University training" (Sir Richard Jebb, British Association, Cape Town).

I shall be told that these causes which I have specified are merely secondary, and the real primary cause is the lack of effectual demand for higher education among the working classes themselves. This I decline to accept, and for the following reasons. Wherever the work has been undertaken in the spirit of brotherhood, it has never failed of success. Witness the fifty-four years' record of growing usefulness and activity at the Working Men's College; witness the work of Ruskin College at Oxford, and the support it has received from the Labour organisations; witness the rapid upgrowth of the Workers' Educational Association, and the unceasing efforts and sacrifices which the co-operators have been making from before the days of Toynbee in the cause of higher education. Witness also the great national institution of Wales, the Eisteddfod. What a proof you have there of the spontaneous hunger for the higher culture of their being on the part of a people, most of whom are poor and many of whom have a hard struggle for their daily bread, a people until yesterday almost destitute of opportunities for higher education. Thousands of them belonging mainly to the poorer class, sit quietly hour after hour listening, with unabated interest, to competitions in music, singing and literature. We have to go back to Athens to find a parallel to that. These are solid and unshakable facts. But even if there were no such facts to warrant our faith, even if hitherto all ventures had been failures, even if there were

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no signs of effectual demand, then still none the less it would be the duty of the Universities to create it,—or rather, I would say, to evoke it; for deep down and latent in every man, whatever his condition, is the power of thought, and wherever God gives faculty, God does not mean that faculty to fust in us unused. Inevitably on a question of this kind one falls back on one's own personal experience. I have read Plato and Shakespeare, and Sir Thomas More and Ruskin, with circles of working folk; I have examined classes held in London here, not in connexion with the Working Men's College, on such subjects as Livy and Thucydides, read, of course, (like More) in translation; I have found the signalman in his cabin in the lone watch on Sunday afternoon reading Godet on the Gospel of S. John; I have known the sailor before the mast who laid in the last number of *Fors Clavigera* before he sailed for the Antipodes; I have been astounded at the compositor's enthusiasm for Byron, the gardener's keen interest in Biblical research and exploration, the light porter of Piccadilly's love for William Wordsworth, and, believe me, I have found, in proportion to my own experience, quite as much disinterested love for liberal culture among the poor as I have among those who are better off. How many would there be left in this College, how many in Oxford and Cambridge, if we eliminated from the number of the undergraduates those whose motive of study was—I will not say sordid, but illiberal—the desire to pass this or that examination, to gain this or that post in the Civil Service, to qualify for this or that profession, to rise in social status, to acquire power and position? Among the working folk, when they read the humanities, there is not at any rate any such alien admixture of motive as this. In a large art class at the Working Men's College, not long since, I found not one single pupil who was taking up drawing with a view to bettering his position, each man was pursuing the beautiful for its own sake, because he loved it. In the same way Mr. Owen

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M. Edwards, some years since, said that among those who wrote the most thoughtful articles for his magazine *Cymru*, were quarrymen and labourers, and, he says, "the man who writes the most graceful bits for me is a labourer, working hard and contentedly on a farm for one shilling a day." It would be easy to multiply instances, and to me personally it would be pleasant, but I fear to my hearers it would be wearisome; and I hope in a college founded by Lord Brougham it is not necessary to labour the point, or to argue elaborately, that no class has any right to claim the monopoly of thought and hold the other classes of the community in intellectual vassalage. True it is that certain individuals are marked out by Nature for the student's life. But the duty of such is not to do other men's thinking for them, it is to help other men to think more efficiently and fruitfully for themselves. "Of all treasons against humanity," says Channing, "there is none worse than his who employs great intellectual force to keep down the intellect of his less-favoured brother."

Nor must it be thought that the advantage is all on the one side. The University cannot share her best gifts without herself becoming enriched with a blessedness beyond that of the receiver. A University which is national in name will gain immensely in inward power when she becomes national in reality. See how at the present moment the training she gives her sons is crippled in its efficiency by the caste conditions imposed on her by society. This young man, destined for the Church, bred up with infinite pains and expense in the walled-in garden of the Public School, and passing thence to the University, where he meets again none save those of his own class,—however successful he may be in his bookish studies, however devout in his personal life,—in what sense is he being prepared to be a pastor of the poor? What chance does his training give him to know their mind, their speech, their habits, their circumstances, their needs, and their aspirations? This young

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engineering student may know all about steel and steam, and mechanics, but when he comes to the workshop he will find, as George Stephenson found, that there is nothing after all so hard to engineer as men, and there has been nothing in his social experience as yet to give him the remotest idea of what the conditions of that human problem are. This young historian finds when he comes to close grips with his subject that the whole interest of history lies in the fortunes of the poor ; if all he knows of the poor is what he sees from an overhead railway or hears in a charity sermon, he will no more be able to conceive of the true course of historic movements than a German professor can conceive of the live working of free institutions. This young aspirant to parliamentary honours may go on piling up Blue Books on his brain until his brain is unable to move, but if he is divorced from the actuality of things, if he has never had personal and intimate relations with real working folk, his Blue Books will not help him much to the solution of his country's problems. I speak with due deference, but I believe there is not a single faculty which would not gain in practical efficiency if the students daily rubbed shoulders and interchanged ideas with thoughtful young men from the artisan class of their own age who see life from a different angle altogether. Cecil Rhodes saw what a vast benefit it would be to Oxford to open her gates to men of our over-sea colonies and different races from our own. No one now questions the gain in healthy-mindedness and breadth of outlook which this innovation has brought into the University of Oxford. Believe me, the expense would be less and the gain would be greater to any University which would open wide its doors and its opportunities of culture to men of a different class and a different life-experience from our own. We are all of us alive to the benefits of travel ; any schoolboy is ready to expatiate on the topic. But the working folk of our own country are further removed from us than the respectable

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foreigner with whom we consort on our continental trips, they are less known, and though foreign travel may, as Lord Hugh Cecil put it, "elongate the conversation," the exploration of our poorer strata of society in both country and town would in a more real sense broaden the mind. After all, this is not philanthropy, this is the scientific way of doing things, the only scientific way. The great problems of our time are human problems, vaster, more complex, and more baffling than any that ever confronted any previous generation of Englishmen. To solve the problems of Nature, you question Nature. To solve the problems of humanity, you must question man. To conquer Nature, you must obey her. To master these social problems of humanity, you must obey the instinct of humanity.

Personally, I am inclined to go one step further, and here I do not feel at all sure how far I shall carry my audience with me, especially when it comes to the practical application. I should say that to know the real social problem, one should not only rub shoulders with the working man, one should work alongside him and know him at his work. Manual labour should form part of every man's training, as domestic labour should form part of every girl's. Society would be healthier and more brotherly if its hard and menial work could be shared to some degree by all its members. This is a doctrine as ancient as the hills; it is as old as the Rabbis and as recent as Ruskin, but there is not yet much sign of its being carried out. Yet apart from it I do not see how an academic community is to be saved from that "hazy, lazy, delectable" dreaminess of the soul, which comes from the free indulgence of speculative habits, a dreaminess in which moral distinctions tend to be blurred and plain duties to be obliterated. "A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture," says Emerson. He believes in it as a basis for poetic and philosophic thought. "We must have an antagonism," he says,

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"in the tough world for all the variety of our spiritual faculties, or they will not be born." Still more is the mechanical craft a necessity for your sociological thought, and the reason that our Universities have done so little hitherto in the sociological field is precisely because they have been so far divorced from every form of hard, honest manual work. A few hours a week would teach a man more than many text-books, not least it would teach him that sympathy which is an essential factor of intelligence. You have just opened your playing field. It is well. But it would be better still if instead of buying it with the earnings of other men's labour, you had made it with your own.

Now I shall certainly be asked to come down myself out of the "hazy, lazy, delectable region" of dreaming and explain how I mean this thing to be done. Well, I am not prepared to give up dreaming; the world of things as they are is too much with me as it is. Nor am I prepared with a cut-and-dried plan. I would rather proceed as they do in the House of Commons, when they want to frighten the Peers, by way of resolution. The schoolmaster must stick to his ferrule, or as old U. C. S. boys would put it, to his Appearing Book. There are wise heads here of men of practical experience and great administrative capacity. The wise head will guide the sympathetic heart, and, where there are these, there is a way. *Was du sollst, du kannst.*

It is clear, at any rate, if we leave out of account the climbers on the scholastic ladder, that a young working man, however thoughtful and studious, has no likelihood, as things are, of entering the University as a matriculated student and taking a degree course. It is equally clear that, even if we modify the course, shortening its duration, confining it to English literature, history, economics, local government, and sociology, and making it lead up to a diploma rather than a degree, still there is need of previous preparation before the young workman will be fit to enter on it. Such preparation

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might appropriately be placed in the hands of the University Extension Authorities, in consultation with the Labour and Co-operative Organisations, and the Workers' Educational Association, which has done so much to evoke and to corroborate the aspirations of the workers towards a higher culture. Such preparatory work must be done more on the lines of the class than the lecture. Already during this past winter two such classes have been held, at Longton in the Potteries and at Rochdale. Forty young working men were admitted, each undertaking that he would attend regularly, read the required books, write the weekly papers which were set, sit for the examination at the end. Both classes were eminently successful; forty were in at the start and forty were in at the finish. Such classes as these, if rightly handled, will have an intelligent young artisan ready in two or three years for academic teaching. And when he comes into residence at the University, he will find his footing as soon as any Rhodes scholar, for I know no community where the qualities of sterling manhood count for more, and outward or titular trappings count for less, than undergraduate society.

But this, in any case, will take time to work out. One thing is an immediate possibility for every one. We have all heard of the Danish High School Movement. It was Mr. Joseph S. Thornton of this College who first made it known in England. Something similar to this we have in England, capable of rendering like service to the nation. Every summer thousands of young artisans spend their annual week's holiday at one or other of the centres of the Co-operative Holidays Association. The holidays are professedly of an educational character; every week there are lectures, for the most part in the open-air, on plants, or rocks, or the historic memories and literary associations of the country in which the holiday is spent. From the first it has been the aim of the association to get as many University men as possible to join this holiday

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fellowship. It struck us that many a University man, whose health or whose purse could not stand the strain of Toynbee Hall, might welcome the opportunity of realising the fellowship of men of other walks in life under holiday conditions. These holidays give him such a chance; they are a sort of Toynbee Hall in the open. Undergraduates must have holidays, not to mention Professors; after all these dissipations of term time, there must be some time for getting the work done. But even in the holidays one cannot work continuously. "In order to preserve the completeness of a rich and well-balanced humanity," says the delectable Blackie, "the best thing a man can do is to shake himself loose, as frequently as possible, from the domination of an exclusive current of thought." When you feel that it will be necessary for you, in order to preserve the completeness of your rich and well-balanced humanity, to shake yourself loose from the domination of exclusive Classics, or Anglo-Saxon, or Medicine, or Mathematics, or Science, may I be allowed to suggest that then is the chance of getting into touch and fellowship with the working men and women, who do the necessary things of life and keep the world going? All this will prepare for the solution and help it when it comes. There is one remedy for all difficulties, one spirit which surmounts all obstacles. "We must be lovers," says Emerson, "and at once the impossible becomes possible."

In no civilised country is the gap between the educated and uneducated classes so wide as it is in our own. In no other civilised country is the disproportion between the two classes so great as in our own. We have done much in recent years, but what we have done has been mainly on the line of technical education. We have to a large extent succeeded in making the man a better mechanic. What we now need is an educational movement on a not less extensive scale, which shall aim at making the mechanic a better man. This can only be done by

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teaching, which shall kindle the imagination and feed the hunger of the soul by keeping before the mind noble types and noble thoughts, and unsealing the fountains of the world's great poetry. There are so many forms of recreation and amusement which appeal to the working lad of our large towns along the lower levels of his life, which offer to him just the thrill of excitement and sensation he craves to counteract the blank monotony of his existence. These things crowd in upon him at every street corner, and array themselves with all the attractions of colour and brightness and gaiety. And the opportunities for the higher life are so few and so repellent and so far out of his beaten path. "It is not for their toil," says Carlyle, "that I lament for the poor ; we must all toil or steal (howsoever we name our stealings), which is worse ; no faithful workman finds his work a pastime. But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out ; that no ray of heavenly or even earthly knowledge should visit him ; but only in this haggard darkness, like two spectres—Fear and Indignation—bear him company." It is for that lamp of the soul I plead, that it may be fed with the oil which alone can keep the light a-burning. While that lamp is burning low in the socket and near to quenching, the soul is poor indeed. But when that lamp burns brightly it makes a new world in the humblest dwelling, and the brother of low degree rejoices in that he is exalted.

The root of all our social troubles is the attitude of the educated and comfortable classes toward the poor. We treat them not as fellow-beings but as contributory parts of a machine. We allow ourselves to be served by them, but we live apart from them. We pass them without greeting in the streets. We do not welcome their talents or, as the condition of recognising them, we call upon them to renounce their class. We do not rejoice in their hopes. We look askance at their efforts to work out their own salvation.

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The new humanism will put an end to all this. It will begin by recognising that—

Within the hearts of all men lie
Those promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

“*Profecturus es ad homines maxime homines,*” said Pliny to a friend who was going out as Governor of Achæa. You may say the same to him who sets out to find his fellow-man, the brother of low degree. He is intensely human. And being human, he is no machine, nor part of a machine. Being human, he will rebel, if he is treated as a mere operative. Being human, none of your humanities are alien to him. Being human, he is not simply a means but an end ; he exists for the unfolding and perfection of his own nature, and at our peril shall we keep from him any of those things which belong to the measure of the stature of the fullness of the perfect man.

May this great College, which never sold its gifts to the wealthy nor closed its doors on any man for lack of either a respectable creed or a respectable coat, which has so often identified itself with the missionising energies of culture, bear a foremost part in the great new expansion of learning which is coming. It *is* coming, because the things that are for man gravitate unerringly towards him. May it make no long tarrying, and may our own efforts help to speed its coming.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

By H. BOMPAS SMITH.

THE entrance scholarships awarded by the Oxford and Cambridge colleges are intended to fulfil two purposes, which are to a large extent distinct. In the first place, they are one of the main instruments by which the traditional standard of scholarship is maintained both in the Universities themselves and in the schools from which the holders come. In the performance of this function they are eminently successful. They serve as valuable prizes for the reward of intellectual distinction in certain fields, and foster a definite type of ability by inducing many able boys to undergo an appropriate course of mental training. It is hardly too much to say that the curriculum and methods of instruction most characteristic of the Public and the Preparatory Schools are primarily determined by the ambition, on the part of parents, boys, and schools, to gain successes in the competition for these scholarships. The system of University entrance scholarships has rendered an incalculable service to the nation by giving tangible expression to a high ideal of liberal learning and literary culture.

But the original object with which these scholarships were founded was less the maintenance of an educational ideal than the assistance of the needy scholar. Until lately it was tacitly assumed that under a system of open competition, all men, whether poor or rich, would have equal opportunities. A fair field and no favour was the policy adopted by the University Commissions. But in this, as in other spheres, free trade has proved to be one stage in a complex process of evolution rather

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than the final word upon the question of intergroup competition. It is now widely realised that, as a matter of fact, poor men may suffer from a serious disadvantage, even when the conditions of competition are apparently the same for all. Some authorities, indeed, tell us that all is well. In a paper read before the Education Section of the British Association at the last annual meeting, Dr. H. B. Baker said that the heads of all colleges at Oxford and Cambridge had been asked to give an estimate of the proportion of their scholars during the last ten years who could have afforded to reside at the University without the aid of their emoluments. Their estimates showed that at Cambridge 17 per cent of the scholars could have resided at the University without their scholarships, while at Oxford the proportion was only 6 per cent. These figures, however, have been disputed, and they are based upon information which, from its very nature, is bound to be indefinite. At any rate, it seems quite clear that a large number of able boys of narrow means are necessarily excluded under the present system from competing for University scholarships. Their exclusion is the result of two different causes.

The first cause is the inadequate pecuniary value of most of the scholarships awarded. A scholarship of forty or fifty pounds will not enable a poor boy to enter the University unless he obtains assistance from some other source, such as a school or county council exhibition. But, if we are to judge the system of college entrance scholarships on its merits, these additional possibilities must be disregarded. They are unequally distributed and, so far as the colleges are concerned, are quite accidental. It is more to the purpose that most colleges have funds from which special help can be given in individual cases, but from the point of view of the working of the system these additional allowances lose their value on account of their uncertainty. No man would go up to the University on the chance of his college coming to his aid if his scholar-

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ship failed to meet his necessary expenses. Hence it appears that when the University Commissioners fixed £80 as the normal value of Oxford scholarships, they practically confined the competition for these scholarships to boys who possessed an additional income of say £40, either from private or public sources. At Cambridge the position is even worse. Of the scholarships awarded in the year 1907-8, only about one-sixth were of the value of £80 or upwards, while more than half were worth £40 or less.

Secondly, many boys of narrow means are excluded on account of the method by which the scholarships are awarded. Scholars are elected upon the results of a competitive examination, success in which depends upon the candidate's having undergone a course of highly specialised preparation until he is eighteen or nineteen years of age. Hence the competition is confined to boys who can fulfil two conditions. The first is that they must be kept at school until they are eighteen or nineteen. This involves, in the case of really poor boys, assistance from some form of intermediate or continuation scholarship. But unfortunately such scholarships are comparatively few in number. Exact statistics are difficult to obtain, but it seems that there are only about one-twentieth as many scholarships tenable at secondary schools until the age of eighteen as there are scholarships for younger boys. It is constantly asserted by masters in second-grade schools that this dearth of intermediate scholarships compels a good many boys to leave school at fourteen or fifteen who might have competed for University scholarships if they had been able to afford four or five more years at school. But there is a second condition which candidates for University scholarships must fulfil. They must have attended a school which provided the particular form of preparatory training essential to success. The effect of this limitation is shown by the following figures which give the percentage of scholarships won by different types of schools.

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SCHOLARSHIPS AT OXFORD.

Year.	Seven Great Public Schools.	Other Schools on Headmasters' Conference (about 90).	Other Endowed Schools (about 450).	Technical, etc., Schools (about 150).
1902-3	22	68	8	2
1903-4	15	77	7	1
1904-5	32	57	11	0
1905-6	19	72	8	1
1906-7	25	63	12	0

SCHOLARSHIPS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Year.	Seven Schools.	H.M.C. Schools.	Endowed Schools.	Technical Schools.
1902-3	17	67	14	2
1903-4	19	68	11	2
1904-5	14	77	8	1
1905-6	17	64	18	2
1906-7	13	71	12	8

It appears, therefore, that of the open scholarships won by English schools (Scotch, Welsh, and Irish are omitted), seven schools have during the past year gained 22 per cent at Oxford, and 17 per cent at Cambridge ; about ninety other schools have won 69 per cent at each University ; while all the rest of the secondary schools have among them gained 10 per cent at Oxford and 14 per cent at Cambridge. In other words, a boy's chance of winning a scholarship is slight unless he can attend one of a comparatively small number of schools.

These facts and considerations seem to show that there is need for the University scholarships to be made more generally available for boys of narrow means. But one obvious method of doing this may be summarily rejected. Under present conditions an increase in the number of scholarships awarded would involve an undesirable lowering of the in-

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tellectual standard of the scholars. From the University calendars and the notices issued by the colleges, it appears that about 200 scholarships are given every year at Oxford and about 190 at Cambridge, and it is the general opinion that this provision is sufficient. This conclusion is borne out by the fact that in the Final Honour Schools at Oxford, in 1907, 30 per cent of the scholars were placed in the third or fourth class. At any rate, a change in the conditions of award must precede any great increase in the number of scholarships provided. On the other hand, the suggestion has been made in several quarters that the assistance given to impecunious scholars might be made more adequate if the value of all scholarships were, in the first instance, reduced to a low figure, such as £20, and this sum augmented in certain cases to meet the requirements of individual holders. The efficacy of the scholarships as a stimulus to intellectual effort would not suffer, provided the prestige attaching to the position of a scholar were carefully preserved.

The tendency to limit the competition to boys from certain schools can be counteracted only by an alteration in the methods by which the scholarships are awarded. The type of ability now encouraged is too specialised and narrow. This is shown, for instance, by a comparison of the different percentages of scholars and commoners who gain honours in the various final schools. Thus in the Oxford Final Honour Schools, in 1907, the percentage of first and second class men who were scholars was 83 in the School of Literæ Humaniores, in Mathematics 100, and in Science 64; but in History the percentage was only 23, in Law 28, in Theology 26, and in Modern Languages 0. This shows that the present scholarship system does not equally encourage even the various types of ability tested by the University examinations. The Universities ought to train men for all classes of directive callings, but the scholarship system has not yet been adapted to the wider demands due to the

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recent developments of our national life. Only when it has been thus modified will it fulfil its purpose of enabling the ablest boys, from all classes of the community, to obtain the unique preparation for the highest social functions which the older Universities are pre-eminently fitted to provide.

HOW WORKING WOMEN EXIST

By PRISCILLA E. MOULDER

IN one of her books Olive Schreiner very truly says : " It is delightful to be a woman ; but every man thanks the Lord devoutly that he isn't one." Now, I am well aware of the fact that the phrase "working women" is a most elastic term. Women-clerks, reporters, accountants, doctors, teachers, novelists, lawyers, typists, milliners, dressmakers, all deserve the title of working women. However, it is not to any of these that my remarks apply. I wish to deal exclusively with the three and a half million wage-earning women, the bulk of whom drag out a grey, cheerless existence, being overworked and underpaid, on far less than a fair living wage. In the lives of these women there is no room for culture, no room for "sweetness and light," no real pleasure of any kind. They simply exist from day to day, month to month, and "the time passes somehow."

Marie Corelli in her book *The Murder of Delicia*, has an introductory note in which she says : "There are countless cases among the hard-working millions, whom we elect to call the 'lower classes,' where the wife, working from six in the morning till ten at night, has to see her hard earnings snatched from her by her 'better' half and spent at the public-house in strong drink, despite the fact that there is no food at home, and that innocent little children are starving. These instances are so frequent that they have almost ceased to awaken our interest, much less our sympathy."

This picture of the life of a working woman, though it is so true, has been thought by many to be overdrawn and too highly coloured. Take then the words of a practical man :

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Says Robert Blatchford in *Merrie England*: "Poor Mrs. John Smith! Her life is one long slavery, cooking, cleaning, managing, mending, washing clothes, waiting on husband and children, her work is never done; and, amid it all, she suffers the pains and anxieties of child-bearing and the suckling of children. There are no servants and few workers so hard-wrought and so ill-paid as the wife of a British artisan. What are her hours of labour, my trades-union friend? What pleasure has she, what rest, what prospect?"

It should be noticed, however, that the "poor Mrs. John Smith" referred to is represented as being the wife of an artisan, not the wife of an ordinary unskilled labourer. Most of us estimate things by comparison, and among the British working classes, the woman who marries a man of the rank of artisan—that is a skilled workman, with his from 30s. to 50s. a week—is very lucky compared with the woman whose husband swells the ranks of the unskilled labour market. The earnings of those unfortunate men who are called unskilled labourers, seldom get beyond 24s. a week, and very often only reach the level of 18s. or 20s. per week. If the life of Mrs. John Smith with her mechanic, painter, joiner, plumber, or mason, is slavery, what is the life of a woman who is compelled to help her husband to bring in the living by going out to work, besides attending to household duties?

The fact is, the life of a woman thus situated—and they are numbered by tens of thousands to-day—is nothing more nor less than one continual round of drudgery.

Take the case of a young fellow who elects to get married on £1 a week. There is the rent, coal, food, gas, clothes, payment for furniture, which is usually got on the "hire system," and generally a further sum is claimed by the husband as pocket-money. All this has to come out of the weekly twenty shillings. The most careful, thrifty, managing housewife would hardly be able to make both ends meet on such an allowance.

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Therefore, under these circumstances, the only remedy is for the wife to turn out to work and bring in a regular weekly wage like her husband.

If the wife happens to have been a weaver or a factory worker of any kind before marriage, so much the better for her. She can at once begin her old routine by returning to work. However, should she have been a domestic servant, factory work does not come so easily or so pleasantly to her, and then she either takes in children to nurse, goes out charring, or washes clothes for others. When a wife is thus compelled to go out to work, the various household duties have to be done when she returns home at night. As regards meals, breakfast and dinner are carried to the factory or workshop in baskets or tin boxes. Tea is the only meal taken at home, and it is a matter of little surprise to find that tasty dishes are often fancied for the one comfortable meal of the day. After tea there are washing or baking, mending or cleaning, and any number of trifling duties to fit in between these necessary operations.

Should the husband be a fairly decent sort of man, he helps with the rougher kind of work, such as blackleading the grate, fetching coals in, or cleaning windows, and more particularly is he inclined to do these jobs just after the wedding. Of course, the man who is worthy of the name of husband continues to help, as long as his wife is compelled to go out to work. It is much to be feared, however, that the majority of husbands very seldom think that their wives need any help with household duties, even when they have been working all day. As a rule the husband's programme for the evening is delightfully simple. He returns home from his work, gets his tea, washes himself, and then off he goes to the nearest club or public-house. As a change he may take a long walk in company with his "mate" or his dog, in either case leaving the unfortunate wife to battle with the work and children as best she can.

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Now, take the agricultural districts. An old farmer was once asked the question: "Is marriage a failure?" and his reply was: "My missus minds the house, tends the children, milks the cows, feeds the poultry, looks after the pigs, makes the bread, churns the butter, and other odd jobs, and all for nothing a week, and what could be cheaper than that? No; marriage isn't a failure down my way." Some time ago, a farm labourer's wife, living in Wiltshire, was describing how she managed to keep her family on 11s. a week. Her husband was a cowman, receiving that princely sum as wages, and the family numbered seven—five children, whose ages ranged from three to twelve, with the father and mother. This is how she spent the 11s.: Six gallons of bread at 9d. a gallon, 4s. 6d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tea, 10d.; $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon, 1s.; 1 lb. butter and cheese, 2s. $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 3 lb. sugar, $7\frac{1}{2}$ d.; oil, 3d.; half-hundredweight of coal, 6d.; soda, 1d.; soap, 3d.; tobacco, 3d.; total, 10s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. Nothing could be allowed for clothing or shoes. When the family required those necessities, they had either to reduce their food supply, or get into debt and get out as best they could. Except at Whitsuntide they never had any fresh meat. This is only one solitary case out of hundreds.

"Yes," I fancy some superfine critic saying, "no doubt it is all very true, but, after all, the wives of working men are used to this kind of life, and so do not mind it as we should." Of course they are used to it, much in the same way as eels are said to be used to skinning. But it is extremely doubtful whether wives or eels get so used to the process as not to feel it. George Eliot has said: "A woman, let her be as good as she may, has to put up with the life her husband makes for her." These words of the great novelist are peculiarly applicable to working women. What a world of misery working men often make for their wives by carelessness, neglect, unreasonable whims, bad temper, continual fault-finding, as well as downright ill-treatment! The following anecdote well

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illustrates the manner in which some working men treat their wives. A lady had called to see a poor woman whose husband had died suddenly, and who, it was reported, had behaved very badly to his wife. Asked by the lady if her husband had always been unkind to her, the woman burst into tears and sobbed out : "No, indeed, he was kind enough sometimes. Why, only last week my man took me out shopping, and when we was climbing the hill coming home he looked back and said, 'Come on, old draggie-tail.'" The answer, though not without its humorous side, was terribly pathetic, as showing the poor woman's only idea of the kindness received from her husband.

To get back again to the original subject. When the young people are beginning to feel settled in the married state, children generally arrive on the scene, and long before the furniture has been paid off sickness comes ; the wife is compelled to stay at home, and the usual result of increased debt follows. When the little ones are about a month old they are put out to nurse. Should there happen to be no neighbour close at hand who makes a practice of nursing young children, they are sent farther afield. The poor little mites are taken from their warm beds every morning before six o'clock, summer and winter alike. They are then led or carried through the streets in all kinds of weather, and often only half awake. Being mainly brought up away from home, it is very natural that the children do not display any remarkable signs of affection or respect for their parents. The mother is much too tired and worn out by her day's toil to trouble herself about exacting obedience. After a while, when the children begin to show wills of their own, she soon gives up the unequal fight, and gradually lets them "gang their ain gait," apparently careless as to where it may lead them.

The years roll on, as years have a knack of doing, and the children grow into youths and maidens. Of home training, in

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the true sense of the word, they have had little or none. They have been literally knocked about from pillar to post, put out to nurse when they were young, sent to school and factory as soon as the required age was reached, and generally allowed to look after themselves and follow their own inclinations, whether for good or evil. The girls may fall into folly and sin or they may not; it mostly depends on the kind of associates they are thrown amongst. The boys may turn into gamblers or drunkards, or into respectable law-abiding citizens; their careers, like those of their sisters, depend largely on their surroundings. Some people, whom I meet from time to time, profess to feel very shocked at the wickedness of the working classes; but to those who, like myself, have always lived amongst them, the greater wonder is that they are as good as they are. Naturally, again, the custom of early marriages is very hard on the parents, more particularly on the mother. Just as her family is reaching the age when some benefit might reasonably be expected from them, they, in their turn, get married, and start life on their own account. So "runs the round of life from hour to hour."

Of late years a great deal has been heard about the decreasing families among the working classes. President Roosevelt in America, and prominent men in this country, have both spoken and written about the danger of the declining birth rate. If these gentlemen could have practical experience of what a large family means to a working woman, they would cease to wonder at the decrease.

The common opinion held by a large number of men, even in these so-called enlightened days, that if there were better wives there would be better husbands, can very properly be reversed. It is, one would suppose, quite within the range of possibility that if there were better husbands there might be better wives. At any rate, the experiment is worth a trial. The late Max O'Rell once said: "It is strange that at every

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prize-giving in a girls' school the pupils are exhorted to train themselves to become good wives and mothers ; but I never heard the duty impressed on boys of becoming decent husbands and tolerable fathers."

Another practice which has a decided tendency to try the patience of working men's wives is this. It seems a general rule among the married men to keep back for their own use a fixed sum out of their earnings every week, and that whether they are working full time or not. In doing this they never consider the possible wants of wives or children, and when a man insists on keeping a portion of his weekly earnings for the sole purpose of self-indulgence, he should not be surprised if his long-suffering wife does occasionally fail to possess her soul in patience, especially when she finds it more than usually difficult—perhaps impossible—to make both ends meet, or even come within sight of each other. There is not, probably, quite that amount of brutality displayed by working men towards their wives that there was, say, forty years ago, but the daily papers still record cases of inhuman cruelty to wives and children, and surely the everyday hardships of the working man's wife are quite enough without the additional burden of wanton cruelty.

The wives of the men who are continually agitating for an eight hours day, would only be too glad if some kind friend would get them a twelve hours day, for, at present, their working day is nearer sixteen hours than eight, with but few holidays to break the deadly monotony. Again, in working-class circles, when anything unpleasant has to be done, the duty is invariably delegated to the wife. Is the rent due, and money scarce? The wife must explain to the landlord, and try to appease his wrath. Should the weekly or monthly payment for the furniture be discontinued for a time through stress of circumstances, the wife must go and smooth matters over and beg for further grace. If credit has been obtained at the grocer's or draper's, and the debt cannot be paid off, the wife

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must take the reproaches. When the holidays come round, and it is a question of a day's trip to the seaside or into the country, who has to stand aside? Certainly, not the husband. Besides, what pleasure can a woman possibly have in going away from home with three or four young children dragging at her skirts? The remedy is as bad, or worse, than the disease.

So the poor woman goes on, month after month, year after year, until she comes to regard her confinements as a welcome break in the monotony of her life, and as the only chance of a few days' rest. Of course, there may be found, here and there, women of exceptional grit and spirit—those with plenty of dash and push in their natures—who will insist on going to places of amusement in company with their husband. But, even so, the home and children must suffer, for however capable a woman may be, she cannot do two things at once.

To observant, thinking people, it causes no surprise when they find that working women are given to gossip and scandal. Human nature must have relaxation of some kind, and the shortcomings of gossiping and slandering are not confined to the ranks of working women. Neither is it surprising to find a certain amount of immorality among working women. The wonder is that there is not a great deal more. To my mind it speaks volumes for the integrity of the wives of working men that, in spite of the absence of all those things which are supposed to make life worth living, they should still plod on, day after day, trying to do their duty according to their lights, and the best of us can do no more.

Women who spend their lives in pleasure and frivolity, who have never done a day's real hard work in their lives, cannot possibly imagine life as it is lived by the wives of working men. They can see the vices, the vulgarity, the drudgery, the sordidness, quickly enough, but they cannot understand how such a life can be made beautiful, in the truest sense of the word, by self-sacrifice, honesty of purpose, and a steady devotion

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to duty. When facts are being continually brought to light in regard to the narrow groove in which the majority of working women are compelled to move, the entire absence of refinement, appreciation, love, congenial work, and pleasant surroundings, when all this is taken into consideration, the charges of selfishness and indifference which are so readily thrown at working women by their more fortunate sisters, fall harmless to the ground. What energy, time, or inclination have working women to trouble their brains about such things as religion, politics, education, hygiene? It taxes all their resources to the very utmost to be able to struggle through their daily tasks.

Of course, it would not be fair to give the impression that in the lives of working women there are no gleams of sunshine, that all is shade and sorrow. The truth is, that the gleams of sunshine are few and far between, while the mist and rain, the wind and storm, the drudgery and wearisome monotony are almost continual. The epitaph of the poor seamstress is well known :—

Weep not for me, friends, tho' death do us sever,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

It is quite probable that the majority of toil-worn women in this workaday world will sincerely echo the same sentiment. Unlike ladies in general, however, when working women get "run down," or "out of tone," or "troubled with nerves," they have not the advantage of being ordered away to the seaside or to the Continent for change of air and scene. How much of the hooliganism of large towns can be traced to the overworked, underfed, intellectually starved women workers? It is an interesting problem, the solving of which is heartily commended to those who profess to believe in helping on the "betterment of society." Is the solution to be found in the words of Henry Seton Merriman?—"When women work for nothing, they are giving away something that nobody wants."

GERMAN EDUCATION *

A HUNDRED years ago Prussia lay crushed under the iron heel of Napoleon. Her revenues were confiscated, her trade was ruined, it seemed as though her very existence was doomed. It was then that Fichte in Berlin sounded the note of future triumph. Never except at the French Revolution have men's souls been so stirred by the idea of social regeneration, of raising the whole existence of mankind to a higher level, as the soul of Germany in its darkest hour was stirred by the *Reden an die deutsche Nation*. The people realised that the regeneration must be from within, from the inmost depths of the spirit; and however impossible the task seemed to be, Fichte brought home to them the truth of Kant's transcendent maxim that what is right must be also possible, *Du kannst was du sollst*.

The fruit of the spirit ripens slowly, but it is sure. The German secondary schools and the universities, which were founded in the years immediately succeeding, have proved to be the seminaries not only of learning but of national aspiration and idealism. No other country has such a definite educational aim, or such a definite educational system, and the material greatness of Germany in commerce, industry, and the arts of war is simply the outward form which her new spirit has created for itself.

Nothing more clearly shows the intellectual faith of Fichte and Humboldt than the contrast between the university they founded at Berlin in 1810 and the reorganisation of the French universities which Napoleon carried out two years before. In

* *German Education: Past and Present*, by Friedrich Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin. Translated by T. Lorenz, Ph.D. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

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the French universities both curricula and examinations were regulated by State authorities. The main business of the professor was to teach, the main business of the student was to assimilate what his professor taught him, and neither student nor teacher was allowed any sort of individual initiative. While the Conqueror of Jena thus based the highest educational institutions of France on official regulations, the conquered nation had the courage and the faith to follow precisely the opposite line. The University of Berlin was to be above all "the workshop of free scientific research." The aim in view was not so much the acquisition of encyclopædic learning or of dogmatic propositions as the gaining of an independent grasp of scientific principles, the lifting the student into the region of ideas and initiating him into original scientific research. It was not so much the amassing of knowledge as the making of knowledge, the extension of its bounds, which the new University set before itself. Such scientific research cannot possibly be regulated by any official regulations. A syllabus of teaching may be laid down by State decree, but for research to thrive there must be full liberty. Whatever the German suffers from official regulations in other ways, the student at the University at any rate enjoys full liberty of study and research, and the opposition provoked by the present Minister of Education in his attempt to curtail it shows how jealously that *Akademische Freiheit* is guarded.

It is this faith in the power of ideas and in the application of ideas to life which makes a study of Germany so interesting and so instructive for the haphazard Englishman, who thinks the only practical way of managing his affairs is to snap his fingers at theory and scuffle energetically through them much in the same way as he scuffles through a football scrimmage. Nowhere is the lesson more clearly brought out than in the history of education, and no man is better able to write the history of German education than Professor Paulsen. He knows

from personal experience the oldest, narrowest form of village school ; he is in full sympathy with the new movement which has given the Realgymnasium and Oberrealschule a share in the coveted privileges of the Gymnasium, and he is, above all, an historian. The great value of this book, what makes it a pattern for all historians of education to follow, is that he does not treat of education as an isolated movement, beginning and ending in itself, but as organically dependent on the life of society and reflecting from step to step the general progress of the inner life of mankind.

To praise this book would be impertinent : it is a book to be welcomed and read to the postponement of all others. Perhaps I may quote one passage which shows the breadth of the author's sympathies, a breadth which will surprise those who know the bitterness of the bourgeois feeling in Germany against Social Democracy :—

“Nor do I doubt that amongst the energies set free by the modern Labour movement, moral forces are to be found such as self-command and discipline, self-sacrifice and self-devotion for a great cause. And be the cause in itself good and possible or not, the value of those moral forces remains the same and they will not be lost. Perhaps the old experience will repeat itself here of the man who went out to search for a dreamland and found a real world.”

LORD MORLEY'S "MISCELLANIES" *

By J. M. RAMSAY.

IT is pleasant, just at the time when Mr. Morley has been raised to a peerage, and when his administration of India has caused many of his old admirers to look on him with doubtful eyes, to come on this new volume with the plain, familiar name "John Morley" on the title-page. "Fugitive pieces," he calls them, "yet perhaps not altogether without a clue." The clue may be found, perhaps, in the fact that the essays here collected are all comments of a practical politician, and most of them are comments on political theory. This is most clearly seen in the masterly exposition of Machiavelli, originally delivered as the Romanes Lecture in 1897, and now fitly standing first in this volume, and in the review of Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*, which illustrates with refreshing vigour the contrast between the pessimism of the isolated scholar and the confidence of the man of affairs. In dealing with Machiavelli, Lord Morley is on familiar ground, yet, as he shows us, not so familiar in fact as it is in assumption. "As Voltaire has said of Dante that his fame is secure because nobody reads him, so in an inverse sense the bad name of Machiavelli grew worse, because men reproached, confuted, and cursed, but seldom read. . . . While both of them railed against him, Catholic and Protestant each reviled the other as Machiavellist. . . . In England royalists called him an atheist, and roundheads called him a Jesuit." The mention of Voltaire reminds us of Lord Morley's study of him, written in 1872, and a comparison of the two essays, separated by an interval of

* *Miscellanies*: Fourth Series. By John Morley. Macmillan and Co., 1908.

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twenty-five years, brings out clearly the consistency of the writer's views and methods. There is the same freedom from the cant of current borrowed judgment, the same full realisation of what it was in time and circumstance that made each man what he was, and the same wealth of historical and literary allusion enriching every page. Short as it is in comparison with the book on Voltaire, the study of Machiavelli gains by compression. The description of his literary method is at once comforting and corrective to those who, reading the *Prince*, have been unable to find in it sufficient ground for the place that Machiavelli holds. "He possesses that truest of all forms of irony, which consists in literal statement, and of which you are not sure whether it is irony or *naïveté*. He disentangles his thought from the fact so skilfully and so clean that it looks almost obvious." The short review of Machiavellism in politics discovers it in unexpected quarters. William the Silent, Henry of Navarre, Elizabeth of England were the three "commanding figures" of the later sixteenth century; but "it needs no peevish or pharisaic memory to trace even in these imposing personalities some of the lineaments of Machiavelli's hated and scandalous picture." Frederic of Prussia thought of writing a refutation of Machiavelli, himself all the while one of the most ruthless practisers of the methods that Machiavelli described. And in the ten years that have passed since the Romanes Lecture was delivered, the increasing complexity of our foreign relations, the methods of imperial expansion, and the entrance of democracy as a real force into Parliament—all these promise rich material for an analysis as searching as that which Machiavelli applied to the Italian politics of his day.

These recent developments are the theme of two books dealt with in other essays in this volume—Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty* and Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's *Democracy and Reaction*. To review a review is to serve up *crambe repetita*. But these articles are more than reviews; they serve once more to express

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that sturdy liberalism of thought and action which has always been the creed of John Morley. Inevitably the question arises of the relation of Liberalism—in the narrower and in the wider sense—to Socialism. Mr. Lecky saw nothing but menace to liberty in the growth of modern democracy. Mr. Hobhouse, on the other hand, saw the menace to liberty in the reactionary and aggressive imperialism which seemed to be triumphant when he wrote his book. Lord Morley's defence of democracy will not please every one; he agrees with Mr. Lecky that it would be a menace to liberty if it took a really socialistic line, and he will have none of Mr. Hobhouse's eirenicon between Liberalism and Socialism, as being two movements in the same direction at different speeds. But the question remains whether the Morley type of Liberalism has ever been useful save as a protest against, and a means of removing, some existing injustice; a most important function, but not now the most valuable, in these days of constructive social legislation. What, for instance, is the Liberal justification for Old Age Pensions? On the old lines, it is difficult to find it. The measure is as purely socialistic as free education. But the Liberal will still go on, and the Conservative will go on, "liberating" and "conserving" in the most unexpected manner, and retaining only the names to show what perhaps were once their principles. What would John Stuart Mill think of the present House of Commons? The question is suggested by Lord Morley's centenary article on the philosopher, and by his opinion that in all valuable qualities the present House is the best of the seven he has known. The article reminds us of the danger of forgetting what we owe to those on whose shoulders we stand. No legend has grown up round the name of Mill as round that of Machiavelli, and yet what we most frequently hear now when his name is mentioned is an invocation or a denunciation of his authority as an economist of the Manchester school. That is not an exhaustive description of him, even as an economist,

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and it is well to be reminded of the place he held in his lifetime and after it as the codifier of Liberal thought. Even the *Logic* is brought by Lord Morley into this scheme, since it furnishes, or at least sharpens, the weapon of attack on authority unjustified by reason.

Of the other essays, that on Guicciardini suggests a contemporary contrast with Machiavelli, a historian of Italy who did not try to account for everything on the lines of ruthless self-interest alone, but gave a human account of human affairs. But for most of us Guicciardini will remain associated only with the anecdote enshrined in the "dazzling page" of Macaulay, about the convict who preferred the galleys to the historian. Then there is a sympathetic account of Mr. Frederic Harrison's *Theophano*, an endeavour to remove from Byzantine history the undeserved stigma of triviality. To keep the Turk out of Europe for four hundred years was no mean achievement. Lastly, the Comtist *Calendar of Great Men* furnishes a text for a discourse on the principles of selection and the inevitable people who ought to have been included. Certainly it is difficult to see why Calvin and Wesley should be omitted when George Fox finds a place.

And so we place the book on the shelf with *Compromise* and *Voltaire* and the rest, and are grateful for the clearness of thought and precision of word, the sympathy without sentimentality, the vigour without hardness, that make a bracing atmosphere for the mind distracted by the vague clamour of the voices round us.

THE PROBLEM OF UNSKILLED LABOUR.

THE Report just issued by the Charity Organisation Society with regard to Unskilled Labour once more emphasises chronic irregularity of employment as the most prominent factor in poverty. The Report is that of a Special Committee appointed in 1905 "to inquire and report whether by modification of existing methods of engagement, contract, and remuneration, especially in the case of unskilled labour, industry may not be organised on some more stable and beneficial conditions than now prevail." The conclusions and recommendations reached are the following :—

1. The Committee is of opinion that the system of irregular engagement and the daily payment of unskilled workmen is largely responsible for the poverty and unthriftiness so commonly found in this class.
2. The Committee believes that lasting improvement can be effected by the organisation of the demand for a supply of workmen so as to increase the extent of the market for labour, and of the mobility of workmen within it.
3. With this end in view, the Committee recommends that conferences should be arranged to consider, more especially in the case of the building trade and of employment at the docks and wharves, the best form of such organisation.
4. The Committee, recognising that employment cannot be rendered wholly regular over a series of years, or even for one year, emphasises the need for the extended organisation of societies for mutual thrift on the principle of insurance for the purpose of enabling labour to meet industrial risks.

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5. The Committee would draw attention to the necessity for securing a large measure of industrial training to boys and girls during the years immediately after leaving the elementary school in occupations likely to lead to permanent employment in after life ; and also for assisting and encouraging parents to make wise choice in selecting the occupations of their children.
6. With regard to the bearing of co-operation and profit-sharing on employment, we are unable to satisfy ourselves that the use of these methods has a direct effect in increasing the regularity of employment. It may, however, in our opinion, be fairly inferred that these methods have a valuable indirect effect in this direction through the favourable influences thus exerted upon the character and condition of the workers.

To the recommendations is prefixed a very valuable introduction by Mr. C. J. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Committee, dealing in order with the various forms of casual employment, their social effects, and possible remedies.

The leading place is naturally occupied by a discussion of dock and wharf labour. Here the description, though most detailed in regard to London, is widened by summary notices of labour conditions in other ports—Glasgow, Liverpool, Southampton, Antwerp, and Rotterdam. In all the British ports at least the same central evil is apparent, viz. “the maintenance of a floating reserve of labour far larger than is required to meet the maximum demands of employers. This is brought about by the independent action of the separate employing agencies, each seeking to retain a following of labour as nearly as possible equal to its own maximum demand. The result is a mass of men chronically under-employed.” Figures are given showing the degree of this over-stocking on various assumptions as to mobility of labour from dock to dock. A

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striking fact, deduced from returns made by a number of wharves, is that the irregularity of work is even greater than it need be, if every wharf gave permanent work to as many men as it could. "The permanent staff retained is only 70 per cent of the sum of the minima employed. The other 30 per cent of work—[i.e. of work which could be done by regular men]—is consciously or unconsciously distributed among a larger number of individuals, so as to keep men available for busier seasons."

Building presents a form of employment in which to the difficulties of being seasonal and of liability to great fluctuation in volume is added the further difficulty of a high degree of decentralisation. The essential features of under-employment are reproduced; instead of a series of reserves of men waiting outside particular places of business, there is at all times a mass of men tramping the streets in search of a job. The special features of the trade are the extent to which men follow particular foremen; the practice of "weeding out" undesirables after a few days' trial at the beginning of a job; and the demoralising effect on industry of a plan of employment by the job combined with payment by the hour. "Ca' canny" in such circumstances becomes mere common sense. All these points are well illustrated in Mr. Hamilton's introduction and in the evidence received by the Committee from foremen in the trade.

Casual employment reduces the productivity of labour, constitutes a social burden, and is demoralising to the labourer. These are the three main points in the section which follows on that describing the form of casual work, and deals with its social effects. They need no lengthy exposition. There is no lack of evidence for the view that "casual employment habituates men to casual life, making idleness, slovenliness, and irresponsibility easy and tempting," and, further, that in so far as it involves casual remuneration it renders all accurate adapta-

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tion of expenditure to means almost impossible, and causes the money earned, though often considerable, to be wasted in "alternations of extravagance and starvation."

In the discussion of remedies the organisation of the casual labour market is put in the forefront. In this connection reference must be made to the account given in the evidence of Mr. H. H. Watts, Staff Inspector under the London and India Docks Company, of the scheme of decasualisation adopted by that company. This, the latest and fullest description of one of the most notable experiments in social reform by business organisation, forms one of the most valuable features in the report. It shows how, by the gradual enlargement of the unit for taking on men from the department to the dock, and from the dock to the whole system of docks, the proportion of work done by regular as opposed to irregular men has been steadily raised from about 16 per cent as, according to figures obtained for Mr. Charles Booth, it stood in 1887, to 45 per cent in 1891-2, and 82 per cent in 1903. In the second place, emphasis is laid on the possibilities of extending insurance against unemployment, and some of the leading Continental experiments are described. The two things, indeed, go together. According to a passage quoted from the exhaustive report on Insurance against Unemployment, published by the German Imperial Statistical Office in 1906: "On one point all proposals agree, one point emerges clear in the adjudication of every practical scheme, in every form of unemployed benefit or insurance, an adequate system of Labour Exchanges is of the first importance."

To the report itself are appended minutes of evidence given by employers, foremen, and workmen in regard to building, dock labour, carmen's labour, gas works, and other industries.

POOR LAW ON THE CONTINENT.¹

By H. E. STURGE.

THIS little book gives us many interesting glimpses of the methods of dealing with the poor adopted in the countries of Central and Eastern Europe. It does not profess to be a complete or systematic survey; it is rather a series of sketches loosely strung together, without much arrangement and with some repetitions. In some cases only a single aspect of the subject is reviewed. The chapter on Hungary is devoted solely to the treatment of poor-law children, while the Danish system is considered only in reference to its provision for the aged. The descriptions of the systems of Berlin and Vienna are the most exhaustive, and afford much valuable material for comparative study. Especially interesting are the sections dealing with the Balkans and Russia. They are chiefly a record of neglect and indifference, and throw a lurid light upon the social conditions that prevail in these little-known regions of Europe. What, for instance, are we to think of a country where, as in Russia, the police are the sole authorities for dealing with the poor, and where granting permission to beg is the official solution of the pauper problem, so far as the towns are concerned? But the chief interest of the book lies not so much in exposing the defects of other systems, as in showing their special excellence and recommending them to the consideration of social reformers in this country.

Miss Sellers entertains a very poor opinion of the poor law as administered in England. The system is wasteful, and gives

¹ *Foreign Solutions of Poor Law Problems*, by Edith Sellers. (Horace Marshall and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

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very bad results. No other country in the world spends or could afford to spend £14,000,000 annually on poor relief, and yet have so little to show for it. The truth is that not money but thought is wanting. We do not take the trouble to sift and classify, but label all our poor, deserving or undeserving, with the name of pauper, and mete out the same treatment to them all. One cause of this, her foreign experience leads her to suggest, is that the administration of relief is in the hands of amateurs, and not, as in Berlin and Copenhagen, of paid and skilled officials. At any rate, no matter whose the blame, the indictment is severe enough, and some of the comparisons distinctly odious. Miss Sellers tells us that she has watched the working of ten foreign poor-relief systems during the last twelve years, and that of these "there are only three under which the deserving poor, especially the aged deserving poor, suffer so keenly as under ours; and not one at all under which the undeserving, the thoroughly worthless, are made quite so comfortable." Again, "both in Austria and in Denmark the aged poor are treated much more considerately and humanely than in England. Not only there, but in Holland, Belgium, France, Roumania, even in Russia and Bosnia, old folk of the worn-out worker class have homes of their own, quite apart from any building into which paupers are admitted." Also "in Germany and Hungary destitute children are infinitely better cared for than in England." And finally, "I know no people indeed, unless it be the Servians or the Belgians, who deal with their unemployed so unwisely and unfairly as we do, or so wastefully."

It must suffice here to indicate those respects in which the methods of other countries appear obviously superior to our own. Hungary, which proceeds upon the assumption that every child born within its boundaries is a national asset, has a very elaborate scheme for dealing with orphan, destitute, and neglected children. The State is practically prepared to take

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over any child and board it out with a foster-mother if its present circumstances are not conducive to a healthy upbringing. The cost of the undertaking is defrayed largely out of the pockets of the responsible relatives of the children, who are carefully sought out and compelled to contribute according to their means. In this way bad parents who may be forced by the State to give up their children are not released from pecuniary responsibility, while at the same time all parental rights are forfeited. Experience shows that such an arrangement has had the effect of strengthening the sense of parental responsibility where it was impaired, and of securing so far as possible the best interests of the children.

The old-age homes of Copenhagen and Vienna are fully described. Their success and tone depend upon careful classification. They are homes for worn-out workers, and no more disgrace is attached to any occupant than to a veteran who enters Chelsea Hospital. The inmates are treated as human beings, housed in comfortable quarters, given plentiful and well-cooked food, a small sum of pocket-money, and almost unrestricted freedom. The cost of all this, in the case of the large home at Lainz, near Vienna, is 1s. 5½d. per head per day, in Copenhagen it is 1s. 8d., while in a London workhouse it is 2s. Expressed in terms of the comfort and happiness of the inmates, no comparison is possible between old-age homes and workhouses; and it would almost seem as if Englishmen in their pride of wealth were willing to pay extra for the privilege of branding their poor with ignominy. As long as we regard poverty as a crime, and the cure of crime to be inhumanity to the criminal, so long shall we self-sacrificingly ignore the economies which a humane and well-considered system of poor relief can achieve.

The penal workhouses of Austria serve as examples of the treatment reserved for the real waster. All offenders against the Vagrancy Act may be committed to this unpleasant institu-

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tion, where, according to an official report, the "work-shy" shall be "kept at work, made to understand the value of work, and have a love of work aroused in them." Great care is taken only to admit incorrigible loafers; other provision is made for genuine work-seekers. Prisoners (for they are no less) must remain for three years, and can be detained indefinitely if their conduct is unsatisfactory. A full account is given of the working of the penal workhouse at Korneuburg, near Vienna; a brief chapter on the Belgian beggars' colonies at Merxplas, Hoogstraeten, and Wortel affords material for comparison. The conclusion is that the Belgian experiments have failed owing to the fact that no trouble has been taken to differentiate the genuine unemployed worker from the work-shy, the vagrant, and the wastrel.

The book may be heartily recommended to all interested in the problems of the poor, and encourages us to hope that Miss Sellers will undertake a larger and more systematic work, in which her wide knowledge and observation may be utilised to their fullest extent.



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A NEW THEORY ABOUT BOSWELL

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

ON September 19, 1908, tardy homage was paid to Boswell by the erection of a Statue in Lichfield. It was full time: for one hundred and thirteen years had passed since his death, and we look round in vain for any memorial.

The plan of Boswell's wonderful Book is truly original and composite. It is supposed to consist of an official account of Johnson's life, gathered at second hand: of profuse conversations reported by the never-flagging reporter: and finally of an element, hitherto unsuspected and undiscovered, but almost as important as the rest. Something of this had been "adumbrated" by Mr. Croker some seventy years ago—who threw out a mystical hint that the matter might be worth a more thorough investigation. This mine of interest is Boswell himself. A careful enquiry would show that the work was really intended to be "an account of James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck—of his character, feelings, opinions and adventures: with a complete vindication of his life and habits from the judgment

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of his friends." There is hardly a single passage in his life and career that he does not confide to the reader: and he relates the most familiar and personal matters about himself.¹

In the blythe days of Honeymoon
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I loved her late, I loved her soon,
And called her dearest kitten.
But now my kitten's grown a cat
And cross like other wives,
O by my soul! my honest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives!

This seems an odd intrusion in the biography of so great a man: but it is quite symbolical of the general treatment.

It is not too much to say that with little difficulty the chief events of his life could be reconstructed and pieced together from these volumes. And yet it is so artfully done that most readers would scarcely suspect it. We are all beguiled. Everywhere we encounter Boswell's portly figure "large as life"—he leads the talk—and holds his own in all the arguments; and of the whole Panorama, unrolled with such skill before us, Boswell is the contriver, director, expounder. He marshalls everything—arranges people in their places—reprehends and corrects and ridicules. He is no mere mechanical reporter, as many think; such as was Dr. Busch in the case of Bismarck, or Eckermann in that of Goethe, who effaced themselves. He himself stands forth the most prominent of all.

And here opens another department of the wonderful Book. He knew that his friends often made him their "butt," and were intensely amused at this odd mixture of piety and laxness: such as his ostentatious proclaiming that he had received

¹ As, when he was about to be married, he submits a little "matrimonial thought" which he had written *apropos* of the event: but which has nothing whatever to do with his account of Johnson.

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the Sacrament, and his pulling out his *Ogden's Sermons*. They roared over his exhibitions of intoxication : and at his attempts to appear as a sort of gay Lovelace. With his double chin, puffed cheeks and portly stomach his amorous doings must have seemed ludicrous. But in his Book he was determined to have the best of the laughers. It should be a regular *apologia*. He would *prove* to them and to the world by facts and instances that he was to be taken seriously.

The average reader knows that Boswell belonged to the Kirk of Scotland. He seems to be a sound Protestant. Yet but few know that for a time, when a youth, he had joined the Roman Catholic Faith and had been with difficulty brought back to his old Communion. He always had strong religious feelings, and a very scrupulous conscience, with a superstitious temperament. But he was a weak vessel. It is plain that he had a tenderness for, not to say a hankering after, the old religion. With this external knowledge we can understand many veiled allusions in the Book. What a light it throws on the many discussions he started on the subject with his friend, from whom he wished to extract a favourable opinion on the doctrines he formerly held. Once he took Johnson through a long list of Catholic tenets, and contrived to make him say something in favour of them all ! Boswell lets us know that he believed in the Real Presence of our Saviour in the Sacrament—also in prayers for the dead : and he once said of a friend, *Requiescat in pace*. He also seemed to hold by Purgatory.

Once, at Streatham, Boswell told the party of an old MS. autobiography of Sir R. Sibbald which he had in his possession, and which he thought of publishing. He described how it contained an account of the author's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith—how he had resisted long, until one day he found himself “instantaneously convinced.” Later, however, he was repelled by the rigid fasting and other austerities, which disposed him to reconsider his position, when he finally returned

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to Protestantism. Bozzy was obviously interested in this story, because it was a description of what he had done himself. Mrs. Thrale spoke of it contemptuously, as exposing weakness and instability. But Johnson, as Boswell was pleased to record, stood up manfully for Sibbald. He said it was an honest picture of human nature. He thus unconsciously vindicated his friend. In this adroit fashion Bozzy, in case any one should disinter the story of his own change, had his defence ready.

It was odd, however, that he never confided his change of faith to Johnson, even though such tempting openings offered. But he had no scruple in telling him that he had passed through some phases of infidelity—of which the Doctor spoke indulgently. Bozzy all through lets us see plainly where his sympathies were. So thus by a little careful study we can get at the whole history of his religious life.

Poor Bozzy's weakness for *le Beau Sexe* was notorious among his friends. He was helpless in this respect, and when he was under the influence of deep potations, and inebriety was present, we may fear there came shipwreck. All the time, however, he was making good resolutions and repenting. He does not indeed tell us of these lapses ; but hints escape him. Attractive Maid-servants at a Duke's house, flitting about in their neat caps and dresses, affected him keenly. No doubt, like the amatory Tupman, who on entering Wardle's house for the very first time attempted "to snatch a kiss" from one of those damsels. At Inns this was a failing of Bozzy's. All his friends knew that he wished to be thought a "gallant" man, and in his great Book he determined that this point should be clearly set out. The reader should know it also. He tells us of certain married ladies who, he insinuates, favoured his attentions, giving their names even. Lady Di Beauclerk and Mrs. "Colonel" Stuart were thus distinguished.

"I endeavoured," he said, "as well as I could, to *apologise* for

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a lady who had been divorced from her husband. I said he had used her very ill—that she could not continue to live with him *without having her delicacy contaminated*,” and he then proceeds to expatiate in a sort of extravagant style on the details. “*Seduced perhaps by the charms of the lady in question*, I thus attempted to palliate what I was sensible *could not be* justified: my venerable friend gave me a proper check—‘My dear sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. *The woman’s a——*’ (and he used a word that is unreportable) ‘and there’s an end on’t.’ This was the fascinating Lady Di whom every friend would recognize in an instant! And the lady too must have read it and said: ‘Good Heavens! This is all intended for *me!*’” The poor foolish Bozzy actually thought that he was showing off as her champion—vindicating her as against a cruel husband! It is easy to see that he was in a gallant mood and proud of it.

Further, wishing to prove that the great man was always on his side and took a proper and most indulgent view of his short-comings—he adopted a truly ingenious system. In the case of laxity of morals he took up the rôle of *advocatus diaboli* condemning all lapses, and thus compelling Johnson as it were to take the opposite side. By this device he once led Johnson into a discussion on the same point—he artfully urging that conjugal laxities were very culpable; and as he expected, Johnson took the husband’s side. “We ought to take a lenient view. The wife ought not greatly to resent this—she should study to reclaim him by gentleness. He had probably been driven to these courses by her negligence of pleasing.” But let us hear Bozzy’s commentary:—

Here he discovered that acute discrimination, that solid judgment, and that knowledge of human nature, for which he was at all times remarkable. Taking care to keep in view the moral and religious duty, one should clearly from reason and good sense, etc., . . . and at the same time *inculcated a very useful lesson as to the way to keep him.*

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It is really an eloquent passage and spoken from his very heart.

With all his good nature and amiability Boswell had a spice of malice in his composition. It may be that he found it much easier and more effective to set forth blemishes and failings than merits. Nor could he resist making those whom he disliked—above all those who had offended him—the object of satirical description. There is hardly a single one even of his large circle of friends of whom he has not said something that is at least disagreeable. We may fancy when his book first appeared, the general annoyance and anger in his circle—at the innumerable offensive strokes which are found in his pages—in the instance of Goldsmith, Langton, Hawkins, Mrs. Piozzi, Tom Davies, Old Sheridan—Beauclerk and his Lady—Dr. Percy, Sir J. Dalrymple, Lord Monboddo, Dr. Beattie, Garrick. Pages could be filled with the names of those whom he had thus dealt with. Even where he had not been absolutely insulting there was a free and easy tone of depreciation and often ridicule. There were many who had assisted him with their notes, recollections and letters ; such as Langton, Percy, Beattie, Reynolds :—these he exhibited in unpleasant, often mortifying attitudes—as if they were perfect strangers to him. This was owing—not to ungraciousness or ingratitude—but to *inflation*—he considering that he was sole Director of the grand Johnsonian exhibition, and that they were all to take it as really a great compliment that they were admitted to a place. He was superior to them all. Even the ludicrous revelation of his own absurdities—the drunken scenes—with the rough attacks of Johnson—seemed to him to bring no loss of dignity—as they filled out the portrait of himself. They were but interesting failings—to which all great personages were subject. They further proved that he was a gay and jovial *maccaroni*, or “blood,” and yet all the time was a serious, well read and even accomplished man. And after all these personal details what a

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favourable impression is left ! It is impossible not to be struck with his importance—his perpetual bustle and cleverness all the time he is *telling* us of himself and of what he is doing. Every letter of his in answer to Johnson's are filled with his doings, his travels, his meetings with friends and others.

And then let us consider the innumerable friends and intimates—persons of every degree—of rank or talent—gifted foreigners—eccentrics, players—even notorious *demirips*, such as Mrs. Rudd, whose acquaintance he was proud to announce to the reader, contriving even that Johnson should say, "I envy you her acquaintance." These remarkable folk and their relations with Mr. Boswell had nothing to do with Johnson's life—but a great deal to do with Mr. Boswell. The reader who reads the book for the first time, must be impressed with a sort of wonder and admiration : and will speculate how so gifted a man should have condescended to attend on the great Doctor.

Again : for a vain and young man longing to get forward in society, what could be more unpleasant than the remarks made by outsiders on his servitude to Johnson. "Toady" was, no doubt, the mildest term applied. But could he have taken a better way to repel so offensive an imputation ? Here he lays out his whole soul, thoughts, and feelings—his faults, even his position in the world, the Lords and Ladies that knew him, everything. A man of this position, character, and ability a toady ? Impossible !

The display of general knowledge by "Bozzy," his vast reading, the abundance of classical allusions—some, indeed, very recondite, his fertility of quotation, must have struck, as he intended it should strike, every reader. As a writer too he did a vast deal. His "works" would fill a large shelf : Travels, essays, stories, judicial reports, poems—these make up his literary baggage, and are of course all named in his great book. Surely the reader thinks this must be a mightily accomplished man.

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Of course we must have a reasonable suspicion that all this was done *à loisir*, that he "made up" all this show of knowledge in his study, and that when he was arranging his dialogues he took care—and very naturally—to "touch up" his own share, sprinkling it with learned remarks and quotations. In this fashion he was careful to build up a literary reputation for himself, no one could or can dispute it.

And so, as we look through the vast number of animated and dramatic scenes which fill the book and which are "stage-managed" with amazing sagacity and propriety—we find always that all eyes and sympathies are unconsciously directed to the one central figure, who seems to be the most important in the group. He is so natural that he gives himself away constantly, but does not heed it—he sets down the word in season, and extinguishes the forward man; he brings forward the shy performer. In short, he takes care to be always *in evidence* and leave a deep impression. Take his very first entry on the scene in Davies' shop: we see the modest but admiring young fellow determined to win rough Johnson's favour, and to heed no amount of rebuffs. We admire him, and as he leaves the room, follow him with interest, as, no doubt, he intended we should. In the other scenes, such as the contrived dinner for Wilkes and Johnson, he is again the hero. How kindly we feel to him as he describes his little affectionate plot for getting Johnson's pension increased—though it proved but a "busybody" affair and ended unfortunately.

There is not space to go further into this matter, but enough has been said to show the theory is no vain speculation. Boszy's status is now to be seen beside that of his grand old idol—a symbol of the two biographies thus linked together in one.

Boswell was certainly one of the most extraordinary characters that ever appeared on the scene. He seems to have

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possessed every quality that was needed for the functions he assumed, with an indomitable energy that never flagged or relaxed. He had prodigious resources—invention (for he devised a truly wonderful system of reporting)—deep reading—unruffled good-humour—a certain amount of wit with the appreciation of wit—an amazing memory—a power of “getting to know” everyone that was worth knowing, and what is so unusual and rarely found—an indulgence in pleasure and vice without allowing it to interfere with or damage the serious purposes of his life. This alone would show a force of character and strength that was quite unique. For the enormous labours of his great Biography—needing the greatest accuracy and research—were carried through at a time when debauchery had grown on him to a sad extent. Further, his judgments and criticisms of men and things are generally accurate and often brilliant and original—his strokes of character are refined and acute. We may be certain, indeed, that had he found time to carry out any of the innumerable literary ventures that he had planned, he would have left behind him some lasting and interesting works, such as the account of the '45 Rebellion, or the memoirs of his own family.

THE MEMORY OF FRANCIS BACON.*

BY H. E. DUKE, K.C.,
Treasurer of Gray's Inn.

THERE is a wholesome tradition of this house which prohibits anything of the nature of speechmaking in this place. Except that Francis Bacon, when he was Attorney-General, found it necessary to come here once in the course apparently of a visitation of the Inns of Court at the instance of James the First, with a view to the restoration of their efficiency and the reformation of some of their excesses, and made a notable speech, there are few instances, indeed, of speeches in this Hall.

Our colleagues have thought fit to-day to entrust me with a toast—not one of the customary toasts that were honoured here by our forefathers, but one of an exceptional and unique kind—and they have so far honoured the old tradition that they have taken care not to provide me with a speech.

I am reminded, when I find myself in that predicament, of a famous precedent on the North-Eastern Circuit. There was a celebrated leader whose habit it was to relieve his professional labours by going about spreading true religion among those in whose neighbourhood he found himself. At one of these excursions some of his comrades at the Bar were found in the front row of a roadside chapel awaiting the utterances of their learned brother. When he rose to speak he eyed them, and he said, "My friends, I see my brother So-and-So is here; he will lead us in our devotions." I do not know what was the result. But it occurred to me whether I might not look round

* Delivered at Gray's Inn Hall, October 17, 1908, the 300th anniversary of the day of the election of Francis Bacon as Treasurer of Gray's Inn.

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this table, and, casting an eye upon men who represent pre-eminently the veneration which Englishmen have come to have for Bacon, and who speak with authority in respect of those distinguished centres of learning from which they come, might have bidden them to address you. Names will occur to you of many who know and who love Bacon, and are here to-day, who could undertake this toast far better than myself.

The Inn thanks you for your presence, because it recognizes in you the expression of a feeling and a conviction with regard to Bacon common to the minds of English-speaking men, and of men beyond English speech, which justify the saying of Macaulay that the day would come when the name of Bacon would be spoken with reverence by thoughtful men throughout the intellectual world. Whether I should refer to that seat of learning from which he came to this house, and which he adorned, and which he left no ungrateful student, or whether I should refer to his labours in the House of Commons, where from the time he was twenty-three until the time when he became Lord Keeper he was an ornament of what was even then a great expression of the English mind, or whether I should glance into the world of letters, or whether I should dwell upon those chapters of his life which associate him with the Bar and with the Bench, I know that I could find here men who would be glad to say with regard to Francis Bacon, "We are all his debtors, and of his debtors I am chief."

I should not presume to search those higher regions of intellectual activity in which Bacon was a master and a pioneer. Men of sound judgment have linked him with Plato. I believe the opinion of our own age places him before Plato. A just sentence of a censorious critic describes him as the Moses of an unexplored land. He was the Columbus of greater discoveries than Columbus. He was the Pizarro of more fruitful conquests than Pizarro. And for my part I can only echo those

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words in which a great Englishman spoke of another great Englishman when he coupled those two names which I have ventured to associate, and bracketed in immortal words, "Plato the wise and large-browed Verulam, the first of them that know."

I have said that he was no ungrateful student. Let me add with regard to Cambridge that when I read that first fallacious allegation in the great essay upon him, that he came away from Cambridge with a supercilious mind, I remember the association with this Inn of Whitgift, who was Master of Trinity, and to whose care Francis Bacon was committed by his father, the Lord Keeper. You remember the unsparing language in which Whitgift also was held up to the contempt of posterity. Now, when Francis Bacon had attained a pre-eminent position in this house, and the old Master of Trinity, his old tutor, became Archbishop of Canterbury, Whitgift was enrolled among the Fellows of this house, and one of the first acts which followed was an act to which Bacon was a party, by which the gatehouse of the Inn was assigned to Whitgift for his lodging. The man who held Bacon up to censure, which would have been just if it had been true, with the suggestion that he came away disdainfully from Cambridge, where his mind had become so stored with learning that the wealth of his learning astonishes the students of his works to-day—came away with a supercilious thought of his university and college—the man who made that mistake could not have made it had he known the regard in which Bacon held his old tutor, Whitgift.

These are general topics. But there is one of the general topics with regard to Bacon which I have not touched upon, and one which, to my mind, and I venture to say, to the mind of every man who has ever dipped into English literature, puts Bacon into a place apart; the recollection of the sensation with which the lad who reads Bacon's *Essays* completes their perusal. It is as though he had walked in company with

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Sinbad or Aladdin, and had found his pockets filled with gems. Those treasures are imperishable, they attach to the mind ; and in that respect those of us who know little of Plato, and who have no profound study of Bacon's works upon which to found deeply the gratitude which we know is due to him—in that respect, we all of us feel the debt which we owe.

But it is not in any of these respects, and not because we here in Gray's Inn think that we can speak on behalf of the admirers of Bacon in regard to any of those matters which are public property, that we have asked you to come here to-day to join with us in celebrating this anniversary. It is because for the twenty-five most difficult years of Bacon's life he was student, he was Barrister, he was Benchers, he was the regenerator of this Society, and the intimate friend of those who were his fellows in it, and because during those twenty-five years Gray's Inn was bound up with the difficulties of his life, and with that long period of his adversity, as no other English place was. Here in this Hall, here in this Inn, Bacon came and went, a Brother and a Master ; and it is because Bacon was here so long a brother of our students, a brother of our barristers, a Master of this Bench, and ultimately Treasurer of this Society for, I think, the almost unprecedented term of nine years ; and because during those years his mind was bent upon that colossal task which he undertook and which he achieved ; because during that time often it seemed that to his expectations, so long delayed, must succeed the destruction of his hopes and the sterility of his powers—because of these things we claim in this place a share in the possession of the name and the man which we do not grant to any other English society, or to any society.

It was a strange fate which linked Bacon with this house, where he found and kept a secure foothold during years when the eye of power regarded him very jealously. His father had been Treasurer fifty years before him. This Hall had been

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built during his Treasurership. Nicholas Bacon, Cecil, and Walsingham had been students and ancients here together. Thomas Cromwell had been their predecessor. When Francis Bacon was on the point of leaving Cambridge, and when in all human probability the practice of the law, the utility of the law, was to him a matter of entire indifference, just as Nicholas Bacon had previously entered three sons of greater age, he brought here his two younger boys, Anthony and Francis, and here together, when Francis was fifteen years of age, they were entered. We know that it could have been as to Francis little more than a courtesy to the Inn, because in that year Francis Bacon set out upon what seemed to be his destined career in public life, in the suite of Sir Amyas Paulett, the Ambassador in Paris. Sir Nicholas Bacon chose for his sons a master—one Richard Barker*—among the younger barristers of this Society, and Richard Barker's name is recorded in our books in the eulogy upon him of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, but we know that Francis Bacon at once left the Inn, and in spite of his youth gained a name and a place for himself in France. Bacon had embarked upon a career which must have severed him from us, when in 1597 his father's life came to an untimely close. His father's will left him not penniless but wholly dependent, and it was then, and under these circumstances, that Francis Bacon came back to Gray's Inn, and took the place of Anthony Bacon in his father's old chambers, where No. 1 Gray's Inn Square now stands.

It was during the years which followed what seemed so dire a calamity that Francis Bacon coming back to this Hall devoted himself here to that severe course of oral exercises which was the lot of the law-student of his time, and he so laboured as to

* "Forasmuche as on Richard Barker an honest an toward student in learning of your howse for good respects & commendable partes in him, was chosen by the late deceased L. Keper to be an Instructor to his two sonnes my nephewes." *Burghley to the Readers of Gray's Inn. "Pension Book,"* 1579.

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be in three years so sufficiently a master of the learning of the Common Law as to gain his call to the Bar. Three years more and the Benchers of his day—men of whose names some stand high among the Judges and Advocates of England—when he was not ripe to become a Bencher, called him to this table to sit among the Readers. The happenings of these early years bound him to the end of his days and with an indissoluble tie to this Society. And those years devoted to the law brought to Bacon one conspicuous piece of knowledge which he pithily expressed—"Themis will have no bedfellow." That adage of Bacon's is itself racy of the life of the Inn. It speaks of the rule whereby as chamber accommodation was scanty, every occupant of chambers must take a companion to share his lodging, who in a kind of legal cant was called his bedfellow. It assures us of Bacon's early realization that Themis is a jealous mistress, and emphasizes the disability which knowingly and deliberately Bacon accepted in his devotion to learning.

When I read the second great fallacy of the famous Essay and am told that Bacon sprang suddenly into great practice as a young man, I remember the letters in which year after year Bacon besought aid in many quarters, representing that he must get a livelihood so that he might go on with the great task of his life, the advancement of learning. When I know, from records which the essayist had not before him, that Bacon's first appearance in the Court of King's Bench dated twelve years after his call to the Bar in this House, and that his candidature for the office of Solicitor-General was greeted with a chorus at the Bar that "he hath not come into the field at all," then I realize how unjust is the imputation upon Bacon that during those early years of his life he was gathering and squandering great gains in his work at the Bar. It was not until he had been for eight years a member of this Bench that he was taken into the public employment at all, and then came the chance to justify what no doubt was his own confidence in his training in the law, to

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justify his declaration that in the technicalities of the English Common Law he was Coke's equal, if not his master. The justification is the even struggle between them for mastery continued during long years. Every lawyer knows how abundantly Bacon held his own against his great rival, that man in many respects of unmatched greatness in his own domain of the law, Lord Coke.

The great and declared object of Bacon's life from his boyhood—his pursuit of learning profitable to the human race—colours his whole life in this Society. But he spent here twenty-five years of that part of his career in which there was no material splendour, and any of you who will take the *Essays* or the *Apophthegms*, which throw so much light into his pursuits, or still more will take Spedding's Life of him, and then study the Pension Books of the Inn, which I am glad that we have published, and the varied records of his labours and attendances in this Society, will see with perfect clearness how Gray's Inn is bound up with the noblest parts of his life, and will understand why it is that Gray's Inn regards him as peculiarly its own, and regards Gray's Inn as peculiarly his debtor.

I am not to be an apologist or a biographer, but there are many phases of his life in the Inn upon which I might dwell. One is the part which Bacon took in setting in order the community into which he came. He found time when he was penning and preparing his great works to devote a vast deal of attention to the every-day doings of this Society. Few men who have not been engrossed in the affairs of the Inns know the precise form which the life of an Inn of Court took in the days of King James. You had here a little commonwealth governed by custom and remarkably free from external interference. Bacon came at a time when to this Hall the nobility and gentry of the land resorted for the learning of the law, but when it was still necessary to lay down strict rules as to coming armed into hall, as to scuffling and striking, violence and disorder. Bacon

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applied himself to amend and enforce wholesome discipline. He applied himself also to maintain and even to increase the stringency of the courses of study through which he had himself come. They were no holiday tasks which were set here in Bacon's days. This Hall was a place of trial. The inner barristers searched the knowledge of the outer barristers, the ancients searched the knowledge of the inner barristers, the Readers searched the knowledge of them all. Bacon evidently attended to the studies pursued in this Hall, and was a diligent attendant. Read the passage in the *Apophthegms* which relates the discourse of Mr. Howland with the student, and let me tell you that Mr. Howland was an ancient in this Inn, and that the scene must have occurred here. Read also Bacon's speech in 1614 on the discipline of the Inns, and you will see how Bacon and his colleagues made Gray's Inn the model of a place of legal education.

I shall not ask you to-day to visit the Gardens of this Inn, but we have included in the little book given to you a facsimile of a page of accounts in which the responsibility of Francis Bacon for the care of the Gardens first appears at some length. The interest of the transcript is that if you read the essay "Of Gardens" side by side with the transcript, you will see how every word of the essay comes from the practical knowledge of Bacon and the application of the practice of his own life. His chambers overlooked the Gardens. He made them. There had been walks before his time, but no Gardens. He enclosed and laid out the fields of the Society, and for two hundred years at least after Bacon's time, as Charles Lamb tells us, they were a delight to the people of London. Our predecessors were under the necessity of building on material parts of them, and they present little to you to-day of the Gardens as Bacon created them. That they were then beautiful was due to his genius and his care. His association with the Gardens went on for twenty years, up to his treasurership and during his treasurer-

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ship. It was in the Gardens of Gray's Inn that Bacon chiefly enjoyed the friendship of his numberless friends. Read the *Apophthegms*, and you will see how much his everyday life was associated in his mind with the use of the Gardens he had made.

There is one instance of his association with the Gardens which I do not think is well known, and which does so much honour to that kindly heart which Bacon possessed that I mention it to you. In the *Apophthegms* you will find more than once the record of the witty sayings of one "Mr. Bettenham." "Mr. Bettenham said," or "Mr. Bettenham used to say," is the phrase, and the topics of conversation are illuminating. One was the uses of adversity, and another the uses of wealth. Mr. Bettenham was a fellow Reader of Bacon's, who had preceded Bacon in the treasurership. For many years of Bacon's residence they co-operated in the work of this Inn. Mr. Bettenham was a learned lawyer, but he was also a man of whom our records show that he had "been no great gainer by the law."* The position of Mr. Bettenham toward the Society was discussed when he came to his Readership, an occasion of amazingly great expenditure in those days, and Bacon and his colleagues made a grant to Mr. Bettenham. Their association was closer than that of colleagues. Bacon says in his essay, as you will remember, that in every garden there should be a mount, and such a mount he had caused to be formed in our Gardens. Raymond's Buildings stand on its site now, but you will find it represented in one of the pictures in the little book. Now, if you could have walked in the Gardens two hundred years ago, you would have found a summer-house on that mount, and upon the summer-house an inscription setting forth that it was erected by Francis Bacon, Solicitor-General to the King,

* "Hath byn a continuall and diligent keper of learning in the house and was called a year before hys tyme & hath byn no great gayner by the lawe & hath chargeably & learnydly performed his reading."—*Pension Book*, 1590.

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in memory of Jeremy Bettenham, late a Reader of this House, whose executor he was, "a man innocent and contemplative."*

I might bring before you other glimpses from the records of Gray's Inn of this distant time. They have much to say on many topics. But what I think is the dearest recollection of the men of this Inn in the career of Bacon is that when the day of calamity came, when within three months in 1622 the Bacon of Ben Jonson's glorious verse became the Bacon of the Confession to the House of Lords, Bacon came back to this House, and here in this House the first act of his old colleagues, from whom, of course, his high office had separated him, was to extend the grant of Bacon's lodgings which he had erected on the old chambers of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, so that he might have in those chambers a saleable interest. Macaulay and Spedding record of that period an almost prophetic word by Prince Charles, afterwards King, to the favourite George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, for whom Bacon was sacrificed ; for the lawyer who has looked into these matters will know of the loopholes which Bacon could have sought, and which he disdained to use because his conduct had been contrary to the standard of justice and judgment which he had set up. At that time, when Bacon's attached friends, whom poverty and adversity did not divide from him, rode with him on his way from Gorhambury to this House, Prince Charles wrote to Buckingham, "Do what we will with this man, he will not go out in snuff," or "will not go out in a snuff." Either version serves. Bacon does not "go in snuff" to-day. He was not suddenly extinguished, and he cannot be extinguished. Among the shadows of that great age the name of Bacon stands forth with fact about it, with public service about it, with character

* The inscription was as follows : "Franciscus Bacon, Regis Solicitor generalis, Executor testamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham, nuper Lectoris hujus hospitii, viri innocentis abstinentis et contemplativi, hanc sedem in memoriam ejusdem Jeremiæ extruxit An. Dom. 1609."

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about it, in spite of all the errors of his time, and all the weakness of his nature, and these things make his name increasingly a treasure of the English race.

What he wrote in his will was, that he left his memory "to the charitable speeches of mankind, to foreign nations, and to the next age." Three hundred years are gone, and we have thought here to-day that the time was ripe when we might declare our gratitude to Bacon, when we might challenge the judgment of Englishmen upon the whole, and in a broad view, as to the memory and services of Bacon.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILDREN AND PUBLIC ELECTIONS: AN ASPECT OF CITIZENSHIP

BY J. H. WHITEHOUSE

A CONSTANTLY recurring and unheeded feature of Parliamentary and municipal elections calls for the gravest attention. We refer to the result which follows the using of the elementary schools as polling stations in Parliamentary and municipal elections. A holiday for the children is necessarily declared, and as the reports of recent elections show, this holiday is spent by many of them as participants in the excitement, the vulgarity and sometimes in the hooliganism which characterize elections when party passions are aroused. They parade the streets singing the coarse rhymes of the pothouse, and shouting, without understanding, the party catchwords of the fight. They remain on the streets until a late hour of the night, and they see and hear much from which they should be protected. Especially is this true in the case of elections in populous districts.

From every aspect this state of affairs is bad. A long day of excitement, sometimes extending far into the night, brings obvious physical dangers. Not less real are the moral dangers. But we invite our readers to consider the question from the standpoint of citizenship. Is it reasonable to believe that children so introduced to our method of popular government will grow up with an adequate sense of their responsibility as citizens? Is it not certain that the impressions so received during the formative years of their youth will degrade their ideals and lead to the continuance of an ominous feature of our national life to-day—the mistaking of occasional exhibitions of passion and prejudice for the true duties of citizenship?

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To state the evil is to show its vital importance. We need not labour the point. There remains to be considered the best way of removing it. Under the existing law the returning officer at a Parliamentary election may use, free of charge, any room in an elementary school, and any room the expense of which is payable out of a local rate, for the purpose of a polling station. The issues at stake call for a short amending Act to prevent the use of schools at times when they would otherwise be used for their proper purpose. But short of such an Act the discretion which the returning officer already has will, if used, enable him greatly to reduce the use of schools as polling stations. Frequently there are other public buildings available in towns, and where under the present law the use of a school is unavoidable, an infants' department could in many cases be used, the elder boys and girls being kept at school.

We venture to urge this question to the attention of all members of education authorities, and of all school managers and heads of schools, and to ask the latter whether instead of turning the children on election days to run riot in the streets it would not be a good opportunity to guide their thoughts by brief wise words to those duties of citizenship which will devolve upon them in the future, and the spirit in which they should be carried out.

THE USE OF LEISURE AS BEARING ON THE PROBLEM OF THE HOOLIGAN

BY DOUGLAS EYRE
(Of Oxford House).

THE problem of how to provide for the innocent employment of the leisure time of the lads and girls of the industrial community after their day's work is done is closely associated with the leisure problem in relation to children of school age.

Street loafing and loitering is first practised in childhood. School is over. The child is either not wanted in its so-called home, or finds there no room or space wherein to play. Moreover, confinement in a stuffy dwelling is positively bad for the child. Thus the street becomes its only playground, and the habit of loafing in the street, and in particular by the drink and the sweetstuff shops, mixing with chance acquaintances there, clings to our youth long after the days of childhood have passed.

The leisure problem has become a national problem. It is at once an absorbingly interesting and a difficult one. Mere voluntary agency is altogether insufficient to adequately meet the need for organized play and rational recreation.

It is the absence of opportunity and reasonable means for recreation and innocent amusement that is in the main responsible for indulgence in low forms of amusement and the various grades of human animalism.

It is for the community to deal with the matter as one vitally affecting its welfare.

I am not here concerned to expatiate upon the relation of the leisure problem to the housing problem, or to the open space question, or to the problem of child employment; nor

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is it necessary for me to deal with the great question of the adequate provision of organized play for children. I confine myself to the need for providing on an adequate scale means for the suitable recreation of lads and girls of the wage-earning class at the close of the working hours of the day—often too long and too monotonous. This, I believe, can best be done by means of *Recreative Institutes* or *Clubs*.

These may be on a directly religious basis or not. Their establishment and management have not emerged from the experimental stages. There are various types, and it is well that this should be so.

Suffice it here to say that it is not necessary to impose a religious test of membership in order to produce the religious side of club life, and to develop the religious instincts with which its members are naturally endowed. Much, in any case, depends on the personality of the manager, and the more natural the development the better. The primary idea of such an institute as I am proceeding to describe is to draw lads and girls from the streets, and to do to each one of them, religiously, morally, and physically as much good as each will allow one to do. Girls' Clubs are described in another paper. I consequently confine myself to

LADS' CLUBS.

Such a Club should be open every evening in the week—say 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. (Saturdays 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.—Sundays 7 to 9 p.m.). In addition to the ordinary games, bagatelle, billiards, chess, draughts, ping-pong, there should be careful provision for cricket and football on Saturday afternoons, and for classes in as many subjects as the members can be induced to voluntarily take up.

Each Club should have its own Committee, partly elected by the lads themselves, and partly nominated by the President and Managers.

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOOLIGAN

The Committee should meet once a week to elect new members, settle the rota of duty, study the Club expenditure, and transact the Club business generally.

The idea should be to throw as much responsibility as possible into the hands of the lads themselves, and to get them to value their Club by contributing as much as they can reasonably be expected to do to the Club expenses.

Apart from the classes, there is much of an educational character in the general life of the Club, and the conduct of its business.

The larger the membership the larger can the programme become.

The description given above applies to a Club of 250 to 300 members; but whatever be the membership there must be plenty of attractions and a permanent Manager with business experience, who knows how to value and make use of the assistance of the lads themselves, and realizes that if the lads are to be civilized and orderly, there must be order, system, and method in all that he himself undertakes for their welfare. The provision of such an Institute is one that readily appeals to the sons of the rich and the well-to-do, to the public school-boy and the young graduate and undergraduate in our Universities. An Institute, bearing the name of his school or college, is one which will pre-eminently claim his service and provoke his generosity.

There should be in every district in which the poor are massed together as many Lads' Clubs as are required to suit the various types of lads. A gang of rough lads must be handled collectively, in a place apart from the ordinary working lad.

In the latter case a Club is a preventive, in the former it is a cure.

THE SUMMER CAMP is an annexe to the Club system.

Every young member of the Industrial Community in our large cities and towns should have the opportunity of getting a

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week's holiday—preferably at the seaside—in July, August, or September. I believe it to be to the interests of employers to facilitate this, and according to my experience there would be many more employers ready to do so if they were sure that the holiday would be profitably spent under wholesome conditions.

There are, however, employers in large numbers who grudge the holiday whatever be the conditions; and so in the last resort this holiday should, in my opinion, be ultimately secured by legal enactment, as being in the interests of the community.

Every Bank Holiday involves to a certain extent an interruption of trade in the week in which it occurs. It follows that the August Bank Holiday week is most generally selected and available.

The Camp has an extraordinary effect for good upon those who go to it. Besides being a source of thorough refreshment and invigoration, it presents a golden opportunity for inculcating habits of cleanliness, punctuality, order, and discipline, and of noticing points in the character of individuals which might otherwise escape attention.

CONCLUSION.

1. The hooligan is the product of the social environment.
2. His existence is a reproach to the community.
3. While all the causes which contribute to his creation have to be reckoned with, such as slum dwellings, dearth of open spaces, mis-employment—as in street running with betting news, the problem will not be solved without adequate provision for the employment of the leisure time of our children and our youths of both sexes.
4. State aid and voluntary effort must be combined. The latter is totally inadequate by itself, though it prompts “the way out.”

PLAY RELIGION

BY R. REYNOLDS-BALL

THE educational discovery of the nineteenth century that the child is a child and not an "imperfect man" was made when Froebel understood the significance in the child's life of play. But if the "Child" is the discovery of one century, he is the problem of the next, and on the later followers of Froebel the further question is pressing: How may the child be still a child and yet social? How may he in his own way participate in the life of society? Again an answer is being sought in the understanding of the significance and social possibilities of play. If the child can most fully realize himself as a member of society by passing in his own life through the life experience of the race, it is precisely in play and only in play that he can do it. While Educational Theory would seem to point to the child's life as a cycle complete in itself, alongside of and not continuous with the world of adults, at the same time economic and social changes have brought about the separation of the two worlds in fact. The industrial revolution abolished the family as the unit of production, and with the family the child's part in it as a producer. To create occupation for the child outside the working world and free from it has become at once a necessity for society and its great opportunity.

As play is seen claiming more and more of the life of the child—first, as an individual, then in relation with society—we seem to see more reality in the play, and are led to ask whether play may not be the character of the whole life of the child in relation with his world as a whole; in other words, whether play is so real that the religion of the child is a play religion?

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In what sense is play real? To take the simplest case first, what is the reality of the rag-doll to the child who plays with it? Is it not that he creates in the doll what he wishes to find and so finds it? Again, the reality of the play world in the school, may it not be possible just because society is free to create in it that which it is the child's nature to find? Finally, then, may not the reality of the whole "play world" to the child be that it is adequate, perfectly responsive to and harmonious with the nature of the child? Now the state of perfect harmony between man and the world he lives in is the reality which it is the ideal of the religious consciousness to find. It is this which between the child and his "play world" may seem to be already found as if in foretaste. The reality of the child's play religion would thus lie in just that which the man's religion lacks, the adequacy of the world to his nature. And yet it is just in this inadequacy of the world that the peculiar reality of man's religion consists, in the struggle to force the world to be what it should be and is not. It is because the child's religion is not based on this struggle in which men are living that the child's religion is unreal and real at once.

If this view be taken that the child's world and the child's religion are a play world and a play religion, what, briefly, should we have to conclude?

First. The child's religion is not the religion of the adult: it is perhaps a religion which the adult is not inclined to recognize as religion at all. It is the sense of the wholeness of the world, in which the child finds himself at home and akin with all that it contains. It seems paralleled by what Hegel has said of the religion of Greece—that there the unity of the spiritual and the real was embodied externally, to be lost again in the higher antagonism of Christianity, where the unity becomes not a fact, but an ideal.

Second. The child's religion, like that of the race, is prior

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to his moral experience and not based on it. How unrelated hero-worship, the form in which the child shows recognition of moral excellence, is to any moral experience of his own is seen in the perfect ease with which the child projects himself indifferently into every hero. Morality is being built up during childhood in the structure of the child's life, but it is not in the forming of it that the reality of the child's life centres. Morality is formed in him as a child, to be reformed by him in adolescence and later life.

Third. The child's religion has a reality which ours has not. As there is no antithesis between the actual and the ideal, so there is none between poetry and life. Myth which to us is "mere poetry," if it is poetry to the child, is real.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND UNUSED TOWN LANDS

THE question of finding remedies for the prevalent and serious state of unemployment is one of the most complex problems of the day. It has many aspects, and, viewed as a whole, the solution appears so difficult that many well-meaning but pessimistic persons incline to regard it as an indication of general decadence in our trade and condition. If only a fraction of the time that is spent in lamentation about the subject from this point of view, or in writing doleful details for the Press, were spent in attacking the matter from the most available side, some good would certainly result which might, with energy, be speedily multiplied. In every business, either on a large or a small scale, what is the first and most reasonable course of procedure when it is discovered that the total receipts do not compare favourably with the total expenditure? Is it not to search for any possible source of waste which is causing a leakage in the funds, and to stop it as promptly as means permit? Then we can next endeavour to find fresh outlets for our goods or produce, or to ascertain which of those already at command can be most readily extended with a prospect of profit.

The greatest and most deplorable source of waste in Britain is to be found in the land, which should in itself be the origin of the wealth, or at least the maintenance, of its inhabitants. There are hundreds of thousands of acres that at the present moment are not yielding a tenth of their possible produce owing to imperfect and antiquated methods of cultivation. Worse than this, too, is the fact that there

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are millions of acres of land capable of yielding a profitable return for the labour expended upon it, which are lying either in an absolutely waste and useless state, or are so near that condition as to be practically valueless as a national asset.

Here, then, is one aspect of the unemployed problem, and no adequate or far-reaching attempt has been made to deal with it in a way that should be nationally beneficial. We have a huge surplus in land, and a corresponding surplus in labour; does it not appear obvious that a scheme which shall unite the two forces must, under a proper system of organization, result in all-round improvement?

AMERICAN VACANT LOTS.

It is difficult to move the authorities in the direction of extensive schemes connected with work on the land, and, in consequence, much is left to public and private action. Even in the United States, where the same problem exists, it has been found necessary to proceed beyond the ordinary stereotyped relief works provided by States or towns, and to find additional means of employment of a more permanent character. Recognizing the fact that it is better to do something to help on a small scale at once than to wait indefinitely for opportunities to start extensive undertakings, societies have been formed in America under the title of Vacant Lots Associations which, in several of the largest cities, such as Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Buffalo, etc., have accomplished some wonderfully good work, and they are progressing at a highly satisfactory rate.

At Philadelphia in particular the results have been remarkable, and as the society has now a record extending over twelve years, the position is not only well assured, but the power for substantially good work is increasing every season. From the eleventh annual report we learn that about 300

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acres are under the cultivation of unemployed and partly employed men, thus providing some relief for about 1000 families, comprising, say, 5000 persons. In 1907 vegetables and other garden produce to the total value of \$67,500 (£13,500) were raised upon the area named, showing an average of \$225 (£45) per acre. The total cost to the society was £1500, so that, for every £1 subscribed to the funds, £9 worth of produce was returned to the holders and cultivators of the land. Less than £2 per family was expended to ensure this result, and, as the superintendent rightly observes in the report, "Given so, this provides them with food the whole season, and makes them stronger. If given otherwise, it would help them for a week, and make them weaker." Well indeed might the association adopt the following verse as its motto, for it admirably expresses the idea which underlies the object of the undertaking :—

"I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again, still cold
And hungry as before.

I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine,
He found himself a man, supreme, divine,
Bold, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more."

LONDON VACANT LAND.

Knowing so well what has been accomplished in America, in which work I have taken a part, I am founding a similar organization in England. The start was made last spring, when, as the result of a meeting in Toynbee Hall, the London Vacant Land Cultivation Society came into existence, and is now extending its influence and its work in every available direction. With the support the scheme should command from all who have the means to help, and who

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are wishful to find the opportunity to afford real aid to self-helpful men, this society will become a substantial power for good in this great metropolis. Its objects and methods must appeal to every thoughtful and reasonable member of the community, and the results already secured are satisfactory enough to convince the most sceptical.

METHODS.

The method adopted is to obtain the loan of unoccupied land as near the centres of congested population as possible. This is marked out into plots of about one-eighth of an acre, say twenty square rods (that size being found convenient in many respects), and these are allotted to suitable men who are in irregular and partial work which only brings in a small sum each week. It is felt that the benefit is greater to those so placed, because, if their small earnings are supplemented by the produce of such plots, it prevents the men drifting into the ranks of the absolutely unemployed, or becoming a charge upon the ratepayers. If there is any truth in the old adage, "Prevention is better than cure," it should apply here with double force.

When the first digging is completed to the satisfaction of the superintendent, a small sum is paid to each man as an encouragement, and this enables him to provide himself with the necessary tools, seeds, or plants.

Up to that stage, the society supplies what tools, manure, or seeds are needed, and at all times gifts of these essentials are distributed amongst the men without charge. The society also provides for superintendence and instruction free of cost to the men; in fact, it strives to help them and their families in every reasonable way to employ their many otherwise wasted hours to the best advantage in a healthful and pleasant occupation. How keenly these privileges are appreciated is proved by the statement that the applications for plots far exceed the

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number at the disposal of the society, and, with effective financial support, it would be easy to find cultivators for a thousand acres of land.

At the present time the society has under its control land at Fulham, Balham, and Canning Town, providing for over two hundred plot-holders, and, though some of this has only been in cultivation for a few months, it is astonishing what results energy, perseverance, and care have produced. A large proportion of the land was of a very difficult character, and much labour has been required to bring it into the right condition. Fully 90 per cent of the men have kept to the work extremely well, following directions with due attention, though it is a form of labour that few are familiar with. In the case of men who have been in defective health the improvement has been conspicuous, and they speak most thankfully of the benefits they have derived. The marginal 10 per cent have either found the work too much for them, or they have secured other employment. In the latter respect some of the men have been very fortunate, and they refer to it as a curious coincidence that, since taking up these plots, they have had more casual work than they have had for a long period previously. We wish it applied to more of them, for many have a severe struggle to face all their responsibilities, and have found the few shillings they have realized by the sale of produce a most welcome addition to their poor resources.

CROPS AND RESULTS.

The holders are encouraged to keep some record of their produce, and to report to the superintendent what they sell or use. In the case of the latter, the average retail value in the district is attached to the results—namely, it is entered at the rate it would cost the men to buy in shops or on the stalls. In the following examples, however, only the prices actually received by the men for produce sold are included

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in the estimates, and the amounts are given by the acre for the convenience of comparison. They also serve to show what can be accomplished under spade cultivation, even by inexperienced men, when working under systematic direction. In certain cases some crops have been much more successful than others, and the same remark applies to the men, who differ greatly in their application to the numberless details which go to make up success in gardening. Still, the average all round is a fair one, for up to the present it exceeds £40 per acre, which is a good standard of ordinary commercial gardening.

A short time since a paragraph went the round of the papers referring to a lady farmer in Essex who had secured 320 bushels of peas to the acre ; but this total was far surpassed by one of the "Vacant Lotterers," who had never grown peas before in his life, on soil from which he had removed some tons of bricks, stones, and rubbish before it was fit for seed of any kind. He had an excellent crop of telegraph peas, large pods well filled, and the total, estimated by the acre, would have exceeded 450 bushels, worth £64 for the same area and at the rate he sold them—which might have been easily exceeded—and he could have sold ten times as many. Other varieties on adjoining plots were almost equally good ; and when it is remembered that this represented a return for about ten weeks in the summer months, it is a striking instance what the land will produce under spade cultivation.

The amounts realized are such that a professional market grower with all expenses of rent, rates, and labour to pay for, could clear a living profit. How much more beneficial they must be to men who are relieved of these charges entirely—for their time would have been otherwise lost—can be readily understood.

The cost to the society would in no case exceed £10 per acre, and, in the majority of instances, would not amount to £5 per acre, provided anything like 100 acres were placed under

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its control. It is quite safe to say that similarly proportionate returns for the same outlay cannot be secured from any form of unemployment relief yet tried in a practical way on a proper basis.

There is the further advantage that the men's independence is preserved ; they are encouraged to work for the best results because they reap the full benefits. Moreover, they are learning something of the power of the land as a producer of useful and valuable crops under the best treatment. Whether they turn the knowledge thus acquired to further benefit by extending their efforts in other directions depends partly upon themselves and partly upon the opportunities that are offered to them. It seems a natural proceeding that a percentage of these vacant land cultivators, who have proved what they can do, and who like their work, should become small holders or commercial growers, and this actually does take place both in America and in Britain. The preliminary experience so gained, even though limited and elementary, is exactly the preparation that thousands of men need to enable them to take the fullest advantage of the Acts of Parliament now in operation for their benefit. If only a small proportion of the surplus population in towns can be enabled to find profitable occupation in rural districts, the gain will be a permanent one. That the colony system or co-operative organizations will render important assistance in this direction is beyond question, and the work of the Vacant Land Cultivation Society may, therefore, be far-reaching in its effects.

In commencing the work in a new district, the first point is to obtain the loan of available land, which must be fairly accessible, and not too far from the homes of the men. The next essential is that, in the majority of places, it must be efficiently fenced, because protection is needed, and the expense of providing this in open situations is prohibitive while the funds at the command of the society are so restricted.

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Where the local or other funds suffice men may be employed at a fixed rate of pay during the winter in clearing the land, and preparing for the following season's course of cropping. At present the Vacant Land Cultivation Society has not been able to undertake this, but the officers would be glad to be able to extend the scope of the society by organizing or supervising any preparatory work of the character indicated. It is satisfactory to know that attempts are being made to adopt the methods of the society in several large cities, even as far north as Dundee, and I have been repeatedly consulted on the subject. London should be able to lead the way in such work ; the need is great, and the land that could be usefully employed amounts to a very large area at the present time. If in every district some attempt were made to deal with the matter on the lines sketched out, the results would soon furnish an important indication of the direction in which an extension of help to the unemployed might be both practicable and profitable.

The society requires funds, and the free use of idle land, of which latter 10,000 or more acres lie unused within 'bus or tram ride of the Bank of England.

We appeal for both.

JOSEPH FELS.

39 WILSON STREET, E.C.

MICHAEL ANGELO AS AN ARCHITECT

BY PROFESSOR BERESFORD PITE, F.R.I.B.A.

IT may perhaps appear that a short paper dealing with Michael Angelo's work as an architect, would be sufficiently occupied with the peculiar importance of his predominating share in the design and erection of St. Peter's at Rome, itself the greatest, grandest, and most important monument of a whole millennium of Christian Art; but important and fascinating as such a treatment of the subject may appear, it would leave out of reach the interesting and (to us as students) instructive consideration of the progress or elucidation of architectural ideas in the mind and work of so great a master of the art of sculpture and painting.

To obtain pre-eminence by the sculptures of the Sacristy, the paintings of the Sistine, and the architecture of St. Peter's, in each of what we sometimes call the sister arts, is to achieve a title higher than either that of sculptor, painter, or architect. The power common to the exercise of each, is that of design; and it is as a designer that the quality of Michael Angelo becomes pre-eminent as architect, painter, or sculptor—design which glorifies his construction, inspires his decorative didactic power, and expresses through his sculpture profound emotion.

Both in sculpture and painting, Michael Angelo's faculty of design had such ample *materiel*, in an extraordinary anatomical knowledge and technical skill in draughtsmanship, and is so well recognised, that any special equipment for the practice of architectural design is overlooked, and a general artistic sense of proportion and facility of draughtsmanship assumed to be sufficient. Without some corpus of architectural knowledge or the possession of a tradition of craftsmanship, the greatest

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power of design is incompetent of expression in building. To these necessities, of course, must be added and assumed the opportunity, such as we all hope may ere long come to each of us. Michael Angelo had both the power of design and the opportunity for its exercise in building. With what equipment and experience did he work? This inquiry into the ammunition of his battery is our subject. What was he as an architect? Are we students here, with our ideas of qualification and education, omitting anything which may with interest be gleaned from the armoury of this heroic designer?

Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born on 6 March, 1475, at Capresi, suckled by a foster-mother, who was both a stone-cutter's daughter and a stonemason's wife; he was apprenticed in 1488 in the workshops of Ghirlandajo, the painter, for three years, and received the nominal salary of a few florins annually. The patronage of Lorenzo the Magnificent at the Casa Medici, enabled him to make himself a sculptor, and perhaps the counterbalancing power and fate of Savonarola, who was martyred in 1489, supplied him with that seriousness which is so evident in his art.

Before he attained thirty years of age, the *David* and the *Pietà* of St. Peter's had established his fame; and to this early happy period of highly successful work, belong the *Madonna* roundel at Burlington House, the *Cupid* of the South Kensington Museum, and the *Madonna* of Bruges, besides some works in painting, and the great cartoon of bathing soldiers at the battle of Pisa, of which a drawing exists at Holkham Hall. His great qualities of drawing, anatomical knowledge, power of scale, and mystery of design, were then fresh to the world, and are to-day still eloquent of his unique mastery.

The works of architecture, that is, the buildings designed by Michael Angelo, which can be considered but partly on this occasion, are, first, the New Sacristy at San Lorenzo, Florence, erected by order of Giulio de Medici, shortly after his acces-

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sion to the Papacy as Clement VII in 1523, to contain cenotaphs to his brother and nephew, which were left unfinished in 1534. Second, the Medicean Library and its Staircase Hall at the same church, begun in 1526 for the same Pope. Third, the completion of the Farnese Palace at Rome, for Alexander Farnese, Paul III. Fourth, the continuation of the works of St. Peter's, to which he was appointed Architect in Chief on 1 January, 1547, at the age of seventy-one, and in which he laboured for seventeen years, declining remuneration, until his death on 18 February, 1564, within three weeks of his ninetieth birthday.

A fifth work is the design for the laying out of the buildings of the Capitol, commenced after he had received the citizenship of Rome in 1546.

Other building schemes and designs might be added if we included fortifications at Florence, schemes for the gates of Rome, and the recasting of two great halls of Diocletian's *Thermae* into the church of *Sta. Maria degli Angeli*.

Before proceeding to discuss the architectural treatment and qualities of these works, it is of some importance, in estimating Michael Angelo's work, to bear in mind that no one of them afforded a simple opportunity for a complete conception. Each was conditioned very closely by existing buildings which it was desired to finish, and it may not unfairly be said that to Michael Angelo were in many instances delegated the failures of other men, in the anticipation that his genius could bring them to success. As a designer he did not have the opportunity of carrying out one unhindered original design. That he should have been resorted to in these difficulties is of course a testimony to the public estimate of his powers, which never seems to have been lacking, as also the rivalry and jealousy of his competitors sought his ruin only by setting him apparently impossible tasks. The new Sacristy at San Lorenzo had to conform in plan exactly to the old one erected a century

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earlier by Brunelleschi. The Medicean Library and Staircase had to be erected upon and within determining walls already one story in height. The top story and cornice of the Farnese Palace are but a completion of Antonio da San Gallo's work. St. Peter's, as we know, is but a triumph over difficulties of many kinds, which had proved insurmountable to a generation of such genius as that of Bramante, Peruzzi, and San Gallo; and the laying out of the Capitol Hill speaks for itself as a problem to be solved, rather than the exposition of an idea.

Considering for a moment critically these architectural works, may it not be claimed that the Farnese Palace, St. Peter's, and the Capitol, are sufficiently important and decisive in their result, to ensure the clear title of a Great Master to their architect, and to give pause to the specialist who would fain only admire an amateur's universal aptitude in Michael Angelo's work as an architect?

TOMB OF POPE JULIUS II.

At the age of twenty-nine, early in 1505, Michael Angelo was summoned to Rome by the Pope, Giuliano della Rovere, Julius II, it is said by the advice of Giuliano da San Gallo, the architect. He was soon commissioned to design a monument intended to be situated in the old Vatican Basilica of St. Peter, the greatest Early Christian Church of Italy, the apse of which, in the previous generation, had become the subject of a scheme for rebuilding by the architect Rossellino.

In this tribune the Pope contemplated placing his own tomb, and employed the young but great sculptor to design it. It has been pointed out how the characters of this great militant churchman and of the artist were sympathetic, rather than complementary, the force of hand, masterfulness of mind and mutual ambition being common to both and allied for the purpose of an imaginative design, though without those intellectual

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links of mutual confidence which are essential between patron and artist in any great commission.

The design was considered so successful that immediate execution was demanded, and steps were taken to commission Bramante to rebuild St. Peter's in the modern manner to receive this culmination of the new art, a triumph of classic vitality and power. We need no discount in our own estimate of its value : the genius afterwards demonstrated in the Sistine ceiling and Medici tombs may well be credited with the conception of a scheme unlimited in subject or material, which would be indeed wonderful. The genius of the Renaissance had already culminated in his David ; he himself was just thirty, and summoned to the highest and most splendid of earthly courts to prepare the monument of its powerful and ambitious lord. The age was the most splendidly equipped in the Arts in all of the Christian Era, the designer the greatest personality of art, and the subject thirsting for all the glory with which the arts could immortalise his potent name and title. We know that Michael Angelo rose to the occasion, and gathered up the full fruit of the whole preceding century of life into his hands, as he joyously sketched the developing groups, fertile in idea, with which he clothed and expressed the monumental tomb chamber of the Pope.

The idea seems to have been that of a casket, surrounded by buttressing groups of attached figures, opportunities each for his delight in masculine anatomy, supported on enriched projecting pedestals, the walls of the casket being enriched with niches and bronzes, and other sculptured panels. Over the cornice of the casket, grouped at the angles, were seated figures, carrying the lines backward and upward with amazing power and beauty. This can be imagined by considering the effect of the figure groups in mass and silhouette on the Wellington Monument, remembering that the great and famous Moses was one of four such angle groups. The

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pyramid form so given was carried into an attic, which formed a background to the seated figures, and upon which was laid the sarcophagus, supported by angels. Here all the opportunities for sculpturesque outline and relief were afforded, around and upon the square mass of the tomb chamber, the normal architectural forms of which would form the corpus for an enrichment by the use of the human form, such as the world of art had not then known. We know enough to understand how plain in mass and useful in contrast were the architectural forms, and to grasp that such groups as the Slaves of the Louvre below, and of Moses upon the cornice would lead up to the effigy and cenotaph.

The proportions and purpose of this detached rectangle are a square and a half, about 34 feet by 23, containing a chapel within its walls as an architectural basement. These have but to be clothed with the later decorative material of the Sistine ceiling and the Medici tombs, to provide us with sufficient food for imagination and for appreciation of the effect of such a dream upon the whole of the artist's later service to the arts.

The relation of this tomb to Michael Angelo's subsequent ideals and circumstances, is more or less dealt with by his various biographers; Condivi, his pupil, employed the oft-quoted phrase, "the tragedy of the tomb," but if tragedy is a suitable phrase for artistic disappointment, or for the mis-carriage of ideals, we are all either the authors or subjects of tragedy, and live in its atmosphere. On this we need not dwell, but it is important to seek to realise the relation of this unrealised conception to the current work of the Renaissance Masters.

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had seen mediæval art expiring in Italy in the new atmosphere of individual idealism. The work of the Pisani at Sienna and the Tomb of St. Peter Martyr, at Milan, illustrate the growth of a realisation of

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the decorative value of sculpture apart from its classic use. This new life breathed in the competition for the first Baptistery Gate at Florence, and developed in Ghiberti's work on the second gate. The ensuing century until Michael Angelo was occupied in the development of sculpturesque art in closest union with architecture, derived most often from the Guild of Goldsmiths at Florence, echoing the traditions and methods of precious ornament in rare metal. Mina da Fiesole, Donatello, Andrea da Sansovino, and others have given us a catena of beautiful monuments varying that method, but all practically combining in gentle subordination, the sculpturesque to the architectural motif. The general tendency was, however, to the evolution of lovely forms of ornamental enrichment of the architecture, and to a marvellous delicacy in sculptural reliefs.

Upon this followed the work of Bramante, the San Galli, and Peruzzi, all deriving a more definite architectural motive from the writings and work of Alberti, who was to them as he is to us, the real teacher of the architectural orders of ancient Rome. An architectural ideal emerges, and the sculptural and merely ornamental treatment diminishes to bold and simple classic detail, to which the detail of Giuliano da San Gallo bears witness, as well as the realisation of Bramante's dream of classic purity in the Temple of the Cloister of St. Peter in Montorio. Intimate acquaintance with pure architectural forms and with the orders of Vitruvius as re-stated by Alberti, were the equipment of the present day masters, and asserted a new breadth and dignity of form in place of reliance on the delicacy and beauty of enclosed sculpture and ornament. From this school and its ideals it appears that Michael Angelo turned away. Personal want of sympathy for its leaders may or may not have affected him. It is quite probable that it did. Brunelleschi's story in earlier days shows us how much this was ever so. But he was enlightened with a complete ideal of beauty in the human frame, and so powerfully taken captive

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with it that whether in the David of the open Piazza, or in the Holy Family in the Uffizzi, he found sufficient means of expression in it as a divine pattern. The outlines of the tomb in every silhouette are therefore made by the encircling series of figures, the sculpture asserts itself as supreme, the progression from the Pisani through Ghiberti, Donatello, and Sansovino is continued to its ultimate goal, and the wealth of power latent in the human form, for what he conceived to be the expression of decorative forces, is employed with a fullness of vital meaning and intelligence of which the most perfectly designed architectural column is incapable. The interest is not that of an order, of a style, a revival, or of beautiful ornament. Michael Angelo conceived it possible here to employ statuary for all this, and his effort brought to light and birth the school which, in directest contrast with that of Greece, employed the sculpture to contain the building, rather than the building to embody the sculpture. It may be dismissed with a criticism, but it came there and then into being, springing fully armed from the brain of the sculptor. Michael Angelo, however, was neither super-elated or exhausted by his new light—that he felt its brightness years after, the composition of the Medici tombs tells us—but the design of St. Peter's proves that he was superior to it, and completely capable of thinking as powerfully when necessary in the sterner factors of a lower expression by architectural features and forms alone. The same remarkable breadth of view and power of working from differing stand-points is evidenced in the essential difference of treatment between the ceiling and end wall of the Sistine Chapel which he later on developed; in the one relying entirely on an architectonic scheme, and in the other flinging it all to the winds in passing from the representation of historical things that are seen, to that of those which are not seen as yet.

Julius II died in February, 1513, and the tomb was never completed, the seated figure of Moses alone being finished by

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Michael Angelo. The terms of his contract for its erection were as a scourge to him for a full half-century, almost to his dying day. But the rebuilding of the Basilica occasioned by the tomb went on apace, and ere his work was done he built the shrine to be greater than the tomb.

1506-1512. THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

The Sistine Chapel of the Vatican was built by Baccio Pintelli of Florence for Pope Sixtus IV, uncle of Julius II, in 1473, two years before Michael Angelo was born. It is a simple parallelogram, 132 feet long by 44 wide, and is 68 feet in height. The vault is a simple semi-ellipse groined over the six windows of each side, and over two windows in the east wall, and similarly over two blind bays at the west end where the altar stands.

The problem of the decoration of the great vault and of the west wall was then unattacked; the central story of each wall was occupied by a series of frescoes from the hands of the greatest masters of the time, while the ground story was to be hung with tapestries by Raphael, the cartoons of which belong to Hampton Court Palace, but have been for a generation exhibited in the South Kensington Museum.

It would not come within the province of this paper to discuss this great frescoed ceiling of nearly 10,000 superficial feet in extent, if the work could be regarded solely as the work either of a painter or sculptor; that it is obviously both is claimed by its colour, draughtsmanship, and composition, but it is also, and primarily, an architectural design. The vault, structurally unlike those of an earlier or later period, is without architectural subdivisions or members other than the relatively small groined chambers over the windows, and it, in some ways, presented a new problem for decoration. It would be interesting to trace the position of ceiling and vault decoration through the period of the cinque cento down to Michael

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Angelo's starting-point in 1508. Some divisions of the surface had always been necessary, unless either the primary method had been followed of representing the blue vault of heaven relieved by stars, or by emphasising the groins with bands of ornament as in the Upper Church of Assisi, or leaving a plain ground, employing tablets with arabesques based upon the remains of Roman polochromy as at Pompeii, a method represented in the Renaissance by the loggia and libraries of the Vatican, and some charming treatments at Genoa.

The stanzi of Raphael face the problem with a more or less definitely geometrical method of subdivision based upon a system of coffered panels filled in with exquisite single figures or small groups, supplemented by arabesques and lavishly decorated mouldings. A singularly beautiful style was evolved with these materials, that has availed for many circumstances in many hands, which may be illustrated by the well-known vault of the Sanctuary of Sta. Maria del Popolo, which had been finished by Pinturicchio about three years when Michael Angelo began the Sistine. The large central ceiling panel existed in the vault of the Sienna Library, an apartment which is somewhat similar in constructive plan to the Sistine, but the ornaments and ground are of a traditional and very beautiful ornamental type.

It was against Michael Angelo's wish that Julius II compelled him to undertake the ceiling, and it is said that Uncle Bramante and Nephew Raphael expected the commission to prove a stumbling block to the greater genius of their sculptor rival. He had been away from Rome for a few years, having left without leave and in dudgeon, being disappointed by the Pope in a matter that would correspond to the non-payment of a certificate by the client; but amicable relations had been restored over a bronze statue of Julius for Bologna, and he now returned to the city of his great tomb vision.

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That the subject matter of this filled his mind we can well suppose; and also realise that its artistic structure and parts were at this period the daily bread of his imagination. When a new and unexpected problem is placed before the designer, he can do nothing else than reflect within upon the archives of his mental library, and revolve the images that laborious study has conjured in the past, or recollect other types and precedents near or afar.

We of this privileged epoch have volumes of weekly architectural pabulum to refresh our souls with, inviting us to new fields of study and criticism suited to our time and purposes. The storing of the mind with chosen material for reflection and digestion is a prime essential to fertility of imagination and productive power, and this responsibility of the ultimate effects of submitting every week a series of stimulating works to a generation of eager students is doubtless largely with the unseen gods. Michael Angelo's mind reveals itself in this ceiling problem, with a simple directness of speech, to the eyes that have seen his vision of the tomb of Julius II, but in all the mystery of a hitherto unknown tongue of wonder and awe to those who would judge it only by its historical sequence as a ceiling decoration. Sir Charles Holroyd, in his edition of *Condivi*, has explained quite simply how "the master set to work to produce a similar conception to the tomb, in a painted form. The vault became a great temple of painted marble and painted sculptures, raised in mid air above the walls of the chapel. The prophets and sybils took the positions designed for the tomb, like the great statue of Moses. The athletes at the corners of the ribs of the roof were in place of the bound captives, two of which are now in the Louvre, and the nine histories of the Creation and the Flood filled the panels like the bronze reliefs of the tomb."

The full value of the architectural background and the structure of the tomb, is felt in the breadth imparted to the

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ceiling by the spacings of the figures and panels. The texture, colour, perspective, and light and shade of walls, piers, pedestals, and masses, are all of value to the painter in procuring emphasis and scale, but the composition is neither that of a sculptor of the Renaissance nor of a painter, but is singularly architectural, and should be to us what it was to Michael Angelo, a painted representation of a vision of an architectural scheme of the history of human life. Its systematic construction is illustrative of the ordered providence perceived in revelation, and has an appropriateness which is not perhaps wholly accidental, or due to the probability of his mind being stored with the *disjecta membra* of a broken ideal. The force of these facts comes home when we consider the decoration of the west wall, executed thirty years after his commission for the ceiling. There, architecture, like every other aid from the traditions of decoration, is thrown away, perhaps only because Michael Angelo had attained a final independence of all auxiliaries or attributes of expression, in his power of exhibiting the human form, now not merely protruding from its frame, but having cast both frame and garments away, or perhaps (in continuation of the idea of the ceiling) the advent of Eternity, with its *Dies Ire* for all earthly glories, made it impossible as well as non-exegetical to rely on an architecture of historical tradition and constructive gravity for that which must be future and ethereal.

NEW SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO.

The accession of Giovanni de Medici to the Papacy as Leo X, in 1513, occasioned Michael Angelo's residence and commission at Florence during a period of twenty years; of these commissions the New Sacristy with its tombs and statues and the library and staircase at San Lorenzo are the only executed works. The first of the series, however, was to have been the addition of a façade to the church, in connection with which an

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inordinate time was spent by Michael Angelo struggling with difficulties at the marble quarries. To a patriot this was otherwise a troubled epoch, embracing the sack of Rome and the siege of Florence, troubles which, being capable of revelation by physical attitude and facial expression, are read plainly in the sculpture of the tombs, but of which, necessarily, architecture is sublimely oblivious.

The design of the New Sacristy being completely settled, as to plan and size, by the corresponding apartments built by Brunelleschi on the other side of the church, the opportunity was afforded for variety only in the decoration of the walls. Comparison with the simpler method of the older sacristy is interesting, but does not suggest much beyond an advance in the academic employment of a revived Roman order; artificiality of detail as well as of arrangement succeeding to fresh simplicity and untutored proportions.

The employment of a larger order of pilasters is normal, and commonplace in detail. It differs much from the double tier of doors and windows or panels which it encloses, below the main cornice. The treatment of this enclosed story, and the creation of an attic story of lighter pilasters with a small continuous cornice at the springing of the vault, indicate that development is taking place, as they are original in character. The treatment of the vaulting, however, follows Brunelleschi without variation. Michael Angelo's interest in that subject was to come later. The architectural treatment of the walls, however, is not that merely of contemporary men—it has neither the sweetness of Bramante nor the bold heaviness of Antonio da San Gallo; but it is original, justly proportioned, and pleases by its simplicity of arrangement. It accords with the monumental sculptures with which neither the scale of the larger pilasters nor the subdivisions within them interfere. The extraordinary value of the recumbent figures in impressing their largeness of grasp and size upon the beholder, may

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seem able to defy the mere efforts of architectural features and oppress them. We have reason to fear from many sad examples that this might happen with any fine sculpture mercilessly grouped with architecture, but one might perhaps conceive that even the interior order of St. Peter's itself might not prove superior in force to the almost unearthly scale of the Morning and the Evening. The architectural features have remarkable freshness of detail, due almost entirely to a draughtsmanship obviously achieved by pencil on paper in studied profiles and arrangements. Much that is interesting may be found recorded in John Addington Symonds' *Life of the artist*, as to the complete scheme for decorating the walls and vaults with sculpture, bronzes, and painting, but the building does not appear to us to need more than the mysterious influences of Day and Night, of Dawn and Evening, to satisfy both eye and mind.

The architecture is restrained, and no opportunity has been made for display. Sir Charles Holroyd has pointed out that as the building work was not carried out until after the tombs were completed, and Michael Angelo had left Florence, the work must have been done from sketches and drawings. Though the Sacristy is mere decorative scenery, it is fresh, harmonious, restrained, and infused with vigorous form. The characteristics are necessarily in evidence of the work of an amateur. Precedent is employed so far as it is perceived, for the main order, but is replaced by thoughtful effort after a more delicate proportion with marked originality in the treatment of the niches, doors, and sarcophagi. Whether the detail is due to the fingers of Michael Angelo or not may be doubted, but that it did not fall into or from those of the developed professional architect seems to be clear. The employment of the large pilaster order, the movement towards originality in the detail when considered in relation to that of the library, as well as to the upper story of the Farnese, appear collectively to

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present us with a class of design that has a distinction and personal element fresh and sound, interesting and pungent. While in this example lacking the occasion afterwards obtained at St. Peter's for the scale and grandeur realised in the sculpture here, it has the qualities of direct originality and virility manifested in his figure design. It is perhaps not very profitable to attempt to trace downwards the exercise into a phase of a lower vehicle of expression of the poetry of higher art of form, but we venture here, because it becomes a prelude to later triumphs in intellectual architecture.

THE LIBRARY AND STAIRCASE AT SAN LORENZO.

The Medicean Library is internally a long and handsome saloon, the success of which is derived from its admirable proportion (which is not unlike Trinity College Library, Cambridge, by Christopher Wren), and by the simplicity of its design. The walls are divided by flat pilasters, which are based upon a dado of desks, between each of which is a window having an architrave, consoles, and entablature, which is set within a plain rectangular panel, over which is a square blind window or panel having baluster supports to its entablature. The architectural treatment of the pilasters, cornice, and of the windows with architraves, is similar to that which might be employed as an external order, and being elementary, is successful; no attempt is made at sculptural or unrealisable effect. The ceiling is richly panelled and carved, and its design is repeated in the drawing of the floor; the carved reading-desks with the parchment panels at the end, form elements in the great success of this simple room.

As in the Sacristy, the drawing of the mouldings is pungent and original, and imparts a subtle vigour to the architecture.

The staircase hall is (as it was when Michael Angelo left Florence in 1535) unfinished still, and the graceful and charming flight of stairs itself is the work of his pupil Vasari. The

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treatment of the apartment, which is square in plan, is full of interest, if only as we realise in its eccentricity that it is the effort of the designer of the tomb, of the ceiling, and of the Sacristy. As in the library-room, there is no sculpture or decorative ornament, other than strictly architectural features. Parts of columns are inserted between projecting piers created for the purpose; these have two orders of niches or recesses, the lower with pilasters and pediments and the upper with a pair of delicate architrave mouldings, the outer one indented above to receive a delicately carved swag of foliage. The whole order rests upon a plainer basement in which the piers are treated with projecting narrow margin mouldings, which have a most pleasant emphasis; a pair of large simply voluted trusses is placed in front of the bases of the columns, which may have been intended as brackets for busts. The hall was intended to have a second story, of similar general treatment, which has only been partly erected. The whole would then have formed an impressive though curious apartment.

The employment of complete columns as attached ornaments is experimented with here, and led later on to an important architectural usage. The suggestion of reckless liberty which Michael Angelo may be supposed to have taken with architectural features, may be set aside; the design of the columns and the detail of the features of the piers all indicate careful thought and patient working out of original forms. The sections of the cornices and the delicacy of the returns where the piers project, have no indications of extravagance or hastiness of idea. It is interesting to refer to the vestibule to the Sacristy of Brunelleschi's companion church of San Spirito, not far off, which was built during Michael Angelo's student days in Florence, being completed by 1496, when he was twenty-one. The architect was his friend, Giuliano da San Gallo, who originally recommended his going to Rome. In this vestibule a most interesting and well-designed coffered vault is carried

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upon an entablature by fine Corinthian columns which stand close against the wall with marked architectural success. The genesis of the Library vestibule columns seems to be apparent here, and naturally connects itself with Michael Angelo. The academic treatment of the idea followed later, at the hands of Palladio, but probably its introduction may be traced to this experiment. A similar innovation is that of placing consoles below the sills as supports to the window architraves of the windows inserted in the ground floor story of the Riccardi Palace at Florence, which soon became a tradition, and remains as such in the blocks under our ordinary square window sills.

THE COMPLETION OF THE FARNESE PALACE.

Michael Angelo, who returned to Rome in 1534, was immediately appointed by the Pope, Paul III, Alessandro Farnese, architect, painter, and sculptor in chief to the Vatican, and instead of completing his contract for the completion of the tomb of Julius II on a reduced scale, as he had hoped, was compelled to undertake the painting of the end wall of the Sistine Chapel. Thirty years since he had commenced its ceiling, and for the ensuing seven years he was solely occupied with painting the wall. The Pope, when Cardinal Farnese, had over a long period been engaged in building in Rome, upon a fine open square, his great family palace, employing the renowned Antonio da San Gallo as his architect; but in 1544, being dissatisfied with his design for the upper story, he consulted Michael Angelo, who launched at San Gallo's scheme a professional report based upon the principles of Vitruvius, which still exists in his own handwriting. There had been, and was during the whole of Michael Angelo's life in Rome, a continual warfare of taste and professional rivalry, tinctured deeply by the jealousy which has been called the canker of the Renaissance, and again and again his great genius had been balked and limited by the schemes of his brother artists. It

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has been suggested by Sir Charles Holroyd that probably a malicious development by San Gallo of his design for St. Peter's in order ultimately to involve the sacrifice of the adjoining Sistine Chapel building, may be some explanation of the vigorous counter-attack to which he was now subjected, and to which he succumbed. It certainly seems as if resort to Vitruvius was felt to be necessary in order to overwhelm a great professional architect, and it succeeded then as it might do nowadays, if launched at the head of an antiquarian-minded ecclesiastic.

The Pope thereupon ordained a select competition, and singularly modern as it may appear, Michael Angelo submitted a design, and was awarded the palm. We are no more really concerned to defend this than we are Bacon's character, while accepting his taste in gardens or houses, but it may well assure us that moral factors are as constant in art life as proportion and taste.

In the absence of San Gallo's scheme, it may be surmised that the unbroken bulk of the lower portions of the façade had induced a nervousness which would justify the action of the Pope in requiring further advice, and his unhesitating employment of Michael Angelo's design.

The completion of the unbroken façade of 220 ft. in length was effected by carrying it up to a height of 110 ft., and resulted in an impressive cliff of wall, upon which a grand cornice, having a projection of nearly 5 ft., is placed. The enormous squareness, the complete realisation of the value of the cornice, the grand simplicity so easily achieved, its gracefulness of outline, and its unaffected naturalness, make this front a masterpiece of proportional treatment, scale, breadth, and solid grandeur. One is conscious of a heroic audacity, supported by a subtle judgment, in the upper portions of the design, notably in the position of the second-story string course, and in the poising upon it of the consoles below the window columns.

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No novel idea was involved in this solution. Michael Angelo was familiar with the great cornice of Florence, greater in the earlier phase of the Cinque Cento, more than a century previously, when Michelozzo built the Riccardi Palace, not in an open square, but in a narrow thoroughfare, and crowned it with a cornice greater than any that Brunelleschi had employed. The Strozzi Palace had followed, and afterwards in modern times, the Pandolfini, perhaps the most beautiful of all. Alberti had, however, begun a continuous movement towards the subdivision of façades, and the employment of classic superimposed orders of pilasters had necessarily modified the projection of the main cornice.

Bramante's work in Rome at the Cancellaria and Torlonia Palaces, and Peruzzi's Farnesina, are illustrations of a skilful adaptation of the proportions of subdivided stories, to a total effect of breadth and scale; a difficult task, upon which complete success did not always wait. San Gallo, apparently, judging from his treatment of the Court of the Farnese and from his design for St. Peter's, was necessarily attached to this school of design, of which the leaders were his master and co-workers, and we may well believe that, as an architect, he followed the tendency of the school. Michael Angelo's position and point of view was entirely free. He was not an architect, certainly not one of the schools; he had never erected a building. His practical acquaintance was merely with the use of architectural features as internal decorations, or as accessories to sculptural treatments. Architecture in his work has this present interest, that for the Sistine ceiling of his earlier prime he had employed all that he had appropriated to himself for the erection of his famous tomb design, but for his recently accomplished masterpiece in the Last Judgment, had discarded its aid entirely, confident of his ability to embody his ideal without the dumb flummery of inanimate architecture. Perhaps the struggles at Florence, ten years before, with the

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Library staircase, had worried him into peace, for in its majesty, scale, and breadth the Sistine wall is as lacking of architectural dress as its figures. In this mood it is to be conceived that he regarded the Farnese problem, and brushing everything aside in the sublime simplicity of open horizontality and unbroken breadth, he achieves a grandeur perhaps rivalled only by such simplicities as that of the great Pyramid or of the globe of the Pantheon. The singular quality of his genius again asserted itself with an amazing realisation of scale.

ST. PETER'S, ROME.

The advent of Michael Angelo as a practising architect in work unconnected either with his own art of sculpture or that of painting, dates from his report upon San Gallo's design for the Farnese Palace in 1544, and its successful completion. On the death of Antonio da San Gallo the younger, at the age of sixty-one, two years later, the Farnese Pope Paul III, by a brief dated January 1st, 1547, appointed Michael Angelo, who was then seventy-one years of age, sole architect to St. Peter's.

It is to be remembered that Giuliano da San Gallo, uncle of Antonio the younger, had been the means of Michael Angelo's coming to Rome forty-two years before, to prepare his first design for the tomb of Julius II for the new tribune erected by Rosselino in extension of the apse of the old Vatican Basilica of St. Peter. It was the grandeur of this design that had induced Julius to commission Bramante in the following year to design a church in the modern style to replace the old building. Bramante, after about eight years' work, died in 1514, one year after Michael Angelo had completed the Sistine ceiling. During the troubled twenty years of his absence at Florence, Raphael had been appointed to continue his uncle Bramante's work ; he died in 1520. Antonio da San Gallo the younger, then aged thirty-two, had been appointed as assistant to Raphael in 1517, the beginning of an official con-

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nection which lasted for thirty-one years. On Raphael's death, San Gallo did not immediately succeed as chief architect, but the brilliant artist, Baldassare Peruzzi, took up the appointment, which continued through the long dull epoch of the sack of Rome ; he deceased under suspicious circumstances, three years after Michael Angelo's return to Rome, in 1537. San Gallo had succeeded and retained the supreme control of the work until his death some years later, when, as we have seen, Michael Angelo, at the age of seventy-one, became sole architect.

To adequately describe the problem which then confronted him, and to understand the debt under which he laid the Christian world in rendering not only St. Peter's possible, but its descendant, St. Paul's, also, is of course too great a subject for a few words. Something akin to settled despair may well have possessed the minds of contemporary onlookers, who reflected that the efforts of the greatest architects of the age had for forty years failed to bring into practical being any one of the designs for the vast monumental Church of Christendom. The historic Basilica had been ruined by Julius II, the ambitious tomb advertisement had collapsed, the promising schemes of Bramante and Peruzzi appeared to be impracticable, and the combined efforts of the body of architects then engaged seemed to be more concentrated upon the continuance of the stream of illicit commissions than upon the work of rescuing the Papacy from the Scriptural reproach of having begun a tower which there was neither money nor ability enough to finish. Into this settled tradition of despairing failure, and of self-seeking fellowship, Michael Angelo was now projected by the Pope. The greatness of his character was at once evidenced in discerning that disinterestedness was the first architectural necessity ; and he therefore steadfastly refused ever to receive gifts or remuneration for his labours. The architectural problem which presented itself to the old artist was primarily of a practical

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character. Constructive as well as æsthetic results had to be attained, but across the path of each leading to any result lay the necessity of determining what was practicable, how much or little should be attempted, and the now overwhelming urgency of bringing to some completion a scheme in which the credit of the Church was involved. All the architects from Bramante downwards, misled by absence of precedent, had failed to realise the difficulty of accomplishing their dreams of a great domed building. Large as Bramante's idea was, Raphael had extended it, and Peruzzi had only enriched it, while San Gallo had made and remade repeated schemes for fresh evolutions and extensions. The problem was further complicated by the apparent necessity of adapting the large masses of walling that had been already executed by the previous architects, and upon which large sums had been expended. Confident clearness of vision and strength of purpose were required in these circumstances to pull down and destroy even a little of what had been so wearisomely achieved.

Michael Angelo does not appear to have once faltered, and in spite of much not unnatural opposition of great intensity, he carried with him the support of the three Popes who succeeded each other before his death in 1564.

The architectural history of the design of St. Peter's is one of abiding interest. Bramante, the greatest architect of his day, had planned an elaborated Greek cross having a central dome with apsidal terminations to its four arms. Around these four transepts he had planned aisles which became ambulatories external to the apses, and greatly extended the plan, but the whole was collected into a general square by means of square chapels placed in the angles of the cross. These had apsidal recesses in their square sides. At the external angles of the main square form of the plan, he again placed square chambers to be crowned with towers, connected by colonnades with the great apsidal ambulatories. Bramante's plan, though generally

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simple, thus became greatly complicated in parts, but it is distinguished by considerable elegance of arrangement, and was the basis of all that remained. The treatment of the elevation was, according to his own traditions and practice, by super-imposed orders, two stories being employed below the springing of the apses and domes of the chapels. The subdivided treatment of the Cancellaria is thus applied to an entirely different subject. The Colosseum undoubtedly supplied the motive, but the huge simplicity of the type was not applicable to the broken picturesqueness of the Greek cross plan.

The central dome was to be placed upon a peristyle. The dome to our eyes would be of low proportions, but probably not so to those of the Romans, having then no other than the Pantheon of any boldness of elevation. The dome was to be counterforted at its base in the manner of the Pantheon, but as would be expected, the gradations settle unhappily upon a peristyle. In the little circular temple surrounded by a colonnade erected in the cloister of San Pietro in Montorio, Bramante, however, has achieved complete success ; with justness of proportion the dome springs with vigour and grace from a drum within and above the peristyle. Bramante's design being put into execution, the piers of his large central dome, which was larger than the present one, were soon found to be inadequate. Apparently before attaining to any great height they failed through lack of internal bond, and their existence in this condition complicated succeeding attempts to carry on the work, as all the following architects had to accept Bramante's inadequate central piers, and the designs of Raphael, Peruzzi, and San Gallo are all modifications or amplifications based upon them.

San Gallo, during his rule, had extended the works by erecting the great ambulatory walls around the transeptal apse, which necessarily involved, being the outer enclosing wall, the

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vaulting and doming of the vast internal spaces. The great distention of the area involved by the ambulatories, coupled with the fixed idea of all the designers, that the building must be treated with stories of orders, were the originating cause of most of the practical difficulties presented to the constructor and artist who would be called upon to complete the work. How could dignity, scale, and completeness be imparted to such a broken mass of form? The simple truth, for such it appears to be, that huge unbroken mass derives scale and interest from a multiplicity of parts, and that varied and subdivided groups derive unity from a simplicity of treatment, was still waiting to be revealed.

Michael Angelo, with the hand of a giant, compressed and solidified the whole scheme, by destroying the whole series of encircling ambulatories, of which a great part of the walling had been built, and so reduced the area to that of the root idea of a Greek cross; dignity was thus imparted to the remaining square base lines around the crossing, from which the apses alone protruded. A great but simply treated external order was now adopted as a new motive for the whole, which imparted dignity and broad rhythm to the varied shapes of the plan, and prepared a base sufficient for the support of the greater mass of the dome. This motive or idea seems to have been an original treatment of Michael Angelo's. We have become so familiarised with it by Palladio, that its first source and the circumstances of its creation have probably not received much attention. The existence partially in the internal wall treatment of the new Sacristy at Florence is not sufficient to explain or settle its origin; this feature in the Sacristy is neither a real precedent, nor its date securely antecedent to the use of St. Peter's. Michael Angelo had just before, by the avoidance of an architectural order, cleared away the difficulties of the Farnese elevation, and there is nothing in his work, previous to St. Peter's, which directly indicates that he had

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experimented with it as a source of scale. The employment in a most interesting and successful manner of a great attached order at the Capitol was designed after his appointment to St. Peter's. The suggestion may therefore be ventured that the consideration of the effect of the great Portico of the Pantheon in conjunction with its dome, had brought Michael Angelo to a vision of the value of the great supporting order to that central cupola, with which everyone concerned had always determined that St. Peter's must be completed, and its success is another of the great contributions which Michael Angelo made to architecture. Though the internal central arrangements were fixed, the piers of the dome demanded immediate consideration, the grasp which had compressed the plan externally was also accompanied with insight which knew that they needed considerable enlargement. Experience on this matter had to be earned, and the aged architect reaped guidance which proved to be sound in this supremely technical matter from the series of failures spread over his lifetime. The years which now were passing rapidly, while they witnessed a more rapid progress to result than in the previous half century, made it advisable that the form at least of the dome should be settled without risk of delay. Michael Angelo had for years suffered from a chronic disorder, and was now recovering from a serious illness at the age of eighty-two. His method appears to have been to give personal directions upon every point as it arose, without preparing designs or furnishing working draughts, such as those extant of Bramante, Peruzzi, or San Gallo. He therefore, at the request of his friends, had a large model prepared of the dome and drum which embodied his vision of the form of its completion. It has the pathetic interest of displaying an intimate affection for the form of the Florentine Duomo, so well known and loved (it was not till quite late in life that Michael Angelo had become a citizen of Rome), and he adopted the invention of Brunelleschi for carrying a stone

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lantern by means of two pointed or more than semicircular vaults. The model took a year to make ; to it we owe the dome, after his death in 1564. The execution of the dome from the model was entrusted to his pupil and successor, Giacomo della Porta, who was consistently faithful to his great master's idea. Into the interesting question of the constructive efficacy of the dome it is now impossible to enter ; the original series of iron ties were supplemented after the lapse of about one hundred and fifty years, and since then there has been no movement whatever. It may be predicted that Michael Angelo would, in the execution of the work, have proved his way step by step, and that his extraordinary instinct as a great builder would have guided him aright.

The internal ordinance of the church was a settled fact which Michael Angelo accepted ; the solution of the plan in its simplification and the restoration after San Gallo's efforts, and the perfecting of the Greek Cross idea are his, together with the external ordinance and the dome.

In spite of the currents of opinion of the present age, an age perhaps inheriting too much from the architectural vanities of the past century of unreasoning revivalism in architecture, it can be maintained that St. Peter's is the architectural masterpiece of the Christian world, and that Michael Angelo is its master. The impressive success of the interior as he conceived it, is completely realised from either of the transepts, which of course represent the extent of the nave, or of any arm of the Greek Cross. The visitor, in order to obtain this impression, has only to walk up one of the aisles and turning into the transept take his stand against the north or south wall before gazing upwards ; he will then be at the distance of the entrance from the dome as arranged by Michael Angelo. As he advances towards the altar, the dome will rise above him with its amazing scale and simplicity of line ; the width, height, and length of view are alike adjusted, and no mental reserva-

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tions are required. The effect upon different minds may vary, but that consensus of impressions upon which the highest architectural success depends, though practically impossible of description, is aroused and afforded by this interior. The dome externally has been for centuries Rome, in the memory of all blessed with a vision of her. The City has had and lost her imperial wealth of power in building art, but she retains the monument of its Renaissance.

We architects, mostly young, eager for artistic training and professional equipment, must lay aside all our prescriptions for success as we contemplate the stupendous character of this genius who, beginning his career of supremacy in sculpture with the David, and achieving the Day and Night, Dawn and Evening, of Florence, added to this that he painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and closed his life at the age of 89 years 11 months 10 days triumphantly and instinctively solving the architectural problem of the era. Is not his architectural prescription his character? For us in his ultimate art, neither his unrivalled power of drawing or knowledge of anatomy availed, but a clear vision of what is beautiful in building art, and the power of a hero in its accomplishment.

Obituary

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

AS this number is passing through the press the news arrives of the death in America of Charles Eliot Norton. The close friendship which existed between him and Ruskin will be remembered by our readers, and we venture to print here Ruskin's reference to Norton in *Præterita* (Book III, chapters 2 and 3) :—

“It chanced so, one day, when we were going from Vevay to Geneva. It was hot on the deck, and we all went down into the little cabin, which the waves from the paddle-wheels rushed past the windows of, in lovely wild masses of green and silver. There was no one in the cabin but ourselves (that is to say, papa, mamma, old Anne, and me), and a family whom we supposed, rightly, to be American, of the best sort. A mother, with three daughters, and her son—he in charge of them all—perhaps of five or six and twenty; his sisters younger; the mother just old enough to be their mother; all of them quietly and gracefully cheerful. . . . I noticed that from time to time the young American cast somewhat keen, though entirely courteous, looks of scrutiny at my father and mother.

“In a few minutes after I had begun to notice these looks, he rose, with the sweetest quiet smile I ever saw on any face (unless, perhaps, a nun's, when she has some grave kindness to do), crossed to our side of the cabin, and addressing himself to my father, said, with a true expression of great gladness, and of frank trust that his joy would be understood, that he knew who we were, was most thankful to have met us, and that he prayed permission to introduce his mother and sisters to us.

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"The bright eyes, the melodious voice, the perfect manner, the simple but acutely flattering words, won my father in an instant. The New Englander sat down beside us, his mother and sisters seeming at once also to change the steamer's cabin into a reception room in their own home. The rest of the time till we reached Geneva passed too quickly ; we arranged to meet in a day or two again at St. Martin's.

"And thus I became possessed of my second friend, after Dr. John Brown ; and of my first real tutor, Charles Eliot Norton.

"The meeting at St. Martin's with Norton and his family was a very happy one. Entirely sensible and amiable, all of them ; with the farther elasticity and acuteness of the American intellect, and no taint of American ways. Charles himself, a man of the highest natural gifts, in their kind ; observant and critical rather than imaginative, but with an all-pervading sympathy and sensibility, absolutely free from envy, ambition, or covetousness : a scholar from his cradle, nor only now a man of the world, but a gentleman of the world, whom the highest born and best bred of every nation, from the Red Indian to the White Austrian, would recognize in a moment as of their caste. . . .

"Norton saw all my weaknesses, measured all my narrownesses, and, from the first, took serenely, and as it seemed of necessity, a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance ;—though the younger of the two—and always admitting my full power in its own kind ; nor only admitting, but in the prettiest way praising and stimulating.

" . . . here is the last letter I have from Norton, showing how we have held hands since that first day on Geneva lake :

‘SHADY HILL, *April 9th*, 1887.

‘It is very good of you, my dearest Ruskin, to send me such a long pleasant letter, not punishing me for my silence, but trusting to—

My thought, whose love for you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.

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You are doing too much, and your letter gives me a fear lest, out of care for me, you added a half-hour of effort to the work of a too busy day. How long it is since I first began to preach prudence to you! and my preaching has availed about as much as the sermons in stones avail to convert the hardhearted. Well, we are glad to take each other as we are, you ever imprudent, I ever—(I leave the word to your mercy).

‘The last number of *Præterita* pleased me greatly. There was a sweet tone in it, such as becomes the retrospect of a wise man as he summons the scenes of past life before his eyes; the clearness, the sharp-cut outline of your memories is a wonder, and their fulness of light and colour. My own are very different. I find the outlines of many of them blurred and their colours faint. The loss that came to me fifteen years ago included the loss of vividness of memory of much of my youth.

‘The winter has been long and hard with us. Even yet there are snow-banks in shady places, and not yet is there a sign of a leaf. Even the snowdrops are hardly venturing out of the earth. But the birds have come back, and to-day I hear the woodpeckers knocking at the doors of the old trees, to find a shelter and home for the summer. We have had the usual winter pleasures, and all my children have been well, though Lily is always too delicate, and ten days hence I part with her that she may go to England and try there to escape her summer cold. She goes out under Lowell’s charge, and will be with her mother’s sisters and cousins in England. My three girls have just come to beg me to go out with them for a walk. So, goodbye. I will write again soon. Don’t you write to me when you are tired. I let my eyes rest for an instant on Turner’s sunset, and your sunrise from Herne Hill, which hangs before me; and with a heart full of loving thanks to you,

‘I am, ever your affectionate

‘C. E. N.’”

The *Times*, in its issue of 22 October, published a brilliant article upon Norton’s life, from which we extract the following :

“Born in 1827 at Shady Hill, as far distant from Lowell’s ‘Elmwood’ as the restricted limits of New England Cambridge

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allow, Charles Eliot Norton was Lowell's junior by nine years. Nine years also separated his birth from that of Ruskin, between whom and Norton sprang up, in 1856, a friendship of the rarest kind—welcome to Ruskin, whose marriage had just been annulled with resulting estrangement from old friends, welcome also and all but indispensable to Norton, who required positive inspiration to steady his reaction against wild projects of social reform rife in the Boston of his youth and early manhood. Irresistible as a candid friend, Charles Norton found it almost impossible to speak to any one he cared for 'without some side flash of witty compliment,' and, Ruskin added, 'to me his infinitely varied and loving praise became a constant motive to exertion and aid in effort; yet he never allowed in me the slightest violation of the laws either of good writing or social prudence, without instant blame or warning.' That not inconsiderable part of Norton's teaching which centred in Greek architecture and sculpture was more or less completely outside Ruskin's range of vision. Nevertheless, when in 1874 he commenced Professor—five years after Ruskin began at Oxford—and declared that the Venetian was the 'only school whose artists painted,' while 'all other art in and out of Italy was merely coloured drawing,' his hearers of the 'Art Club' were undoubtedly right in saying one to another that they had heard opinions, independent no doubt, but ultimately inspired by the new departure in criticism of 'An Oxford Graduate.' Indeed, we have only to look at Norton's own account in the Brantwood edition (1894) of Ruskin's works, to see that he attributed the growing interest in the fine arts shown alike in England and America to the influence of Ruskin's writings.

"CARLYLE'S DISCIPLE.

"Norton was also Carlyle's friend and disciple, but never on those terms of equality on which he stood with Ruskin. Married already and settled in Edinburgh a year before his

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disciple that was to be saw the light in New England, Carlyle was Norton's predestined guide, philosopher, and friend. Norton chiefly inherited Andrews Norton's critical gifts, exercised in the demolition of New England Calvinism; while, as years went on, he had less and less sympathy with the more constructive spirit of his father's 'Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels,' albeit he piously devoted himself, on his father's death, to the publication of the latter work. This congenital proneness to negative criticism armed him against Emerson and the transcendentalists all the more completely because the Brook Farm experiment came to its impotent conclusion while Charles Norton was a Harvard undergraduate. Indeed, his first publication (1853), on *Recent Social Theories*, came in the year following Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, and indicates quite sufficiently why Carlyle took him fairly by storm. Every word, every gesture, even the Doric *minutiae* of Carlyle's intonation and homely phraseology, so engraved themselves upon Norton's mind that frequenters of his fireside at Shady Hill, long after Carlyle's death, would often feel that they had known Carlyle in the flesh. If ever the critic in Norton stood aside to let the disciple speak, it was when he talked of the sage of Ecclefechan. The uncritical vein of an essentially critical mind rarely yields richness in the working, nor is he, perhaps, to be envied who, having begun with Emerson, must give the last word to Carlyle. 'What shall we do without you?' said Clough, in taking leave at Liverpool of Emerson in 1848. 'Think where we are. Carlyle has led us all out into the desert, and he has left us there'. Let such truth as Clough here conveys serve for a gloss to that gorgeous over-statement in Ruskin's *Præterita*, where you read that Norton 'is as hopelessly out of gear and place, over in the States there, as a runaway star dropped into Purgatory.'

"It was in 1849, the year after Clough's farewell to Emerson,

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that Norton, in his 22nd year, began his *Wanderjahre*. These might indeed be counted as lasting until his appointment in 1874 as Professor of the History of Fine Art at Harvard. At all events, the settled duties of this chair continuously engrossed his energies from the age of 46 until his retirement, at 70, in 1898. His professorship, after the laudable custom of the Collège de France, was named just to suit his acquirements."

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"Working Lads' Clubs." By Charles E. B. Russell and Lilian M. Rigby. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1908. 5s. net.

THE chief author of this book is well qualified to write on the subject of Lads' Clubs. His name is known and honoured amongst all workers with boys, and the success of the great Heyrod Street Club at Manchester is a tribute not only to his power of organization but to what is greater, his intense human sympathy. No man has brought greater zeal and unselfishness to the cause of the welfare of working boys, and his words command the respect due to one who writes as an expert with an experience such as few men have had.

Clubs for working lads are a growth of recent years. The authors remind us that a generation ago the term "Lads' Club" would have been meaningless, and there are still many large cities and towns in the kingdom where such clubs are unknown. This book should do something to extend a movement which, whilst in its infancy, has accomplished so much. It had a very humble start. It usually consisted in some devoted worker gathering round him at his own house or in a hired room a few lads, whose lives he strengthened and brightened by his sympathy and guidance. In other cases the start would come through a Church or a Mission seeking on perhaps one night in each week to hold some kind of meeting for lads only. Those early attempts seemed frequently to end in failure: the pioneers of Boys' Clubs had wild experiences. But the movement developed with notable rapidity, and to-day a Boys' Club of the best type is an institution equipped for its

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the ideals which the author sets before his youthful audience are good, and there is a refreshing atmosphere of vigour and earnestness throughout the book. Among the subjects dealt with are Money, Reading, Choice of Profession, Manliness, Individuality, and on most of these questions wise and true things are said. Cowardice, selfishness, snobbery, the misuse of time, are some of the evils of which a warning is given, and the warning is given in a way which will, we think, generally win the sympathy of the reader.

There are two criticisms we desire to make. Quilibet in some directions does not go far enough. In the chapter on the Choice of a Profession our guide too soon turns back. There is not a sufficient insistence upon the essentials of true citizenship, of the civic duties which every man should be proud to share. Along other paths we think the author goes too far. If we express doubt as to the wisdom of including the chapter on Sex in a book intended for the head boys of a public school, it is because we believe that it should be unnecessary to warn such boys against the betrayal of women. To admit the necessity of a warning in this manner to boys who have been under the moulding influences of school until they have reached manhood is to pronounce the failure, unredeemed in its blackness, of the school and its methods.

There remains the question whether this is a book which could wisely be placed in the hands of boys. That question each parent must answer for himself, but he will hardly be right in doing so without first reading the book.



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